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CORNELL STUDIES IN ENGLISH

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WITH

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PREFACE

One of the notable gaps in the field of biography is an authentic and comprehensive life of Elizabeth Gaskell, humanitarian, novelist, short-story writer, and biographer. The reason for this omission has been the unremitting antagonism shown to such a project during their lifetime by Mrs. Gaskell's two unmarried daughters, and the obstructions which they placed in the way of those who should attempt the work after their death.

When Mrs. Gaskell and one of her daughters were talking with one of Thackeray's daughters after his death, Miss Thackeray chanced to remark that it had been her father's wish that no one should write his life. Mrs. Gaskell, remembering her trouble over *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, turned to her daughter and expressed a similar wish about herself. This casual remark her two younger daughters construed as an order, and all subsequent efforts to budge them from their position were unavailing. Sir Adolphus Ward succeeded in obtaining from them a few facts with which to prepare the article for *The Dictionary of National Biography*; but this article is incomplete and in places incorrect. Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick later secured a few more facts when she was preparing to write *Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories*; but when the book was issued, Miss Meta Gaskell in a published article charged it with being full of errors, and declared that Mrs. Chadwick had obtained what little information the family gave her only because they had not known that she intended to use it in a book.

Mrs. Thurston Holland, Mrs. Gaskell's eldest daughter, saw the need of a life of her mother, and wished the other sisters to collaborate in writing one, but they always refused. After they died, they left with their solicitors, who were their executors,

instructions for prolonging their opposition to a biography. The result is that although present members of the family and others interested in Mrs. Gaskell's work have much original material, especially in the form of letters, they can use none of this for publication.

This volume does not profess to be a *Life*: it is simply a study of her works. It does contain, however, a number of facts not before set down, and corrects several errors that have been allowed to go unchallenged since Mrs. Gaskell's day. It also outlines in fairly chronological order her life and activities, without trying to build up a supposititious biography out of material culled from her creative writings.

It is with pleasure that I record my indebtedness for various courtesies to Mr. Ernest A. Axon, of the Manchester Public Library; to the Rev. George A. Payne, minister of the Unitarian Church at Knutsford; to Mr. Bryan T. Holland, Mrs. Gaskell's grandson; to the late Clement K. Shorter, who kindly permitted me to go over material he had collected when setting out to write the life of Mrs. Gaskell, a project which for various reasons he never completed; and to my former colleagues, Professor John H. Nelson, of the University of Kansas, and Professor Walter H. French, of Cornell University. Professor Joseph Q. Adams and Professor Martin W. Sampson, of Cornell, have read the manuscript and have offered valuable suggestions, which I have gratefully accepted. My greatest pleasure, however, comes in recording my appreciation of the interest in this work from the first of Professor Clark S. Northup, of Cornell. His criticism and help have benefited me in ways too many and various to recall; and he has added to all his other kind offices by making the bibliography which is included with this study, a work for which he will merit the gratitude of all students of Victorian literature.

Any one writing about the life or works of another necessarily owes much to those who have been in the field before him; in

this respect I differ from no other. Yet to acknowledge every idea and fragment of an idea received from others would be a considerable task, and Professor Northup has included in his bibliography the various works I have consulted. I wish to thank specifically, however, the following, who have allowed me to quote from books of which they hold the copyright:

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, for permission to quote several extracts from the introductions to Sir Adolphus Ward's Knutsford Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works. All page references in the book to Mrs. Gaskell's own works, except to *Ruth* and *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, are to this edition.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, for permission to quote several passages from Clement K. Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*.

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Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, for permission to quote extracts from *William Wetmore Story and His Friends*, by Henry James, and from *The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton*.

G. D. Sanders

Ypsilanti, Michigan
15 February 1929

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A CHRONOLOGY OF MRS. GASKELL'S LIFE AND WORKS

1771 Mrs. Gaskell's mother, Elizabeth Holland, was born.

1772 November 26: Mrs. Gaskell's father, William Stevenson, was born at Berwick-upon-Tweed.

1797 December 1: William Stevenson was married to Elizabeth Holland at the old parochial chapel of Over Peover, near Knutsford.

1799 John Stevenson was born.

1805 July 24: William Gaskell was born at Latchford, near Warrington.

1810 September 29: Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was born at 12 Lindsey Row, now 93 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London.

1811 June: William Stevenson moved to 3 Beaufort Row, Chelsea.

October 29: Elizabeth Stevenson was buried at King's Road Burial Ground, Chelsea.

November: Mrs. Hannah Lumb, Elizabeth Cleghorn's aunt, took her to Knutsford to rear her.

1814 July 16: Her grandmother Holland died at the age of seventy-four.

Her father was married a second time, to Catherine Thomson.

1816 May 26: Her grandfather, Samuel Holland, died at the age of eighty-two.

1819 March 15: William Gaskell, Senior, died.

1824 William Gaskell graduated from the University of Glasgow with the degree of Master of Arts.

1825 Elizabeth entered Avonbank School, kept by the Misses Byerley, at Stratford-on-Avon, where she remained for two years, including the holidays.

1827 Her brother, John Stevenson, disappeared while on a voyage to India. Elizabeth went to live with her father at 3 Beaufort Row, Chelsea.

1829 March 22: William Stevenson died and was buried March 27 in St. Luke's Burial Ground, King's Road, Chelsea.
September: Elizabeth went to Knutsford for a short visit to her aunt, Mrs. Lumb, then to Newcastle-on-Tyne to the home of the Rev. William Turner, where she remained two years.

1831 Elizabeth spent most of the year at Edinburgh in company with Mr. Turner's daughter.

1832 August 30: Elizabeth was married to the Rev. William Gaskell, minister of Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, at St. John's Parish Church, Knutsford; they left for a wedding trip to Festiniog, Wales.
September 29: The Gaskells arrived from their wedding trip at their home, 14 Dover Street, Manchester.

1833 Mrs. Gaskell's first child, a daughter, was born dead.

1834 September 12: A second daughter, Marianne, was born; she was christened at Knutsford November 26.

1837 February 5: A third daughter, Margaret Emily, was born; she was christened at Knutsford September 28.
May 1: Mrs. Hannah Lumb died.
January: A poem by Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell, entitled *Sketches Among the Poor, No. 1*, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

1840 Mrs. Gaskell wrote a description of Clopton Hall, which William Howitt included in his *Visits to Remarkable Places*.

1841 Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell visited the Continent, touring the Rhine country.

1842 October 7: A fourth daughter, Florence Elizabeth, was born.
The Gaskells moved to 121 Upper Rumford Street, Manchester.

1844 October 23: An only son, William, was born; he was christened at Cross Street Chapel January 23, 1845.

1845 August 10: Her son died of scarlet fever at Festiniog, Wales.

1846 September 3: A fifth daughter, Julia Bradford, was born.

1847 *Libbie Marsh's Three Eras* was published in *Howitt's Journal*.
The Sexton's Hero was published in *Howitt's Journal*.

1848 *Christmas Storms and Sunshine* was published in *Howitt's Journal*.

Mary Barton was published in two volumes by Chapman & Hall, London.

Mrs. Gaskell visited Catherine Winkworth at Southport in October.

1849 May 7: Mrs. Gaskell breakfasted with Samuel Rogers in London and met several literary men and Mrs. Dickens.

May 12: She dined with Dickens at his dinner to celebrate the publication of *David Copperfield*.

She visited Carlyle at Chelsea.

June: She spent her vacation at Skelwith, near Ambleside, and met Wordsworth.

Hand and Heart was published in *The Sunday School Penny Magazine* from July to November.

The Gaskells moved to 84 Plymouth Grove, Manchester.

1850 January 12: Mr. Gaskell's mother, Margaret Gaskell, died.

January 31: Dickens wrote, asking her to contribute to *Household Words*.

March 30: *Lizzie Leigh* began appearing in the first issue of *Household Words*.

August 19: Mrs. Gaskell met Charlotte Brontë at Briery Close, near Windermere.

November 16–23: *The Well of Pen-Morfa* appeared in *Household Words*.

December 28: *The Heart of John Middleton* appeared in *Household Words*.

December: *The Moorland Cottage* was published as a Christmas book by Chapman & Hall.

1851 February–April: *Mr. Harrison's Confessions* appeared in *The Ladies' Companion*.

June 7: *Disappearances* was published in *Household Words*.

June 27: Charlotte Brontë visited Mrs. Gaskell in Manchester.

December 13: *Cranford* began appearing in *Household Words*.

Mrs. Gaskell's portrait was painted by Richmond; it is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

1852 January–April: *Bessy's Troubles at Home* appeared in *The Sunday School Penny Magazine*.

April 12: Mrs. Gaskell furnished Charlotte Brontë with an outline of *Ruth*.

June 19: *The Shah's English Gardener* appeared in *Household Words*.

The Gaskells spent their summer holiday at Keswick.
September: Dickens visited Manchester as manager of *Used Up* and was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell.
December: *The Old Nurse's Story* was published in the Christmas number of *Household Words*.

1853 January: *Ruth* was published in three volumes by Chapman & Hall.
January 22: *Cumberland Sheep Shearers* appeared in *Household Words*.
April 22: Charlotte Brontë visited Mrs. Gaskell in Manchester.
June: Mrs. Gaskell spent some time in London.
Cranford was published by Chapman & Hall.
Late summer: Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell and their two elder daughters traveled in Normandy.
September: Mrs. Gaskell visited Charlotte Brontë at Haworth.
October 22: *Bran*, a poem, appeared in *Household Words*.
November 19–26: *Morton Hall* appeared in *Household Words*.
December 10: *Traits and Stories of the Huguenots* appeared in *Household Words*.
December 17–24: *My French Master* appeared in *Household Words*.
The Christmas number of *Household Words* contained *The Squire's Story* and *The Scholar's Story*, the latter a poem.
Mrs. Gaskell began writing *North and South* in the winter of 1853–4.

1854 February 25: *Modern Greek Songs* appeared in *Household Words*.
April 21: The Rev. John G. Robberds, senior minister of Cross Street Chapel, died; Mr. Gaskell succeeded him as senior minister.
May 20: *Company Manners* appeared in *Household Words*.
May: Charlotte Brontë made her last visit to Mrs. Gaskell's.
Mrs. Gaskell and Marianne visited France in the autumn, staying with Mrs. Salis Schwabe, where they met Madame Mohl and William W. Story and his family. On their return they visited Florence Nightingale in London.

September 2–January 27, 1855: *North and South* appeared in *Household Words*.

1855 January 19: Dr. Peter Holland died at the age of eighty-nine.

Mrs. Gaskell and Margaret Emily spent a month in Paris with Madame Mohl.

June 16: Charlotte Brontë's father requested her to write a life of his daughter; she accepted and began to gather material.

North and South was published in two volumes by Chapman & Hall.

August 25: *An Accursed Race* appeared in *Household Words*.

October 6–20: *Half a Lifetime Ago* appeared in *Household Words*.

Lizzie Leigh and Other Stories was published by Chapman & Hall.

1856 December 13–27: *The Poor Clare* appeared in *Household Words*.

December 27: *A Christmas Carol*, a poem, appeared in *Household Words*.

1857 Ellen Nussey visited Mrs. Gaskell at Plymouth Grove.

Early in the year, Smith, Elder & Company published *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*.

February: Mrs. Gaskell, her two elder daughters, and Catherine Winkworth left for a long visit to Paris and Rome.

Mrs. Gaskell wrote an introduction for and edited *Mabel Vaughan*.

1858 January: *The Doom of the Griffiths* appeared in *Harper's Magazine*.

June 19–September 25: *My Lady Ludlow* appeared in *Household Words*.

Late autumn: Mrs. Gaskell and two daughters, Margaret Emily and Florence Elizabeth, spent thirteen weeks at Heidelberg and elsewhere in Germany; they returned by Paris and visited Madame Mohl.

November 27: *Right at Last* appeared in *Household Words*.

The Christmas number of *Household Words* contained *The Manchester Marriage*.

1859 April 24: The Rev. William Turner died at Manchester.
Early summer: Mrs. Gaskell and her daughters spent part of the summer at Whitby, staying at No. 1, Abbey Terrace, where she gathered material for *Sylvia's Lovers*.
Round the Sofa and Other Tales was published by Sampson Low & Company.
Late September: Mrs. Gaskell was at Dumbleton.
October 8–22: *Lois the Witch* appeared in *All the Year Round*.
The Christmas number of *All the Year Round* contained *The Crooked Branch*.

1860 February: *Curious if True* appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*.
Right at Last and Other Tales was published by Sampson Low & Company.
May: Mrs. Gaskell visited Paris and Cannes.

1861 January 5–19: *The Grey Woman* appeared in *All the Year Round*.

1862 May: *Six Weeks at Heppenheim* appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*.
February: Mrs. Gaskell, accompanied by her daughter Margaret Emily and a friend, Isabel Thompson, left for Paris, Normandy, and Brittany. They remained till May, returning for the exhibition in London. At Manchester Mrs. Gaskell overexerted herself while aiding the workmen and had to recuperate at Eastbourne.
She wrote a preface for Vecchj's *Garibaldi at Caprera*.

1863 January 24–March 21: *A Dark Night's Work* appeared in *All the Year Round*.
February: Mrs. Gaskell and her youngest daughter visited Madame Mohl in Paris, later going to Rome in company with three of her daughters.
March 21: *An Italian Institution* appeared in *All the Year Round*.
September 8: Florence Elizabeth married Charles Crompton, Q. C., at Upper Brook Street Chapel, Manchester.
November 28: *The Cage at Cranford* appeared in *All the Year Round*.
November–February, 1864: *Cousin Phillis* appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*.
The Christmas number of *All the Year Round* contained *Crowley Castle*.

Sylvia's Lovers was published in three volumes by Smith, Elder & Company.

1864 April–June: *French Life* appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*.

Summer: Mrs. Gaskell was at Pontresina.

August–January, 1866: *Wives and Daughters* appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*.

1865 From the middle of March to the last of April Mrs. Gaskell, acccompanied by several members of her family, traveled in France, staying part of the time with Madame Mohl in Paris and part at Dieppe.

Summer: Mrs. Gaskell bought a home, The Lawn, near Holybourne, in Hampshire.

The Grey Woman and Other Tales was published by Smith, Elder & Company.

November 12: Mrs. Gaskell died at The Lawn, while at tea with some of her family.

November 16: Mrs. Gaskell's body was buried in the yard at the Unitarian Chapel, Knutsford.

1866 *Wives and Daughters* was published in two volumes by Smith, Elder & Company.

August 14: Marianne married Edward Thurstan Holland, of the Hollands of Dumbleton.

1881 October 5: Mrs. Florence Crompton died; she was buried in the Crompton vault in the churchyard at Willesden.

1884 June 11: The Rev. William Gaskell died; he was buried with his wife at Knutsford.

1908 October 28: Miss Julia Gaskell died suddenly, in her sleep; she was buried with her parents at Knutsford.

1913 October 26: Miss Margaret Emily (Meta) Gaskell died; she was buried with her parents at Knutsford.

1920 September 17: Marianne Holland died; she was buried with her husband in Alfrick Churchyard, Worcester.

ELIZABETH GASKELL

CHAPTER I

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, YOUTH

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, eighth and youngest child of William Stevenson by his first wife, Elizabeth Holland, was born at 93 Cheyne Walk, London, on September 29, 1810. The only other child of this marriage that survived infancy was a son, John, who entered the merchant marine service and, while still a young man, was lost with his ship on a voyage to India. Thirteen months after Elizabeth's birth, her mother died, and the child was taken by her mother's sister, Mrs. Hannah Lumb, who lived at Knutsford, in Cheshire.

William Stevenson was of Swedish ancestry. He was born on November 26, 1772, at Berwick-upon-Tweed, his father being a captain in the Royal Navy, and his mother a cousin of the poet James Thomson, author of *The Seasons*. He received a classical education at the grammar school of Berwick, the master of which at the time was the Rev. Joseph Romney. After spending eight or nine years at the Berwick school, he went to the academy at Daventry, then in charge of the Rev. W. Belsham, to prepare for the ministry. Here young Stevenson was described by his classmates as a good classical scholar, as fond of Fielding and Smollett, but as having no taste for sports. After leaving school, he was at first tutor in the family of a Mr. Edwards, at Bruges, then classical tutor at Manchester Academy, and finally minister at the Dob Lane Unitarian Chapel, Failsworth, near Manchester.

At Dob Lane two of Stevenson's closest friends were Thomas Barnes, a Doctor of Divinity of the University of Edinburgh, who had received his early education from Philip Holland, a relative of the Sandlebridge Hollands; and the Rev. George

Wicke, who resigned from the ministry and published a pamphlet against preaching for money. Both of these men influenced his life considerably, for it was through the former that he first came into contact with the family of Elizabeth Holland, whom he married on December 1, 1797, at the old parochial chapel, Over Peover, near Knutsford; and it was due to the example of the latter that he left the ministry, urging as his reason that he had scruples against being a hired clergyman.

From Failsworth, William Stevenson went to East Lothian, a progressive agricultural community, where, under the tutelage of a friend, James Cleghorn, he tried his hand at scientific farming. Later he rented a small farm at Saughton Mills, and tried to work it by scientific methods; but the experiment proved unsuccessful. After four or five years of farming, he quit this occupation, and moved to the city of Edinburgh. Here for a time he kept a boarding-house for students; this likewise failing to pay, he assumed in 1803, the editorship of *The Scots Magazine*, at the same time contributing to *The Edinburgh Review*, and doing private tutoring at the University.

These activities occupied him until 1806, when James Maitland, eighth Earl of Lauderdale, received from Fox the offer of appointment as Governor-General of India, and in his turn offered Stevenson a position as his private secretary. Stevenson accepted the offer, and breaking up his home in Edinburgh, took his family to London, where he began to prepare himself for his new work. But the East India Company in the meanwhile opposed so strenuously the appointment of the Earl of Lauderdale that the Earl withdrew from the position, and Stevenson, in consequence, was left stranded in London. To compensate him, Lord Lauderdale secured for him an appointment as Keeper of the Records of the Treasury; whereupon he took up permanent residence in London, and lived there until his death.

Elizabeth Holland, William Stevenson's first wife, was a daughter of Samuel Holland, of Sandlebridge, and granddaughter

of John Holland, of Dam Head, Mobberley, Cheshire, the head of the Cheshire branch of the family. Her mother was Ann Swinton, a descendant of John Swinton, of Nether Knutsford, who is mentioned in the history of Cheshire as one of the owners of Over Peover, near Knutsford, in 1666. Sandlebridge came into possession of the Holland family through the marriage in 1718 of John Holland to Mary Colthurst, whose family had owned it since 1650. Through the marriages of several of the brothers and sisters of Elizabeth Stevenson, she was connected with the Wedgwoods, the Darwins, the Turners of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Willits of Newcastle-under-Lyne,—strong, well-to-do, middle-class families, for the most part Unitarian Dissenters.

The house in which William Stevenson was living when his daughter Elizabeth was born is now 93 Cheyne Walk, but was then 12 Lindsey Row, the name of the house being Belle Vue; it was built in 1771 by the father of Charles Hatchett, a famous art-collector. It was divided into three parts, the middle one being the smallest; and it was in this middle part, in the front room on the second floor, that Elizabeth Stevenson was born. The house is still standing, a four-story, red brick building, fronting the Thames and looking upon Battersea Bridge; and on the building, between the second story windows, is a tablet, affixed in 1910 by the London County Council, which accepts the place officially as the novelist's birthplace.

The Stevensons named their daughter Elizabeth Cleghorn, the first name for her mother and the second for James Cleghorn, the father's friend in the days of the agricultural experiment in East Lothian.

Soon after Elizabeth's birth, the Stevenson family moved to No. 3 Beaufort Row, Chelsea, and there shortly afterwards Mrs. Stevenson died at the early age of forty. She was buried October 29, 1811, on the day that little Elizabeth was thirteen months old. The father, left with a baby to care for and having duties which demanded much of his time, agreed to allow his daughter to be

taken by her aunt, Mrs. Hannah Lumb, to become a companion for her own daughter, who was a cripple and in delicate health. Mrs. Lumb had some years before married a Yorkshire man of wealth and position, but after the marriage she learned that he had a serious mental affliction, which made it impossible for her to live with him. She therefore returned to Knutsford before the birth of her child, and there took a beautiful house called Heathside, where she spent the remainder of her life. It was here that little Elizabeth Stevenson grew up.

The child was fortunate in her new surroundings. Mrs. Lumb was a gentle, kindly, lovable woman, whom Elizabeth later referred to as "more than a mother." Three miles away at Sandlebridge lived the Holland family, and there Elizabeth found a second home, and many diverting pleasures, which she was later to describe in her books. There, too, lived Peter Holland, the Knutsford doctor, who often took her on his thirty-mile circuits about the country, and introduced her to people and customs that in later life she made repeated use of in her works.

In 1814, when Elizabeth was four years old, her father married again, his second wife being Catherine, a daughter of Alexander Thomson. Of this marriage two children were born. Elizabeth, however, was allowed to remain with her aunt, and only occasionally visited her father during her childhood. Such visits as she did make were, according to her own testimony, unhappy:

> Long ago I lived in Chelsea occasionally with my father and stepmother, and *very*, *very* unhappy I used to be; and if it had not been for the beautiful, grand river, which was an inexplicable comfort to me, and a family of the name of Kennett, I think my child's heart would have been broken.[1]

These early years at Knutsford were uneventful and happy. The quiet routine of life in a small village was broken only by

[1] From a letter written in May, 1838, to William and Mary Howitt, quoted by Margaret Howitt in an article, "Stray Notes from Mrs. Gaskell," in *Good Words*, September, 1895, xxxvi. 604–12.

visits to Sandlebridge, rides about the country with Dr. Peter Holland, and occasional trips to London to see her father. Her education, mental and spiritual, was attended to with care by Mrs. Lumb and the Holland family. "I was brought up by old uncles and aunts," she once said, and these uncles and aunts were well educated and devoutly religious, qualities which they intended if possible to pass on to their niece. Mrs. Lumb, like all the Hollands, was a member of the Unitarian Chapel at Knutsford, and here Elizabeth worshiped, becoming at an early age a teacher in the Sunday school and a devout member of the church. In the library at Knutsford is a copy of *The Monitor, or A Collection of Precepts, Observations*, etc., given by Mrs. Lumb to Elizabeth on her eleventh birthday. Such reading would hardly please a modern child, but to little Elizabeth Stevenson, brought up in the quiet atmosphere of Knutsford, among older, devout persons, it was doubtless far from dull. Besides, there was another side to this childhood existence, concerning which the grown woman testified many years later:

> I was brought up in a country town, and my lot is now to live in or rather on the borders of a great manufacturing town, but when spring days first come and the bursting leaves and sweet earthy smells tell me that "Somer is ycomen in," I feel a stirring instinct and long to be off into the grassy solitudes of the country, just like a bird [which] wakens up from its content at the change of seasons and tends its way to some well-known but till then forgotten land. . . .
>
> The old solitary manor-houses, surrounded with trees, grey with lichens, and with their painted windows, from which one may in fancy catch a glimpse of the inhabitants of former days walking through long dark avenues—with their solemn deserted feeling reminding you of the merry laugh or of the burst of grief that may never more be echoed by the old walls, of the love and the life that touched up with warmth and beauty the stately desolation around. . . .
>
> Near the little, clean, kindly country town, where, as I said before, I was brought up, there was an old house with a moat

within a park called Old Tabley, formerly the dwelling-place of Sir Peter Leycester, the historian of Cheshire, and accounted a very fine specimen of the Elizabethan style. . . . Here on summer mornings did we often come, a merry young party, on donkey, pony, or even in a cart with sacks swung across—each with our favourite book, some with sketch books, and one or two baskets filled with eatables. Here we rambled, lounged and meditated: some stretched on the grass in indolent repose, half reading, half musing, with a posy of musk-roses from the old-fashioned trim garden behind the house, lulled by the ripple of the waters against the grassy lawn; some in the old crazy boats, that would do nothing but float on the glassy water, singing, for one or two were of a most musical family, and warbled like birds: "Through the greenwood, through the greenwood," or "A boat, a boat unto the ferry," or some such old catch or glee. And when the meal was spread beneath a beech tree of no ordinary size (did you ever notice the peculiar turf under beech shade?) one of us would mount up a ladder to the belfry of the old chapel and toll the bell to call the wanderers home. Then if it rained, what merrymaking in the old hall. It was galleried, with oak settles and old armour hung up, and a painted window from ceiling to floor. The strange sound our voices had in that unfrequented stone hall![1]

Life went on thus quietly for Elizabeth until June, 1825, when she was approaching her fifteenth birthday. By this time she had progressed in learning so far as to make it desirable for her to enter an advanced school; consequently it was decided that she should attend Avonbank School, at Stratford-on-Avon. This school was kept by four sisters, Maria, Jane, Ann, and Fanny Byerley, daughters of Thomas Byerley, a nephew and partner of Josiah Wedgwood, the pottery manufacturer, who in turn was related to the Hollands. Catherine Byerley, another of the sisters, was the wife of Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, a brother of Elizabeth's stepmother. It was this double relationship doubtless that determined Elizabeth's family to send her to Avonbank School. Here Elizabeth spent two years, including holidays. The training

[1] "Stray Notes from Mrs. Gaskell," in *Good Words* xxxvi. 604–12.

was excellent, the school being conducted according to advanced methods, and such subjects were taught as Latin, French, Italian, and deportment and etiquette.

In 1827 she left Avonbank and returned to Knutsford; but soon the news came that her brother, John, had disappeared at sea,[1] and her father needed her at home. Thereupon she went to live with her father, and remained with him until his death. But she was no happier at home now than she had been when visiting there as a child, for her father's health was poor, and the sorrow resulting from the loss of his son added to his illness. Her stepmother was not a congenial companion, and the home was more like a stranger's than her own. At length her father had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered, and after a long illness he died on Sunday, March 22, 1829, and was buried on March 27 in St. Luke's Burial Ground, King's Road, Chelsea.

After her father's death, Elizabeth lived for a time with her uncle, Swinton Holland, in Park Lane, and visited occasionally at the home of her cousin, Sir Henry Holland, 25 Lower Brook Street. In September, however, she returned to Knutsford, and after a short stay with Mrs. Lumb, went to live at the home of the Rev. William Turner, at 13 Cumberland Row, Newcastle-on-Tyne. William Turner, who was one of a long line of Unitarian ministers, was distantly related to Elizabeth through his first wife, Mary Holland. In 1829 he was living with his youngest daughter, Ann, and it was probably as a companion to her that Elizabeth entered his family. In this home she remained nearly two years, until an epidemic of cholera broke out at Newcastle-on-Tyne, whereupon she and Ann left for Edinburgh to live until the danger from the epidemic was over.

[1] Exactly how John Stevenson disappeared has not been established. Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick, in *Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories*, p. 94, says that he went ashore from his ship at Calcutta, and was never heard of again. Mr. Bryan Holland, the novelist, a grandson of Mrs. Gaskell, says, however, that the family always supposed the ship in which he sailed to have been captured by pirates.

It was about this time that the first extant descriptions of her physical appearance were noted down. She had, according to these descriptions, a well-shaped head, regular, finely-cut features, brilliant, expressive blue-gray eyes, and beautiful hands. One person described her as bright, almost joyous, and a delightful companion, and another as having a mouth firm but kind, almost always playing into a smile. She was of medium height, and graceful and dignified in bearing.

Such was the young woman who, after a few months' stay at Edinburgh, went with Ann Turner to Manchester, to visit the latter's eldest sister, the wife of the Rev. John Gooch Robberds, minister at Cross Street Unitarian Chapel. In this home was living a tall, slender young man, who for some years had been acting as assistant to Mr. Robberds, and with whom during her visit Elizabeth was thrown into intimate contact. A courtship began which after a short time culminated in marriage.

William Gaskell, the man who became Elizabeth Stevenson's husband, was the eldest son of William Gaskell, a sail-canvas manufacturer. He was born at Latchford, near Warrington, on July 24, 1805, and was graduated from the University of Glasgow in 1824 with the degree of Master of Arts. He then went to Manchester College as a divinity student on the Hackney Fund, and left there to become assistant to the Rev. Mr. Robberds, entering upon his ministry in August, 1828. He remained at Cross Street Chapel until his death, June 11, 1884, becoming in 1854 senior minister. During his long service, he achieved a reputation of considerable note, both as a scholar and as a preacher. In 1844, 1862, and 1875 he was preacher to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and from 1846 to 1853 was professor of English history and literature at Manchester New College. Upon the foundation of the Workingmen's College in 1858, he was appointed lecturer in English literature, and retained this position upon the amalgamation of this college with the evening classes at Owens College. He was one of the editors of *The Unitarian*

Herald from its establishment in 1861 to the end of 1875. He wrote articles on the Lancashire dialect—now appended to the fifth edition of *Mary Barton*—and translated a considerable amount of sacred verse from the German. He also wrote hymns, three of which James Martineau included in his *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*, published in 1874, and he edited a book of temperance hymns. In addition to these activities, he ably carried on his work first as assistant and later as senior minister at the fashionable and prosperous Cross Street Chapel.

Before her marriage, Elizabeth went to Mrs. Lumb's in Knutsford, where she made her preparations for the wedding. She was married on August 30, 1832, at St. John's Parish Church, marriages at that time being prohibited in dissenting chapels. The marriage register at St. John's contains the following notice of the wedding: "William Gaskell, of the Parish of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, and Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, of this Parish, were married in this church by License, this thirtieth day of August in the year 1832 by me, Robert Clowes, Vicar. This marriage was solemnized between us, William Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, in the presence of Peter Holland, Susan Holland, Elizabeth Gaskell, Catherine Holland."

The bride was given away by her uncle, Dr. Peter Holland, and the wedding breakfast was at the home of Mrs. Lumb. As soon as this was over, the young couple left Knutsford to spend their honeymoon near Festiniog, in North Wales. This spot was chosen because of its beauty and retired location, and because Charles Holland, who owned extensive slate quarries near the place, had recommended it.

CHAPTER II

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

The young couple arrived in Manchester from their wedding trip on September 29, Mrs. Gaskell's twenty-second birthday. Mr. Gaskell had rented a house at 14 Dover Street, off Oxford Road, and here they lived for the next ten years. The house was a corner one in a row of nine new houses, and was let at a yearly rental of thirty-two pounds. The entire block has since been torn down, and on the corner now stands a red brick garage; but in 1829 the district was a good residential one, close to the country, yet not too far from Cross Street Chapel, where Mr. Gaskell's work lay.

Mrs. Gaskell entered with zest upon her duties as the wife of a minister, visiting the sick, helping in the Sunday schools, and entertaining her husband's parishioners. Incidentally, she was learning through contact with life at first hand of conditions among the Manchester poor, and absorbing information about working people which before many years she was to turn to account in her social novels. A good picture of her in these early days of married life is given by Susanna Winkworth,[1] who, with her sister Catherine, was at this time among the most intimate friends of the Gaskells:

When we first knew Mrs. Gaskell she had not yet become celebrated, but from the earliest days of our intercourse with her we were struck with her genius, and used to say to each other that we were sure she could write books, or do anything else in the world that she liked. And the more we knew of her the more we admired her. She was a noble-looking woman, with a queenly presence, and her high, broad, serene brow, and finely-cut mobile features, were lighted up by a constantly-varying play of expression as she poured forth her wonderful talk. It was like the gleaming ripple and rush of a clear deep stream in sunshine. Though one of the most brilliant persons I ever saw,

[1] *Memorials of Two Sisters*, pp. 23 ff.

she had none of the restlessness and eagerness that spoils so much of our conversation nowadays. There was no hurry or high-pressure about her, but she seemed always surrounded by an atmosphere of ease, leisure, and playful geniality, that drew out the best side of every one who was in her company. When you were with her, you felt as if you had twice the life in you that you had at ordinary times. All her great intellectual gifts,—her quick keen observation, her marvellous memory, her wealth of imaginative power, her rare felicity of instinct, her graceful and racy humour,—were so warmed and brightened by sympathy and feeling, that while actually with her, you were less conscious of her power than of her charm. No one ever came near her in the gift of telling a story. In her hands the simplest incident,—a meeting in the street, a talk with a factory-girl, a country walk, an old fa nily history,—became picturesque and vivid and interesting. Her fun, her pathos, her graphic touches, her sympathetic insight, were inimitable. When, a few years later, all the world was admiring her novels, we felt that what she had actually published was a mere fraction of what she might have written, had her life been a less many-sided one; so that fine as it was, it scarcely gave an adequate idea of her highest powers; but her other occupations left her little time for literary work. Her books, indeed, were only written when all possible domestic and social claims had been satisfied. Not only was she a devoted wife and mother, but her actual household cares were a positive delight to her. She was more proud of her cows and poultry, pigs and vegetables, than of her literary triumphs, and trained a succession of young women into first-rate cooks. Nor did she ever forget the special duties of a minister's wife. Her stories reveal an intimate knowledge of the lives of the Manchester artizans or the Cumberland peasants that could only have sprung from personal intercourse; and she was, in fact, almost adored by the poorer members of her husband's flock, who little knew, while she was listening to their troubles or prescribing for their ailments, how bright a star she was in the great social world. But from the time of her writing *Mary Barton*, her society was courted in every direction, and her house became a centre for every notable person who came into the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Gaskell's first child was born dead in the summer of 1833; her next, born on September 12, 1834, and named Marianne,

lived to become the chief interest in the life of her mother.[1] The child was christened on November 26 at the Unitarian Chapel at Knutsford by the minister, the Rev. Henry Green.

The months that followed were full of domestic cares and responsibilities. But the heavy duties that occupied the young mother were broken by short visits to her relatives at Knutsford and her husband's relatives at Warrington, and by short vacations at the seaside. In the summer of 1835 Marianne was very ill, and in 1836 and in the early part of 1837, Mrs. Gaskell herself was far from well. But in the midst of her illness and her household duties, she found time to think of doing some writing. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, 1837, appeared a poem by Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell, entitled *Sketches Among the Poor, No. 1.* Mr. Gaskell had made a study of Crabbe, and Mrs. Gaskell said later that this poem was to have been the first of a series of similar sketches, all in the manner of Crabbe, and meant to portray the Manchester poor as Crabbe had portrayed another group in his *Tales of the Hall.* But after the publication of their first poem, many things arose to distract their attention from the proposed sketches, and no more were finished. This poem, in itself of little merit, is of interest as the first printed work with which Mrs. Gaskell's name was associated.

On February 5, 1837, was born another daughter, Margaret Emily—known in later years as Meta. Marianne, now nearly two and a half years old, was sent to stay with Mrs. Lumb; but on March 10 word reached the Gaskells that Mrs. Lumb had suffered a paralytic stroke, and was near death. Mrs. Gaskell took her month-old baby and hurried to her aunt's home, remaining

[1] A journal entitled *My Diary: the Early Years of My Daughter Marianne* was kept by Mrs. Gaskell, being written at irregular intervals over a period of years, the first entry being March 10, 1835, and the last October 28, 1838. This she gave to Marianne, after whose death in 1920 it passed into the hands of her son, Mr. Bryan Holland, and by him was given to the late Clement K. Shorter, who in 1923 printed it privately. The *Diary* gives little actual information concerning the movements of the Gaskell family, but shows how bound up in the life of the child the parents, especially the mother, were, and how all their interests were subordinated to its welfare.

there during the latter's lingering illness, which resulted in her death on May 1. After the funeral Mrs. Gaskell returned to Manchester; but the weeks of anxiety, and the loss of one who was "more than a mother," proved too great a strain, and for some time she was in poor health. In July she went to Crosby for a vacation, hoping to be bettered by the change of scene; and in September, in company with her husband, but without the children, she went again to the neighborhood of Festiniog in Wales, where they had spent their honeymoon.

In 1838 came her second venture in writing. After reading an announcement of a proposed volume by William Howitt, to be called *Visits to Remarkable Places*, she wrote to him, asking if he knew Clopton Hall, about a mile from Stratford-on-Avon, and continued her letter by giving a sketch of the Hall as she had known it during her school-days at Stratford. The sketch proved of such interest and was so well written that Howitt included it in his volume—published in 1840,—although he omitted the name of the author, attributing it simply to "a fair correspondent"; however, he did what was perhaps better, for he wrote Mrs. Gaskell a letter of encouragement, declaring that she had ability, and urging her to become a writer.

Meanwhile her health was improving, and the Gaskell family was getting into better circumstances financially. Mr. Gaskell's salary had been increased; and through the death of Mrs. Lumb, Mrs. Gaskell came into an annuity of eighty pounds. The children were now large enough to be safely entrusted to the care of others. In consequence of all this, the Gaskells felt able to go on a more extended trip, and in 1841 they went to the Continent, making a tour up the Rhine. Here they met the Howitts, and William Howitt again urged Mrs. Gaskell to become an author. That she gave heed to his suggestion is evident, since it was in his journal that her first stories appeared a few years later.

Other things, too, in these years were preparing Mrs. Gaskell for the writing in which she was soon to engage. Manchester,

as the manufacturing center of England, was quick to exhibit whatever ills arose in the social life of the people. The two decades before 1850 witnessed a tremendous struggle between the capitalists and the working classes, and as a minister's wife in one of the cities most affected, Mrs. Gaskell had in some measure at least to take part in that struggle. Here she came into daily contact with workingmen and their families, witnessed their distress, especially in such years as 1840, when more than a hundred mills and manufacturing plants were standing idle, and did her part in alleviating suffering. These years were crucial in preparing her for writing the social novels with which she began the serious pursuit of literature.

Several years, however, were yet to intervene before she should actually begin her career as an author. On October 7, 1842,[1] another child, Florence Elizabeth, was born. Shortly after the birth of this child, the Gaskells moved to larger quarters at 121 Upper Rumford Street, where they continued to live until 1849.

Mrs. Gaskell's first son, William, was born on October 23, 1844. Since he was their only boy, the parents were more than ordinarily fond of him. Late in the summer of 1845, Mrs. Gaskell took him and Marianne to Festiniog for a short vacation. There Marianne contracted scarlet fever, but since it was a light case, the mother was soon able to take her and William to Portmadoc, a watering-place near by. But here William also contracted the disease, and after being ill only a few days died on August 10. His death prostrated his mother, and for weeks she was seriously ill. It was at this time that her husband, in an effort to direct her thoughts away from her grief, urged her to begin writing a story. Her sad heart caught at the idea, and from her own distress she turned to contemplate the deeper distress of the working-classes in Manchester. The work that resulted was her first novel, *Mary Barton*.

[1] The date on the tomb at Willesden is 1843, but the register at Cross Street Chapel and the record at Somerset House give the date as 1842.

CHAPTER III

MARY BARTON

The scene of *Mary Barton* is Manchester, and the action deals with the struggle between mill owners and workers in the decade between 1830 and 1840. The general circumstances out of which the novel arose have been detailed by Mrs. Gaskell herself.[1]

> Three years ago I became anxious (from circumstances that need not be more fully alluded to) to employ myself in writing a work of fiction. Living in Manchester, but with a deep relish and fond admiration for the country, my first thought was to find a frame-work for my story in some rural scene; and I had already made a little progress in a tale, the period of which was more than a century ago, and the place on the borders of Yorkshire, when I bethought me how deep might be the romance in the lives of some of those who elbowed me daily in the busy streets of the town in which I resided. I had always felt a deep sympathy with the careworn men, who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want; tossed to and fro by circumstances, apparently in even a greater degree than other men. A little manifestation of this sympathy, and a little attention to the expression of feelings on the part of some of the work-people with whom I was acquainted, had laid open to me the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful among them; I saw that they were sore and irritable against the rich, the even tenor of whose seemingly happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own. Whether the bitter complaints made by them of the neglect which they experienced from the prosperous—especially from the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up—were well-founded or no, it is not for me to judge. It is enough to say, that this belief of the injustice and unkindness which they endure from their fellow-creatures taints what might be resignation to God's will, and turns it to revenge in many of the poor uneducated factory-workers of Manchester.

[1] Preface, dated October, 1848, to the original edition of *Mary Barton*.

The more I reflected on this unhappy state of things between those so bound to each other by common interests, as the employers and the employed must ever be, the more anxious I became to give some utterance to the agony which, from time to time, convulses this dumb people; the agony of suffering without the sympathy of the happy, or of erroneously believing that such is the case. If it be an error that the woes, which come with ever returning tide-like flood to overwhelm the workmen in our manufacturing towns, pass unregarded by all but the sufferers, it is at any rate an error so bitter in its consequences to all parties, that whatever public effort can do in the way of merciful deeds, or helpless love in the way of "widow's mites" could do, should be done, and that speedily, to disabuse the work-people of so miserable a misapprehension. At present they seem to me to be left in a state, wherein lamentations and tears are thrown aside as useless, but in which the lips are compressed for curses, and the hands clinched and ready to smite.

I know nothing of Political Economy, or the theories of trade. I have tried to write truthfully; and if my accounts agree or clash with any system, the agreement or disagreement is unintentional.

To myself the idea which I have formed of the state of feeling among too many of the factory-people in Manchester, and which I endeavored to represent in this tale (completed above a year ago), has received some confirmation from the events which have so recently occurred among a similar class on the Continent.

The circumstances to which she alludes as having induced her to attempt a work of fiction related to the death of her infant son. Aside from the general reasons here set forth that led her to write a story of Manchester life rather than of country life, she told Travers Madge, whom she knew in Manchester as a fellow worker among the poor, of one particular speech that had given her the germ from which grew the novel.[1]

She was trying hard to speak comfort, and to allay those bitter feelings against the rich which were so common with the poor, when the head of the family took hold of her arm, and grasping it tightly said, with tears in his eyes: "Ay, ma'am, but have ye ever seen a child clemmed [starved] to death?"

[1] Related by Miss Mat Hompes in an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine* lv. 124 ff.

The initial impulse, then, came several years before from William Howitt, and the death of her child and her consequent loss of health furnished the need for diverting her attention and led to the suggestion by her husband that she should write a work of fiction, while the materials for the novel itself were secured at first hand from her daily walks in Manchester, where as a minister's wife she came into close contact with the life she depicted and with the people who became characters in the book.

That Mrs. Gaskell recognized her indebtedness to William Howitt's suggestion is evident from the statement by Mary Howitt[1] that she sent the first volume of the novel in manuscript to Mr. Howitt, and some months later went to the Howitts' in London with the work completed.

Since her son died on August 10, 1845,[2] and since she was engaged, according to her own report, in writing another story for some time before starting *Mary Barton*, it is fair to assume that she began the novel late in 1845. She finished it, as she herself stated, in the late summer or early autumn of 1847. Indeed, most of it must have been written before September, 1846, for on September 3 of that year she gave birth to another child, a daughter, Julia Bradford, and the care of this child would prohibit her from spending a great deal of time in writing during the following year.

In a gossipy letter to Mary Mitford,[3] Mrs. Browning related having heard that *Mary Barton* was offered to nearly all the publishers in London before it was accepted. Although her information came too circuitously for absolute authenticity,

[1] *Autobiography* ii. 28.

[2] This date has been stated universally as 1844 (for instance by Sir Adolphus W. Ward, Knutsford Edition, i.li; by Clement K. Shorter, page vii of the introduction to *Mary Barton*, World's Classics Series; and by Mrs. E. H. Chadwick, *Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories*, p. 151), doubtless through a statement made from memory by the Misses Gaskell to Sir Adolphus Ward; but the register at Cross Street Chapel and the records at Somerset House give the birth and death dates as October 23, 1844 and August 10, 1845; the child was baptized at Cross Street Chapel January 23, 1845.

[3] Dated Dec. 13, 1850; *Letters of Mrs. Browning* i. 471.

it is true that Mrs. Gaskell offered the novel to more than one publisher before it was accepted. One of these was Edward Moxon, who kept it for some time. Chapman & Hall also had it in their possession a long time before accepting it, but finally it came into the hands of John Forster, editor of *The Examiner*, who was at the time a reader for Chapman & Hall, and he recommended it to his firm. They thereupon bought the copyright for a hundred pounds. The book was published anonymously in two volumes on October 14, 1848.

It is not strange that *Mary Barton* should have had difficulty in finding a publisher, for fiction had not yet become the principal medium for disseminating ideas concerning social and economic conditions, and publishers naturally hesitated to introduce an unknown writer with subject matter so teeming with controversial possibilities. It was only after Mrs. Gaskell had been instrumental in establishing the novel as such a medium that many other writers of the period began by this means to propagate social doctrines, thus gradually increasing a demand among readers, and consequently among publishers, for this type of fiction.

Yet it was high time for the social novel to appear, for if fiction mirrors life, so considerable a segment of life as that dealt with by social novels could no longer be ignored. The century, although yet but in its fifth decade, had witnessed changes as far-reaching as any that had taken place in the history of industrialism. From its very beginning, problems having to do with capital and labor assumed a place of high importance in politics and industry, and continued up to the time of the writing of *Mary Barton* greatly to exercise both politicians and business men.

As early as 1811 the Government under Lord Liverpool was turning its attention to social conditions. Such widespread depression prevailed, especially in the Midland counties, that formidable disturbances, detrimental alike to the progress of

industry and to the welfare of government, broke out. There were many causes for this depression, but the laborers, knowing nothing of economic science, laid the blame chiefly upon the adoption of improvements in machinery, especially those made by Cartwright and Arkwright in spinning and weaving machines. Believing thus, the laborers became bitter enemies of mechanical improvements, at last going so far as to organize in great bands for the purpose of destroying new and improved machinery. Those who thus banded themselves together were called Luddites—after a half-witted man, Ned Ludd, who some years before had destroyed two stocking-frames; and Luddite activities made up an important chapter in the industrial history of the time. These activities spread to all parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, in which they destroyed great quantities of machinery before the Government by the use of stern measures suppressed the rioting.[1]

In 1815 Parliament passed a corn law, which provided that no wheat could be imported without high duty until the price at home had reached eighty shillings a quarter, except that from British North America wheat might be imported after the price at home had reached sixty-seven shillings a quarter. The five years following the passage of this law were indeed lean ones. The people were in a state either of hopeless despondency or of active resentment, and their condition led to acts which changed materially the relationship between the classes. Instances of these acts are the Spa Fields riot, of December 2, 1816, and the "Manchester Massacre," of August 16, 1819, the latter leaving a long trail of resentment and distrust in the minds of Manchester workingmen.

The next decade, however, was free of untoward events of marked import, but with 1830 another period of commercial and agricultural depression began. The harvest of 1829 was meager,

[1] Charlotte Brontë, in *Shirley*, published in 1849, gives many reminiscences of Luddite disturbances from recollections of her childhood in Yorkshire.

and the winter that followed was the worst in sixteen years. Many of the operatives were reduced to destitution, such reports being common as the one from Huddersfield, where it was asserted that 13,000 persons had no more than twopence halfpenny a day each to live on. The distressed operatives again vented their rage in a series of grave disturbances; and so acute did conditions become that Parliament began to consider relief-measures. The first relief-measure to become law was the Reform Bill, passed on June 4, 1832. In 1833, after a long fight and many compromises, a law was passed limiting the hours of work for children employed in factories; and in 1834 the New Poor Law was passed, its aim being to eliminate abuses in extending aid to those dependent for support upon the State. The effect of this latter law was apparent at once in reduced rates and in the betterment of the condition of the agricultural poor; yet for a time the sudden cessation of pensions among a population long dependent upon the Government for support worked great hardship. This was especially true when the price of bread again went up in 1836, two years after the passage of the law.

It was with the dire years following that *Mary Barton* dealt, years in which the wretchedness of the working classes perhaps surpassed any in the history of the nation. Society was in the disorganized condition which resulted from the substitution of machinery for manual labor and the extension of communication and transportation which enlarged the area of factory employment. Manufacturing industries were fast replacing agricultural and other rural industrial activities; and labor-saving machinery was fast accumulating wealth for the manufacturers, while it was depriving thousands of workingmen of employment. Because of the decline of agriculture, hordes of rural inhabitants sought the cities in hope of employment, and the cities, ill-regulated, overcrowded, and unsanitary, became centers of pestilence and famine. The increase of population greatly depressed wages, and at the same time a protective tariff held

prices high. More than this, the fashionable Benthamite philosophy of the time, seconded by the interests of the middle-class electorate, advocated the ultimate application of the law of competition, with neither state supervision nor philanthropic effort to render it less stringent. More than a million persons in a population of fifteen millions were receiving public relief before the inauguration of the New Poor Law, the purpose of which was to confine pauperism to the workhouse.

But these are general observations of conditions at the time, reported from histories, newspapers, and doctrinaire articles,[1] none of which give intimate pictures of individual experiences. For the latter the best accounts are in *Mary Barton* itself. Mrs. Gaskell was only too familiar with the life of the Manchester operatives, and her graphic accounts are vested with authority. They not only verify what the historians say, but indicate that there was untold suffering among thousands of England's poor. Two of these accounts will illustrate in detail the general statements already made.

For three years past trade had been getting worse and worse, and the price of provisions higher and higher. This disparity between the amount of the earnings of the working classes and the price of their food, occasioned, in more cases than could well be imagined, disease and death. Whole families went through a gradual starvation. They only wanted a Dante to record their sufferings. And yet even his words would fall short of the awful truth; they could only present an outline of the tremendous facts of the destitution that surrounded thousands upon thousands in the terrible years 1839, 1840, and 1841. . . . The indigence and sufferings of the operatives induced a suspicion in the minds of many of them, that their legislators, their magistrates, their employers, and even the ministers of religion, were, in general, their oppressors and enemies; and were in league for their prostration and enthralment. . . . In many instances the suf-

[1] My authorities for most of the statements in the last few paragraphs are Hunt and Poole's *Political History of England*, xi–xii; Goldwin Smith's *United Kingdom*, ii; contemporary files of *The Manchester Guardian*; and various short political essays and speeches of the time.

ferers wept first, and then they cursed. Their vindictive feelings exhibited themselves in rabid politics. And when I hear, as I have heard, of the sufferings and privations of the poor, of provision shops where ha'porths of tea, sugar, butter, and even flour, were sold to accommodate the indigent,—of parents sitting in their clothes by the fireside during the whole night for seven weeks together, in order that their only bed and bedding might be reserved for the use of their large family—of others sleeping upon the cold hearthstone for weeks in succession, without adequate means of providing themselves with food or fuel (and this in the depth of winter),—of others being compelled to fast for days together, uncheered by any hope of better fortune, living, moreover, or rather starving, in a crowded garret, or damp cellar, and gradually sinking under the pressure of want and despair into a premature grave; and when this has been confirmed by the evidence of their careworn looks, their excited feelings, and their desolate homes,—can I wonder that many of them, in such times of misery and destitution, spoke and acted with ferocious precipitation?[1]

They [John Barton and George Wilson] went along till they arrived in Berry Street. It was unpaved; and down the middle a gutter forced its way, every now and then forming pools in the holes with which the street abounded. . . . As they passed, women from their doors tossed household slops of every description into the gutter; they ran into the next pool, which overflowed and stagnated. Heaps of ashes were the stepping-stones, on which the passer-by, who cared in the least for cleanliness, took care not to put his foot. Our friends were not dainty, but even they picked their way, till they got to some steps leading down to a small area, where a person standing would have his head about one foot below the level of the street, and might at the same time, without the least motion of his body, touch the window of the cellar and the damp muddy wall right opposite. You went down one step even from the foul area into the cellar in which a family of human beings lived. It was very dark inside. The window-panes, many of them, were broken and stuffed with rags, which was reason enough for the dusky light that pervaded the place even at mid-day. . . . The smell was so fœtid as almost to knock the two men down. Quickly recovering themselves, as those inured to such things do, they began to

[1] Knutsford Edition, pp. 94-5.

penetrate the thick darkness of the place, and to see three or four little children rolling on the damp, nay wet brick floor, through which the stagnant, filthy moisture of the street oozed up; the fireplace was empty and black. . . . "The fever" was . . . of a low, putrid, typhoid kind; brought on by miserable living, filthy neighbourhood, and great depression of mind and body. It is virulent, malignant, and highly infectious. But the poor are fatalists with regard to infection; and well for them it is so, for in their crowded dwellings no invalid can be isolated. . . . He [Davenport] lay on straw, so damp and mouldy, no dog would have chosen it in preference to flags; over it was a piece of sacking, coming next to his worn skeleton of a body . . . Wilson . . . opened a door, but only for an instant; it led into a back cellar, with a grating instead of a window, down which dropped the moisture from pigsties, and worse abominations. It was not paved; the floor was one mass of bad smelling mud. It had never been used, for there was not an article of furniture in it; nor could a human being, much less a pig, have lived there many days. Yet the "back apartment" made a difference in the rent. The Davenports paid three pence more for having two rooms.[1]

To find a remedy for all this misery and suffering was uppermost in the minds of the more thoughtful artisans; and because they had an infinite faith in the power of government, they considered the nearest way to be through political action. Numerous were the schemes fostered in these sad years by the desperate workingmen, but the ones attracting most followers and promising greatest results were the Anti-Corn-Law League and the Chartist Movement. The aims of the latter were avowedly political, six reform measures being demanded by its supporters: manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, annual Parliaments, the abolition of the property qualification, the payment of members of Parliament, and equal electoral districts.[2] The intention of all these items was to give the masses control of legislation, for only thus, it was argued, could their conditon be changed. These movements were greatly agitating workingmen in the

[1] Knutsford Edition, pp. 65 ff.

[2] Carlyle's *Chartism*, published in 1839, contains a favorable discussion of the subject.

years with which *Mary Barton* deals, and the novel devotes much space to the desires and aims of the Chartists and their efforts to bring reform.

But the remedy for all this wretchedness among the masses of workingmen lay not with the men themselves. Those who had the power partially to ameliorate their sufferings knew nothing of how the lower classes lived, sympathized little with their distress, and looked upon their acts of violence as indicative of criminal instincts; and these outward acts were for the most part bungling attempts to exercise arbitrary power and authority in order to force attention to their ills, methods not likely to militate greatly in their favor. The great need, therefore, was of writers and speakers who would interpret the workingmen's sufferings to those capable of remedying them. Some there were, indeed, already engaged in this work: Carlyle with his high invective and stinging rebukes; Maurice with sermons, speeches, and pamphlets; and others of lesser note. But their attempts at agitation appealed to but few, and to these few in such small degree as hardly to bring promise of immediate help for the operatives. It was the high function of the social novel to arouse the interest of large numbers of those able to help; and among these novels *Mary Barton* holds a significant, perhaps the most significant, place.

A start, however, had been made before Mrs. Gaskell took up her pen. As early as 1840 Mrs. Frances Trollope had written *Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy*, dealing with labor conditions in Manchester, to which place she went for material. The main feature of her novel developed out of the adoption of a factory lad by a capitalist, and much of the story consists in a comparison of his lot with that of his mother and brother, who remained in their wretched condition. But more important than this novel were two by Disraeli, *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, published respectively in 1844 and 1845. In *Coningsby*, Disraeli treated social conditions only indirectly, the chief interest centering upon new political

alignments and ideals, from which, to be sure, he predicted a better day for the people generally; but in *Sybil* he advanced directly into the realm of the social novel, dealing primarily with relations between the classes, although in a meteoric and fantastic manner, without treating of causes, and hinting only vaguely at remedies, since he was naturally more interested in how clashes like those described in *Sybil* and *Mary Barton* affected politics than in alleviating the sufferings of the poor.

These efforts constitute practically all that had been done in the social novel before Mrs. Gaskell began *Mary Barton*. Dickens, although for some ten years a commanding figure in literature, had not turned his attention to the struggle between what Disraeli called "the two nations"; Harriet Martineau as early as 1834 had written a nine-volume work, *Illustrations of Political Economy*, in which she touched upon some aspects of the social problem; but in neither of her novels—*Deerbrook*, published in 1839, and *The Man of the Hour*, published in 1841—did she treat the problem; Charles Kingsley was becoming interested in the gospel of Carlyle and Maurice, but had not yet seen the possibilities in the novel as a means of disseminating his messages; and as yet the names of Currer Bell, George Eliot, and Charles Reade were unknown. Mrs. Gaskell's work, therefore, when viewed in relation to its time becomes increasingly important. It was to her that Dickens and George Eliot owed inspiration for *Hard Times* and *Felix Holt*, and it was her influence that led Kingsley to adopt fiction as his means of appealing to the nation in behalf of the working classes. Mrs. Trollope's book was too melodramatic and came too early to evoke emulation; Disraeli's interest was chiefly political; but Mrs. Gaskell's motives were wholly humanitarian, and her efforts came at a moment when sufficient attention had been directed towards the struggle between employers and employees to stimulate interest and arouse controversy, by which means help was eventually to come to the sorely-tried and long-suffering artisans.

The novel is definitely one "with a purpose." Mrs. Gaskell felt that the operatives were destitute, wretched, leaderless, and desperate, and that they felt the sore need of bettering their conditions but had no knowledge of how to go about it. Something of this condition of affairs is set forth in the scene wherein John Barton leaves to present the Chartist petition to Parliament. His friends clamor about him, each suggesting out of his own needs something that Barton should demand of Parliament, such as that all the machinery be broken, that shorter hours be enforced, that children be allowed to work in the mills, that people of the upper classes promise to wear calico shirts and dresses, that free trade be established, and that women be kept from working in the factories. Mrs. Gaskell saw that this diversity of aim would keep the operatives from securing their desires, and that their leaders, being suspicious, impetuous, ignorant, and incapable of directing the thought of the workmen, exerted upon them a harmful rather than a beneficial influence. She observed the entire lack of sympathy between the classes, noting how each was hostile to and suspicious of the other. And with all this she beheld the tragedy of people dying of hunger, the stark, grim battle to keep soul and body together, and the evident pull away from decent and moral living toward lives of shame and crime, while no help was extended to make conditions better. Evidence of all this she presented in the lives of Esther, who became a prostitute, of John Barton, who became a murderer, and of Mary, who barely escaped Esther's fate; and of it she spoke directly by the mouth of Barton himself when he was dying:

"You see I've so often been hankering after the right way, and it's a hard one for a poor man to find. At least it's been so to me. No one learned me, and no one telled me. When I was a little chap they taught me to read, and then they never gave no books; only I heard say the Bible was a good book. So when I grew thoughtful, and puzzled, I took to it. But you'd never believe black was black, or night was night, when you saw all about you acting as if black was white, and night was day. It's

not much I can say for myself in t'other world. God forgive me; but I can say this, I would fain have gone after the Bible rules if I'd seen folk credit it; they all spoke up for it, and went and did clean contrary. . . . All along it came natural to love folk. . . . I think one time I could e'en have loved the masters if they'd ha' letten me; that was in my Gospel-days, afore my child died o' hunger. I was tore in two oftentimes between my sorrow for poor suffering folk, and my trying to love them as caused their sufferings (to my mind). At last I gave it up in despair, trying to make folks' actions square wi' th' Bible; and I thought I'd no longer labour at following th' Bible mysel."—Knutsford Edition, pp. 430 ff.

Mrs. Gaskell's purpose, then, in *Mary Barton* was to suggest some remedy for these various ills; and this remedy, simply stated, was the application of the Golden Rule. She believed that only through personal acquaintance and contact would greater tolerance come, and only through greater tolerance and sympathy would conditions ultimately be changed. She advocated co-ordination of energies for a common good, dislodgment of old prejudices, and co-operation between employers and employees in all industrial relationships. She deprecated the use of force in settling disputes, illustrating the evils attendant upon its employment by the death of the knob-stick (strike-breaker) who was burnt with vitriol, and by the consequences of John Barton's crime to himself and all concerned; and once she spoke in her own voice against its use:

And now began the real wrong-doing of the Trades' Unions. As to their decision to work, or not, at such a particular rate of wages, that was either wise or unwise; an error of judgment at the worst. But they had no right to tyrannise over others, and tie them down to their own Procrustean bed. Abhorring what they considered oppression in the masters, why did they oppress others?—Knutsford Edition, p. 199.

In *Mary Barton* she spoke primarily for the men; yet she was not *per se* against the masters, for amid the currents that were

sweeping over England, she saw that each side must concede many things: that the employer must treat his employee as a fellow human being, giving him for his work enough to buy food and clothing, shelter and fuel; and on the other hand that the employee should not expect all the profits, lest the masters should lose all incentive to operate the mills. Her experiment was to report as truthfully as she knew how the conditions amid which the workmen had to live, hoping that this report might help the masters to understand their employees' difficulties and in some measure to set about remedying them, that the men in turn would respond to the sympathy of the masters, and a better understanding and a more humane relationship would be thereby permanently established.

If *Mary Barton* is of chief interest as a social document, the story as such is of secondary interest only because the position of the book as a social novel is so important. The main characters are drawn from four families: the Carsons, wealthy mill owners, the Bartons, Wilsons, and Leghs, mill operatives. And the theme is the struggle of the operatives for existence, and the indifference of the owners to this struggle. Yet woven into the warp of the narrative is a love story less intense than that in *North and South* only because in the latter novel the love story concerns the principals in the action, whereas in *Mary Barton* it deals with secondary characters.

The strength of the book, however, lies not in the narrative, but in the depiction of character; and of the characters, John Barton is preëminent. With ability rarely shown in a first creation, Mrs. Gaskell draws this man, tracing step by step the process whereby he changes from a man of simple and trusting faith, with a sensitive and kindly attitude towards his fellow men, to one whose mind is so warped that he can at last look upon murder itself as an act of justice. Mary Barton, the heroine, for whom the book is named—strangely, since she is not a principal person in the main theme,—is faithfully and sympatheti-

cally drawn, but her character is not emphasized; consequently she never becomes an attractive force in the novel, save perhaps for the brief period when she tries to save Jem while he is on trial for murder. Yet, although she is not the most lovable of Mrs. Gaskell's heroines, she faces destitution resolutely, cares for her father tenderly, and in the end accepts Jem with brave unreserve when he is facing the gallows. That she does not come up to Mrs. Gaskell's best types of women is doubtless because the author had learned to know the factory men before she learned the factory women. But while John Barton is the most powerfully conceived of the characters, it was upon Job Legh and Alice Wilson, minor personages in the action, that Mrs. Gaskell lavished her strongest affections, and it is over them that her admirers will pause longest; for in them is evident the sympathetic understanding which so strongly marked her later works.

Upon its appearance, the novel aroused a storm of controversy. It was attacked as unfair to the mill owners in that it made too much of the poverty of the operatives and too little of the efforts of the owners to care for them in times of distress, as appealing too frequently to death scenes, and as lacking in humor. But there rallied to its defence such men as Dickens, Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Landor, and a host of others. And in the end Mrs. Gaskell's report of conditions in Manchester in the period of which she was writing has been upheld by the verdict of history as essentially accurate.

CHAPTER IV

FROM HAND AND HEART TO CRANFORD

Mrs. Gaskell had already begun contributing to magazines before *Mary Barton* was published, a circumstance for which her acquaintance with the Howitts was responsible. William Howitt liked the novel when it was shown to him, and while Mrs. Gaskell was waiting for its publication, he threw open to her the pages of *Howitt's Journal*. It was in that magazine that her first work under her own name and without a collaborator appeared,—three short stories, *Libbie Marsh's Three Eras* and *The Sexton's Hero* in 1847, and *Christmas Storms and Sunshine* in 1848.

In some respects the first of these stories resembles *Mary Barton*. Its scene is a Manchester alley, and in it is a description of Manchester operatives on holiday, which is considerably like the opening chapters of the novel. The story is in no way remarkable, but a country description which is introduced hints of the fine short stories of later years wherein country scenes predominate.

The Sexton's Hero is a story of heroism and sacrifice, the scene of which is the sands along Morecambe Bay, between Lancaster and Ulverston, whither Mrs. Gaskell often went on summer vacations. The story, a legend of the place, was doubtless told her, and illustrates a custom which she followed during the rest of her life, of picking up stories from chance acquaintances and reproducing these in fiction.

Her vein in *Christmas Storms and Sunshine* was much lighter, and gave the first indication of that delightful humor which came to fruition in *Cranford* and *Wives and Daughters*.

These three stories were published in 1848 in a volume, the title of which was *Life in Manchester*, and the name of the author

was given as Cotton Mather Mills, Esq. In 1850 *Libbie Marsh's Three Eras* was published again, this time as *A Lancashire Tale*; and in 1854 a French translation of it appeared in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. The other two stories were printed in 1850 as Mrs. Gaskell's contribution to a *fête* organized by a Mrs. Davenport, of Capesthorne, Cheshire, "for the benefit of the Macclesfield Public Baths and Wash-Houses." In 1855 they were reprinted by Chapman & Hall in the volume *Lizzie Leigh and Other Stories*.

The authorship of *Mary Barton* did not long remain a secret, and Mrs. Gaskell soon became one of the most talked of persons in England. From all parts of the country letters came, praising the book and predicting further laurels for her. In May, 1849, she went to London and received a cordial welcome. At the home of Samuel Rogers, where she breakfasted on May 7, she met Mrs. Dickens. Of the party also was John Forster, who had recommended to Chapman & Hall the acceptance of her novel. On May 12 she was at the dinner which Dickens gave to celebrate the publication of *David Copperfield*, and there met among others the Carlyles, Thackeray, and Douglas Jerrold. Shortly afterwards she was received by Carlyle in his home at Chelsea, and by John Forster in his chambers at the Middle Temple. At Monckton Milnes's, the same year, she met Guizot, Maurice, and Archdeacon Hare; and during the summer vacation, which she spent at Skelwith, near Ambleside, she met Wordsworth. These literary acquaintanceships brought her admission into the best literary circles of England and established her among her own kind as one of the recognized writers of the age.

She was now definitely committed to literature as a profession. The family was in better circumstances, owing to the growing importance of Mr. Gaskell's work, to the sale of *Mary Barton*, and to the death in July, 1848, of Miss Abigail Holland, who by the will of Mrs. Lumb had retained the bulk of the latter's property until her death, whereupon it passed to Mrs. Gaskell. These better circumstances allowed her relief from much of the

work connected with caring for a home, and allowed her to go away more frequently from Manchester, where much demand was made upon her time and her energies, and thus gave her time for writing. But more important even than this was the notice from men of letters which *Mary Barton* brought her. From this time on she received constant calls for manuscript, and this encouraged her in the decision to make a profession of the writing of fiction.

During 1849, however, her output was very small, the only thing published being a short story, *Heart and Hand*, which ran from July to November in *The Sunday School Penny Magazine*. It is a child's story, and in itself gives little evidence of ability. Its importance is in showing Mrs. Gaskell's views of courtesy and kindliness and Christianity.

In the latter part of 1849, the Gaskells moved from Upper Rumford Street to No. 42 (now 84) Plymouth Grove, which the family continued to occupy until the death of the last unmarried daughter in 1913. This house was roomy and well-ordered, and it was here in the later years of Mrs. Gaskell's life that men of letters from all parts of Europe and America went to pay her their respects. The house became a sort of Mecca for literary pilgrims traveling in the northern part of England, and many were the notable persons entertained there—among others, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Ruskin, Lord Houghton, and the Carlyles.

The year 1850 began sadly enough with the death of Mr. Gaskell's mother. But later occurred two events which made the year outstanding in Mrs. Gaskell's career. The first was the receipt of a letter from Dickens, dated January 31, in which he announced the forthcoming publication of a new magazine, *Household Words*, and asked her to contribute to its first number. The second was the meeting in August at the home of Sir James and Lady Kay-Shuttleworth at Briery Close, near Windermere, with Charlotte Brontë.

It is hard to overestimate the influence upon Mrs. Gaskell's subsequent life of these two events. As a result of the meeting with Charlotte Brontë, the two became warm friends, and because of this friendship Charlotte Brontë's father called upon Mrs. Gaskell to write the life of his daughter. In response to the overtures of Dickens, she established relations with his publications that lasted almost to the end of her life. Her immediate response to his letter was to send him a short story, *Lizzie Leigh*, which opened the first number of *Household Words*. During the next twelve years nearly all of her shorter works appeared first in Dickens's magazines, *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. These publications demanded, it is true, stories with events bordering on the melodramatic and situations turning upon the weird and unearthly, so that in an effort to fill these wants, Mrs. Gaskell at times stultified her higher creative abilities; yet it was in *Household Words* that the first chapters of *Cranford* appeared, and it was the insistent demand of Dickens that led to the writing of the remaining chapters.

Lizzie Leigh in a number of ways resembled the Esther story in *Mary Barton*, and it has been conjectured that the later story was originally written as a study for the character in the novel. It seems more likely, however, that the story was written subsequently to the novel, and resulted from Mrs. Gaskell's interest in fallen women,—an interest she could not treat adequately in the novel because of Esther's subordinate part in the plot. *Lizzie Leigh* ran through the first six numbers of *Household Words* and was published first in book form in 1855 by Chapman & Hall in the volume *Lizzie Leigh and Other Stories*.

Before the end of 1850 two more of her short works appeared in *Household Words*, *The Well of Pen-Morfa* in the November 16 and 23 numbers, and *The Heart of John Middleton* in the number for December 28. Her final contribution for the year was a story, *The Moorland Cottage*, written at the request of Chapman & Hall, and published by them as a Christmas book. Of these, *The Well*

of Pen-Morfa is a Welsh story, containing some beautiful descriptions of a Welsh village, and teaching how the care of others will bring happiness; and *The Heart of John Middleton* is another Manchester story, its theme being "to forgive them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." *The Moorland Cottage* is of interest in that it gave George Eliot some ideas which she used in *The Mill on the Floss*. The Christian names of the heroines are the same, for instance; Maggie Browne, the heroine in Mrs. Gaskell's story, had a way of pushing back her hair which Maggie Tulliver copied; Edward Browne thought himself infallible, as did Tom Tulliver. There are some resemblances, too, to others of Mrs. Gaskell's own stories. Edward Browne in many respects is like Richard Bradshaw in *Ruth*, and old Nancy, the servant, is an early version of the old servant type, elaborated so well in *Ruth*. Finally, a confession made long after in *Wives and Daughters* by Squire Hamley, that he felt his own ignorance so much that he would not allow his sons to bring home their college friends, is also to be found here. The story shows evidence of haste, and some of the events are not happily motivated; but on the whole it is an advance over her earlier short works.

Mr. Harrison's Confessions, a humorous story, reminiscent of Knutsford and prophetic of *Cranford*, was published in the February, March, and April, 1851, numbers of *The Ladies' Companion*. In places it is a rollicking farce, and shows Mrs. Gaskell in the happier mood that came with better health, greater comfort, and freedom from household worries. Its scene is Duncombe, and it is the first of many stories of Knutsford. Her chief characters go through many vicissitudes, for the most part highly amusing, until the *dénouement*, which comes with the swiftness and incredibility of that in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and brings everything to a happy conclusion.

In *Household Words* for June 7, 1851, she had an article, *Disappearances*, dealing with several strange disappearances of persons she had heard about, her interest in this subject being incited

by her own brother's disappearance. One of these, Samuel Butler[1] later took considerable pains to refute, and his report is worth noting as showing Mrs. Gaskell's lack of interest in historical authenticity and her willingness to take at face value tales told her by those whom she liked—a proneness later to involve her in trouble when she came to write biography.

On June 27, Charlotte Brontë made her first visit to Mrs. Gaskell at her home at Plymouth Grove. Miss Brontë was on her way to London, and stopped off two days with Mrs. Gaskell.[2]

Toward the end of 1851 came the first of the Cranford sketches, to be followed at intervals during the next year and a half by others, until the whole as it now exists was complete.

The year 1852 was a full one. She wrote almost all of *Ruth* during the summer and fall; she finished about half of the *Cranford* chapters during the year; and she added three stories to her list of shorter works. These were *Bessy's Troubles at Home*, a simple little story written for children, and published from January to April in *The Sunday School Penny Magazine*, a Manchester publication; *The Shah's English Gardener*, an interview with a Mr. Burton, the gardener at Teddesley, near Penkridge in Staffordshire, who had at one time been gardener for Shah Nasr-ed-Din in Persia—published in *Household Words* for June 19; and *The Old Nurse's Story*, a thrilling ghost story, which appeared in the Christmas, 1852, number of *Household Words*.

The Gaskells spent their summer holiday in 1852 in Keswick, but by September they were back in Manchester in time to entertain Dickens, who was there with the play, *Used Up*.

[1] *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler* i. 98–9.
[2] See p. 81 for her description of the visit.

CHAPTER V

CRANFORD

Cranford is to-day the most widely read and best liked of all Mrs. Gaskell's works. When she wrote the series of sketches that were later collected to make the book, she built better than she knew. She began, without any idea of extending the work beyond the original article, a narrative founded upon recollections of her life at Knutsford, where with her aunt, Mrs. Lumb, she had spent her girlhood. That article, which became Chapters I and II as the book is now arranged, she submitted to Dickens for *Household Words*, and he published it in the issue of December 13,1851. In it she gave an account of Cranford society, explained the leadership of Miss Jenkyns, and recorded the arrival of Captain Brown, his quarrel with Miss Jenkyns, his death, and finally the death of Miss Jenkyns herself. The narrative is thus complete in itself and would have been the last of Cranford had not Dickens written to praise the article and to request others in similar vein. Mrs. Gaskell responded by writing not one but seven other articles, each complete in itself, yet, through involving the same characters, an integral part of the whole work. These appeared in *Household Words* as follows:

January 3, 1852, *A Love Affair at Cranford*, which in the book became Chapter III, "A Love Affair of Long Ago," and Chapter IV, "A Visit to an Old Bachelor."

March 13, 1852, *Memory at Cranford*, in the book, Chapter V, "Old Letters," and Chapter VI, "Poor Peter."

April 3, 1852, *Visiting at Cranford*, in the book, Chapter VII, "Visiting," and Chapter VIII, "Your Ladyship."

January 15, 1853, *The Great Cranford Panic*, in the book, Chapter IX, "Signor Brunoni," Chapter X, "The Panic," and Chapter XI, "Samuel Brown."

April 2, 1853, *Stopped Payment at Cranford*, in the book, Chapter XII, "Engaged to be Married," and Chapter XIII, "Stopped Payment."

May 7, 1853, *Friends in Need, at Cranford*, in the book, Chapter XIV.

May 21, 1853, *A Happy Return to Cranford*, in the book, Chapter XV, "A Happy Return," and Chapter XVI, "Peace to Cranford."

When the last of the series was done, Mrs. Gaskell collected the articles, rewrote a few sentences here and there so as to secure a continuity of theme, divided the chapters as indicated above, and sent the work to Chapman & Hall, who published it in 1853.

Cranford is so different from Mrs. Gaskell's previous work that there has been considerable speculation as to its sources. It grew immediately, of course, out of her life in Knutsford when she was growing up. But what was the precipitating force that led to the consideration of these experiences as literary material? Sir Adolphus Ward, reading of the study by Mr. Gaskell of the poetry of George Crabbe, and of the decision of Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell to write some poetic sketches in the manner of Crabbe, has surmised[1] that certain portions of "The Maid's Story" from *Tales of the Hall* may have induced the writing of *Cranford*; and he quotes the following to indicate the grounds for his theory:

> Poor grandmamma among the gentry dwelt
> Of a small town, and all the honor felt;
> Shrinking from all approaches to disgrace
> That might be marked in so genteel a place;
> Where every daily deed, as soon as done,
> Ran through the town as fast as it could run—
> At dinners what appear'd—at cards who lost or won.
>
> Our good appearance through the town was known,
> Hunger and thirst were matters of our own;
> And you would judge that she in scandal dealt
> Who told on what we fed, or how we felt.

[1] Introduction to *Cranford*, Knutsford Edition, pp. xiv–xv.

It is difficult, even for the one possessing a creative mind, to explain its workings; and it is certainly possible that these words by Crabbe suggested to Mrs. Gaskell the general condition of life in a place like Knutsford; but it is unlikely that they did more than recall to her mind what she knew well from her own experience, if indeed they did so much. She had grown up in Knutsford, a quaint, Old-World Cheshire village, and in these impressionistic years had come to know the village, the inhabitants, and the ways of the people so well that once she started to reproduce what she knew in a narrative, the story told itself. That she had kept in mind the Knutsford customs is evident from a letter which she wrote on August 18, 1838, to Mary Howitt:[1]

One is the custom, on any occasion of rejoicing, of strewing the ground before the houses of those who sympathise in the gladness with common red sand, and then taking a funnel filled with white sand, and sprinkling a pattern of flowers upon the red ground. This is always done for a wedding, and often accompanied by some verse of rural composition. When I was married, nearly all the houses in the town were sanded, and these were the two favourite verses:

"Long may they live,
Happy may they be,
Blessed with content,
And from misfortune free.

Long may they live,
Happy may they be,
And blessed with a numerous
Pro-ge-ny."

Various and grand were the flourishes on the late coronation, and there were one or two amusing distichs, but I do not remember them.

The tradition about this custom is that there was formerly a well-dressing in the town, and on the annual celebration of this

[1] Quoted by Margaret Howitt in "Stray Notes from Mrs. Gaskell," in *Good Words* xxxvi. 604–12.

ceremony they strewed the flowers to the house of the latest married bride; by degrees it became a common custom to strew the houses of the bride and her friends, but as flowers were not always to be procured, they adopted this easy substitute. Some people choose to say that it originated in the old church being too far out of town for the merry sound of bells to be heard on any joyful occasion, so instead of an audible they put a visible sign. But you can not think how pretty our dear little town looks on such occasions.

"Riding Stang" (I spell it as pronounced, but I wonder what it is derived from, some old Saxon word?) is a custom all over Cheshire. When any woman, a wife more particularly, has been scolding, beating or otherwise abusing one of the other sex and it is publicly known, she is made to ride stang. A crowd of people assemble towards evening after work hours, with an old, shabby, broken down horse. They hunt out the delinquent from her resting-place, and mount her on their Rozinante, but not in the legitimate fashion; for will she, will she not, she sits astride with her face to the tail. So they parade her through the nearest village or town; drowning her scolding and clamour with the noise of frying pans, &c., just as you would a swarm of bees. And though I have known this done in many instances, I never knew the woman seek any redress or the avengers proceed to any more disorderly conduct after they had once made the guilty one "ride stang."[1]

Now perhaps to keep myself to some sort of order, I had better begin at the beginning and go through the year with such of our Cheshire customs as are, I fancy, unknown to you. While I call them *Cheshire* customs, I believe them to extend into Lancashire and Yorkshire.

About Knutsford we have Christmas carols, such a pretty custom, calling one from dreamland to almost as mystic a state of mind; half awake and half asleep, blending reality so strangely with the fading visions; and children's voices to the dead of night with their old words of bygone times!

Then on Mid-Lent Sunday, instead of furmenty we eat Simnel cake: a cake made variously, but always with saffron for its principal ingredient. This I should fancy was a relic of Papistry, but I wonder how it originated. Lambert *Simnel* the impostor in

[1] O. E. *stæng*, a pole. "Riding the stang" was originally "riding a rail."—Ed.

Henry the Seventh's time was a baker's son, I think. The shop windows are filled with them, high and low eat them.

Lifting Monday and Lifting Tuesday are still kept up in their full vigour. My husband has had to run hard to escape; and at my Knutsford home the doors were kept barred on Easter Monday.

The next day of note is the first of May. I never heard of its being kept as it is by the common people in Lancashire and Cheshire. Early in the morning at daybreak, some one hangs up a bush or a branch of a tree at every one's door; and that is a kind of *Langue des Arbres*, for these branches bear reference to the character of the principal female of the house. A branch of birch signifies a pretty girl, an elder (or owler they call it) a scold, an oak a good woman, a broom a good housewife. But I am sorry to say there are many symbols hung up in spite, which have anything but a good meaning. If gorse, nettles, sycamore or saw-dust are placed at the door, they cast the worst imputation on a woman's character, and vary according as she be girl, wife, or widow. One of my servants, of whom I have just been making inquiries, says many a poor girl has had her character blasted by one of these bushes being hung up by some one who owed her a grudge. The early passers-by saw it, and the report was buzzed about, without the accusation being tangible enough for her to refute it.

I can not at present remember any peculiar customs between May Day and All Souls' Day, when parties of children go from house to house singing:

> An apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry,
> Or any good thing to make us merry.
> One for Peter and one for Paul,
> And one for Him who saved us all.

This is sung over and over again to a very monotonous tune, till some trifle is sent to them.

Another of our customs now rather passing away is *Marling*. When marl was used for manure there were marl-pits up and down Cheshire, and if any one chanced upon the men while at work, they were expected to make them a present. In an evening they formed themsleves into a ring in the market-place and called out, "*Oyez, oyez, oyez,* Mr. So-and-so has given us the two-thou-

sandth part (if it was a shilling) of a hundred pounds, a hundred pounds, largo, largo, largo." Of course the part varied according to the amount of the donation.

There are many superstitions kept up about Cheshire and Lancashire. The servant-maids wear a bag containing a druggist powder called Dragon's Blood upon their heart, which will make them beloved by the person they love. A pretty servant once told me: "It always had the desired effect with her." They make a curtsey to the new moon when first they see it, and turn the money in their pockets, which *ought* to be doubled before the moon is out.

Many poetical beliefs are vanishing with the passing generations. A shooting star is unlucky to see. I have so far a belief in this that I always have a chill in my heart when I see one, for I have often noticed them when watching over a sick-bed and very, very anxious. The dog-rose, that pretty libertine of the hedges with the floating sprays wooing the summer air, its delicate hue and its faint perfume, is unlucky. Never form any plan while sitting near one, for it will never answer.

I was once saying to an old, blind countrywoman how much I admired the foxglove. She looked mysteriously solemn as she told me that they were not like other flowers; they had "knowledge" in them! Of course I inquired more particularly, and then she told me that the foxglove knows when a spirit passes by and always bows the head. Is not this poetical! and of the regal foxglove with its tapering crimson bells. I have respected the flower ever since.

Moreover, I know a man who has seen the Fairies and tells the story in the prettiest possible way. And if you were on Alderley Edge, the hill between Cheshire and Derbyshire, could not I point out to you the very entrance to the cave where King Arthur and his knights lie sleeping in their golden armour till the day when England's peril shall summon them to her rescue.

Nor were such general items as are here detailed her only material. Henry Green, minister during Mrs. Gaskell's lifetime at Brook Street Unitarian Chapel at Knutsford, noted[1] one incident in the story as something he knew about in actual life:

[1] In *Knutsford, Its Traditions and History*, p. 114, edition of 1859.

A little incident within my own experience will show the accuracy of the pictures as applied to our town. A woman of advanced age, who was confined to her house through illness, about three years ago asked me to lend her an amusing or cheerful book. I lent her *Cranford*, without telling her to what it was supposed to relate; she read the tale of Life in a Country Town; and when I called again she was full of eagerness to say:—"Why, sir! that *Cranford* is all about Knutsford; my old mistress, Miss Harker, is mentioned in it; and our poor cow, she did go to the field in the large flannel waistcoat, because she had burned herself in a lime pit."

And in a letter to Ruskin,[1] Mrs. Gaskell herself testified as to the exactness of the material used in the volume:

And then again about *Cranford*! I am so much pleased you like it. It is the only one of my own books that I can read again; but sometimes when I am ailing or ill, I take *Cranford*, and, I was going to say, *enjoy* it (but that would not be pretty), laugh over it afresh. And it is true, too, for I have seen the cow that wore the grey-flannel jacket—and I know the cat that swallowed the lace that belonged to the lady that sent for the doctor that gave the . . . I am so glad your Mother likes it too. I will tell her a bit of Cranford that I did not dare to put in, because I thought people would say it was ridiculous, and yet which really happened in Knutsford. Two good old ladies, friends of mine in my girlhood, had a niece who made a grand marriage. . . . The bride and bride-groom came to stay with the two Aunts, who had bought a new dining-room carpet, as a sort of wedding welcome to the young people, but I am afraid it was rather lost upon them; for the first time they found it out was after dinner, the day after they came. All dinner-time they had noticed that the neat maid-servant had performed a sort of *pas de basque*, hopping and striding with more grace than security to the dishes she held. When she had left the room, one lady said to the other: "Sister! I think she'll do!" —"Yes," said the other; "she's managed very nicely." And then they began to explain that she was a fresh servant, and they had just laid down a new carpet with white spots or spaces over it, and they had been teaching this girl to vault or jump gracefully over

[1] This and an extract from Ruskin's letter are quoted by Sir Adolphus W. Ward in the introduction to *Cranford* in the Knutsford Edition, pp. xi–xii.

these white places, lest her feet might dirty them! The beginning of *Cranford* was one paper in *Household Words*; and I never meant to write more, so killed Captain Brown very much against my will.

Besides these first hand instances, many of the characters in the book have been traced to their originals since Mrs. Gaskell's day. Beatrix L. Tollemache identified Captain Brown,[1] who comes into the story at the beginning, as a Captain Hill, adjutant of the Cheshire yeomanry; and Thomas Holbrook, Miss Matty's lover, as an eccentric Peter Leigh. Others have identified Mrs. Jamieson as Lady Jane Stanley, who lived in Brook House, Knutsford, and in a will left money to build a footpath, which was to be wide enough for one only, so that young folk could not stroll along it side by side; the tea-selling episode in which Miss Matty took part with a similar instance that happened to a Miss Betty Harker; the disappearance of Peter in the story with that of Mrs. Gaskell's own brother; and the George Hotel with the Royal George, named in honor of George IV. Whether Mrs. Gaskell had all of these in mind matters little, since it becomes apparent that if there were characters in Knutsford resembling those in Mrs. Gaskell's story closely enough to permit of even partial identification, she had plenty of material upon which to draw, and her task was chiefly to sift this material, heighten the effects here and there, and work the various incidents and persons into a consecutive narrative.

The story depends for interest upon location, characterization, and incident rather than upon plot. Its most entrancing quality is its fidelity to truth. The recollections of earlier days became the first-hand material out of which grew the volume, and only the transmuting genius of the author turned such incidents into a golden story. The things which she had observed, she dressed in a garb but slightly imaginative, and with them produced a history of village life so excellent that it has permanent value

[1] In "Cranford Souvenirs" in *Temple Bar* cv. 536–539.

as historical material, while its inimitable style insures to it permanency as literature.

She tells the story through the medium of Mary Smith, a visitor at Cranford, much as Mrs. Gaskell was at Knutsford; and even this character, whose purpose in the story is purely that of a narrator, becomes a person of interest, by reason of her attitude towards the actors and actions in the story. Of the chief characters who make up the story, all save two are women, for, Mrs. Gaskell explains, only women seem to do well in the atmosphere of Cranford. These two exceptions are Captain Brown, whose feud with Miss Jenkyns begins the story, and Peter, the brother of Miss Matty, whose story closes it. The others are elderly women, whose gossipings and doings are narrated with fidelity and skill, and with a knowledge of motives and actions that would in later times have recommended the author as a keen psychologist.

The best name for the sort of writing used in *Cranford* is, perhaps, gentle satire, for satire it is, yet in it is nothing mordant. If the author saw the foibles and failings of the Cranford ladies, she saw as well the warm hearts beneath the somewhat forbidding exterior, and the kindly understanding when sympathy was called for. They may have been peculiar and narrow, with unjust prejudices, but they were also staunch friends, swift to do good when real need demanded it. Yet many of their actions and their ideas were mirth-provoking, and Mrs. Gaskell did not hesitate to hold these up for others to laugh at. But in the whole book there is not a bitter word, and the genial flow of humor runs increasingly full throughout.

In *Cranford*, indeed, Mrs. Gaskell's humor reaches its height. It is true that the humor is blended throughout with pathos; but after all there is a very thin line of demarcation between true humor and pathos, and the humor becomes all the more resplendent by being shown against a background tinged with sadness. It is not always in whole incidents, such as Peter's

story of killing the cherubim, that she secures her most humorous effects. Often she does this with single lines, as for instance when Miss Matty, visiting at Mr. Holbrook's and enjoying herself as she has rarely done, says, "It is very pleasant dining with a bachelor. I only hope it is not improper; so many pleasant things are!" Yet in this naïve, delightful speech, one senses the tragedy in Miss Matty's life, and the frequency with which she has been told by the strong-minded Deborah that things she wanted to do were improper. Again there is Miss Matty's dilemma about putting razors in Major Jenkyns's room, when he visits her not long after Deborah's death: "Must I put razors in his dressing-room? Dear! dear! and I've got none. Deborah would have had them." Or there is the quiet little observation by Mary Smith, who tells the story, "My letter was just a man's letter—I mean it was very dull." Indeed to begin recalling these excellent speeches is to go on recalling the whole book, which is what one would like to do of *Cranford*. Professor Martin W. Sampson says[1] most truly that when people talk of Hawthorne or Henry James, they incline to examine the motives of the characters, or to discuss the conduct of the plot, but when they talk of *Cranford* they ask, "Do you remember the place where So-and-so does this or that?" and never tire of recalling favorite scenes and characters.

Mrs. Gaskell did not with *Cranford* establish a new type of fiction, but she showed what an uncultivated field awaited those who would exploit the sort she here writes. Her sketches more nearly resemble the essays by Charles Lamb than the writings of any other who preceded her; but they differ from Lamb's in containing more narrative and less subjective material. They have been compared with Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*; but except for the same kindly sympathy and a similarity in the treatment of little things the two works have not much in common. There is also a slight resemblance to Mary Mitford's

[1] In the introduction to *Cranford* in the Macmillan Pocket Classics, 1908.

Our Village; but Mrs. Gaskell's work is narrative and deals chiefly with persons, whereas Miss Mitford's depends more upon description and the relation of the village to the inhabitants. What Mrs. Gaskell did was to establish a type of narrative half way between the informal essay and the novel, a type which in subsequent years has become increasingly popular.[1]

[1] At least three efforts have been made to turn *Cranford* into a play—one by Marguerite Merington, published in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for February, 1901; one by Beatrice Hatch in 1902; and one by Frank Lind and Irene Ross in 1923. None of these is very successful; the third, however, was pronounced by *The Daily Telegraph* to be "a very pretty if unpretentious comedy."

CHAPTER VI

RUTH

M. Louis Cazamian, in his *Le Roman Social en Angleterre*, gives to the chapter dealing with Mrs. Gaskell the title "L'Interventionnisme Chrétien." Of that remarkable trilogy of novels in which Mrs. Gaskell sought to penetrate the field of social and moral relationships, *Ruth* best illustrates such a point of view. The story is an example of Christianity as it should be applied to life. Written by the wife of a minister, it teems with Christian thought. The heroine is a blameless and wholly lovable woman, who reaps in bitterness and death the results of the commission of one wrong and the acquiescence in another. With the heroine is a little group of characters who have been equaled only by Balzac and Victor Hugo and Dickens at their best; of these characters one is a Dissenting minister, another his devout sister, to whom Mrs. Gaskell gives the name Faith, and a third an old servant, who has devoted her life to one injured in childhood by her unwilful carelessness.

Ruth is a plea for the single standard of morality for men and women. In the characterization of Henry Bellingham—his escapade, his relief at being allowed to escape from its consequences, and his final sorry actions—Mrs. Gaskell showed the attitude of society towards such conduct in men, and the book becomes a powerful argument for a change in this attitude. There is, moreover, a constant contrast of Thurstan Benson, the author's ideal Christian, with Mr. Bradshaw, the pharisaical upholder of a narrow creed; and no one can doubt for a moment which of the two she considered the more righteous. To a modern reader there seems nothing strange in a plea for a "single stand-

ard" of morality; but in Mrs. Gaskell's time it was daring, as the criticism that greeted *Ruth* showed. Goldsmith, nearly a century before, had uttered society's dictum:

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

And so strong was convention that no writer before Mrs. Gaskell had dared utter such opinions in fiction as she here uttered; but she went to an older source than English society for her formula for dealing with such matters, and produced *Ruth* as a modern instance of what Jesus meant when he commanded those without sin to throw the first stone.

Mrs. Gaskell had begun *Ruth* early enough to have a complete outline ready by April, 1852. She wrote most of it during her summer vacation, while staying at Keswick and elsewhere, and finished it by the end of the year. *Ruth* was published anonymously as a three-volume novel by Chapman & Hall in January, 1853. It was her second long work to appear in book form, for *Cranford* was only partly written when *Ruth* was published, and did not appear as a book until later in the year. In the original edition the chapters had no titles. On the title page was a quotation from Phineas Fletcher:

Drop, drop slow tears!
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of peace.
Cease not, wet eyes,
For mercy to entreat:

To cry for vengeance
  Sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods
  Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
  See sin, but through my tears.

The title was possibly suggested by George Crabbe's story of Ruth in *Tales of the Hall*, with which Mrs. Gaskell was familiar, and which has several elements in common with her work. The novel is, moreover, a development of *Lizzie Leigh*. The ends of the two works are unlike, and Lizzie Leigh lacks Ruth's innocence; but both story and novel are based on the same theme, the reclaiming of an erring woman, and the writer's attitude is the same in both instances.

Mrs. Chadwick, who, however, is too optimistic in the matter of finding originals for Mrs. Gaskell's fictitious characters, in her *Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories* identifies Thurstan Benson with the Rev. William Turner. Abermouth, she says, was Silverdale, on Morecambe Bay; and Eagle's Crag was Landeth Farm, near Silverdale. Sir Adolphus Ward[1] goes even further and suggests that the whole novel is a chain of ideas growing out of the death of Mrs. Gaskell's son, and not an effort to solve difficult moral problems. For this supposition there seems no foundation, however, except that certain scenes are laid in Wales, where the child died, and that Ruth's child is also a boy. It appears much more plausible, in the light of her correspondence with Charlotte Brontë, and from what we know in general of her ideas, to suppose her, as a minister's wife, interested in the chief problems which were revealed to her in Manchester, and concerned in bringing about a new treatment of women who had erred and afterwards changed their way of living, to have dedicated her second attempt at a long work to this end.

Ruth may be described technically as a tragedy in four acts. The first act, which takes place in Fordham, introduces Ruth and

[1] Introduction to *Ruth*, Knutsford Edition, p. xx.

her lover. The second act is laid at Llan-dhu, a little summer resort in North Wales; here Ruth is deserted by Bellingham and cared for by Thurstan and Faith Benson. The third act takes place at Eccleston, and depicts Ruth's early days there, until the truth regarding her former life is found out. The fourth act, also at Eccleston, shows how Ruth reinstated herself among the inhabitants of that little Northern city.

Mrs. Gaskell's technique is often weak. All her earlier novels bear evidence of faulty construction, and in *Ruth* she is at her worst. The story contains many happenings which appear improbable through lack of motivation; indeed, as the book comes to us, almost every important situation is the result of chance, and not the inevitable sequence of what has gone before. She shifts her scenes often, and brings in many matters outside Ruth's story; these, though they are made at times to bear upon the main plot, serve to impair the unity of the whole. She frequently moves so rapidly from one scene to another that she does not sufficiently motivate the situations. The chief events at the end of the story take place as a consequence of a lie told by Faith and Thurstan Benson and acquiesced in by Ruth. There is nothing inevitable about these consequences. A few other instances will further illustrate her ignorance of technique. The first meeting of Ruth and Bellingham is logical, but the next day just as Ruth passes a part of the town to which neither she nor Bellingham is wont to go, he dashes up and saves a little boy from drowning, and thereby establishes with Ruth an intimate acquaintanceship. But this is not so violent as the means used to bring Mrs. Bellingham to the hotel where her son lay sick. It was the hotel at which Mrs. Bellingham had been in the habit of staying, and the landlady had her address. It is hard to imagine the wily Bellingham choosing a hotel at which his mother was in the habit of staying as a place to which to bring a woman not his wife. Again, Bellingham was introduced at Eccleston as Mr. Donne, and his identity is kept from the reader until he meets

Ruth; then the name is explained casually as having been assumed for the purpose of procuring some property. The sudden appearance of Mrs. Pearson, the milliner, in Eccleston, and the trivial circumstance that led her to suspect Mrs. Denbigh, the mature woman of nearly thirty, to be the Ruth Hilton who had worked a short time with her sister-in-law at the tender age of sixteen, is far-fetched. Then the final return of Donne, the casual mention of his name that led to Ruth's nursing him, her death—all this is the result of chance alone. These are only a few of the improbabilities that diminish the merit of the book. The admirer of skillful technique will find little in *Ruth* to recommend the work to him.

But though *Ruth* is weak in plot technique, it is rich in that wherein Mrs. Gaskell is particularly strong—in characterization. Old Sally, for instance, is one of the most lovable servants in fiction. Thurstan and Faith Benson are drawn with admirable skill, and the scenes in the Benson home are not surpassed even in *Cranford*. Bradshaw is distinct and original. Mrs. Gaskell created him a year before Dickens created Mr. Gradgrind,[1] and quite possibly furnished the idea for Dickens's character. Jemima Bradshaw and Walter Farquhar, though not such outstanding characters as those mentioned, are individualized, Jemima especially being ably drawn. Perhaps the figure who shows the least inspiration on the part of his creator is Henry Bellingham. He is described at first as a young man used to having all the things he desires, spoiled, without moral scruples, and intensely selfish, the latter quality being shown by his attitude upon his arrival at the hotel in Wales, when he insists upon the landlady turning out other guests because he has more money to pay for their rooms. This exemplifies well his early period, but there is little further to distinguish him as a real character; and when, near the close of the story, he stands beside the tragic,

[1] *Hard Times* appeared in *Household Words* from April 1 to August 12, 1854. Dickens seems indebted to *Ruth* not only for Gradgrind but for several other characters and situations in the novel.

glorious figure of Ruth, he seems trivial and inane. His old habits, accentuated by time, still abide with him, but nothing of the power which such a villain should reveal is manifest in him. The scene upon the sands—in which Ruth, through love for her child, decides against going back to the old life with him, and rises in the sublimity of a heroine of Greek tragedy above the temptation of marriage which he sets before her—would be mediocre without the superb figure of Ruth; but through her struggle and its culmination, this becomes a great scene. Next to the fine scenes connected with Ruth and the Bensons are those dealing with Bradshaw. Harsh, pharisaical, believing himself incapable of wrong, crushing, grinding to obtain his end, and finally broken by circumstances, and bowed down till he is like a little child, yet still revealing some of his old qualities, he is a character who alone would make a book live.

The humor in *Ruth* is not so joyous, so plentiful, so lilting as in *Cranford* and *Wives and Daughters*. This is right, however, for the main story of *Ruth* is a tragedy. Yet a long stride forward is made between *Mary Barton* and *Ruth*. Sally is from the same piece as Job Legh, but she has a greater sense of humor and greater ability to produce laughter than Job Legh had. No droller story of a proposal, perhaps, has ever been told than the one Sally tells of her sweethearts, and Jeremiah Dixon's proposal. Especially like *Cranford* is her saying that though she had made up her mind against marriage, she was sorely tempted to accept Jeremiah's proposal when he spoke of killing a hog at Christmas time, for she had a recipe for curing ham which Miss Faith would not let her try. Mrs. Gaskell's delineation of the lovable, humorous servant is nowhere excelled in fiction, and old Sally is among the best of her servant creations.

There is nothing in *Ruth* of the strife between the two classes of industry which forms the background of *Mary Barton*. Ruth like Mary Barton is apprenticed to a dressmaker, and life in such an establishment is described from the inside. Mrs. Mason,

Ruth's employer, is perhaps not meant to be typical of the whole class of dressmakers, but is typical of a certain class of employers in all departments of industry. She is harsh and unsympathetic, driving her employees to their utmost; she is incapable of giving help to such girls as Ruth, and when she thinks one of her apprentices to be doing wrong, as she supposed Ruth to be, instead of trying to show her what is right, she resorts to harsh language and bitter innuendoes. Mrs. Gaskell says of her:

> It would have been a better and more Christian thing, if she had kept up the character of her girls by tender vigilance and maternal care.—i.110, first edition.

Mr. Bradshaw also represents the harsh type of employer to which Henry Carson and John Thornton belonged, though he is not engaged in operating mills, and there is no hint of friction between him and his employees. When he enunciates some of his trade principles in a conversation with Farquhar, however, he speaks as Carson would have spoken before his change towards the workmen. Almost the only hint of economic conditions in the book is mentioned just before the coming of the epidemic of typhus, when Mrs. Gaskell says that the national triumph of arms was supposed to lead to a new market for the staple manufacturers of Eccleston, and that trade, which had languished for a year or two, was about to revive. These conditions affect no one in the novel, however, for though the Benson household is often hard pressed after Ruth's history is found out, there is never real want. The novel, though akin to *Mary Barton* and *North and South* in spirit, is different from them in the particular thing dealt with, for they deal with the complex question of class relationships, whereas *Ruth* is concerned with personal morals and ethics and an individual instance of men's failure to render justice where justice is righteousness.

In *Ruth* Mrs. Gaskell demonstrates fully her creed and her religion. The two main situations have to do with Ruth's relations with Bellingham and the telling of the lie about Ruth's

having been married. Mrs. Gaskell is careful to show that Ruth was led into the relationship with Bellingham through ignorance and at an age when she scarcely knew what lay before her. For this sin, Mrs. Gaskell has only pardon and forgiveness, and for Ruth only tender solicitude and kindly sympathy. It is from the second wrong action, wilfully committed, although for the purpose of effecting a good result, that all the misery and sorrow of Ruth's latter days result. Although the author laid stress upon this lie and its consequences, yet she had no harsh words for those who instituted the wrong. To Thurstan Benson, the saintly old minister, she defers the task of speaking her words. His conscience has hurt him all the years since he first permitted himself to be a party to the deception, and it is only after the truth is known that he shines with refulgent light as a pure and noble leader of his people and rises to his greatest heights as one capable of purging wrong in others. He is her ideal of a Christian minister, and she draws his character with deft and sure skill. There are few ministers in fiction so lovable and Christlike as he. That he was capable of acquiescing in a wrong action that good might accrue therefrom makes him only more human, and therefore more lovable. Faith Benson, however, refuses even to the last to admit the action wrong. In talking with Thurstan after Ruth's secret is divulged, she says:

"I did it too, as much or more than you. And I don't think it wrong. I'm certain it was quite right, and I would do just the same again."—iii.112, first edition.

On the other hand, Mrs. Gaskell condemns the self-satisfied Pharisee, represented here by Bradshaw. She traces his character with keen insight into his ways of thinking, and contrasts admirably his harshness and sternness with the gentle, serene nobleness of Thurstan Benson. But she does not treat him with harshness; for the last description of him shows him relenting, softened by the events of passing years and again friendly with the Bensons.

Her handling of the episode of Richard Bradshaw's forgery is evidently an abstract of her opinion of how to deal with such culprits. Prosecution, which his father urged, would have meant for him at least transportation, but Benson refused to prosecute, saying he would never prosecute any one for such a crime if it were his first offense, and that he would prosecute only when he knew the wrong-doer to be a frequent offender, and hence a menace to society. This is undoubtedly Mrs. Gaskell's own attitude. She shows further how she would go about making such an offender into a good citizen by the method employed by Farquhar with Richard. He secured Richard a position in Edinburgh, where he would be free from temptation and where he could get a new start. Farquhar's report a year after Richard's crime, that he was living honestly, indicates Mrs. Gaskell's belief that if malefactors were handled rightly, salvation for them would often result.

Ruth's quiet work among the poor and sick of Eccleston, until her sin was forgiven and only love for her survived, is another evidence of Mrs. Gaskell's belief in letting those who have done wrong reinstate themselves in the good opinion of those among whom they live. Of Ruth's work among the sick she said:

> She did not talk much about religion; but those who noticed her knew that it was the unseen banner which she was following. —iii.174, first edition.

This was Mrs. Gaskell's own attitude, for it was known that she frequently helped the poor and distressed of Manchester, yet she was scarcely known as a social worker. In Ruth's life, Mrs. Gaskell worked out the principle of applied Christianity and showed her own firm trust in divine help and divine institutions. An example of this trust is shown in Ruth's prayer when she learns that she must face Bellingham again:

> "Oh, my God, help me, for I am very weak. My God! I pray thee be my rock and my strong fortress, for I of myself am nothing.

If I ask in His name, thou wilt give it to me. In the name of Jesus Christ I pray for strength to do Thy will!"—ii.264, first edition.

She then tells how as a result of her prayer strength came to Ruth, and adds:

It sometimes seems a little strange how, after having earnestly prayed to be delivered from temptation, and having given ourselves with shut eyes into God's hand, from that time every thought, every outward influence, every acknowledged law of life, seems to lead us on from strength to strength. It seems strange sometimes, because we notice the coincidence; but it is the natural, unavoidable consequence of all, truth and goodness being one and the same, and therefore carried out in every circumstance, external and internal, of God's creation.—ii.284, first edition.

And her beliefs concerning sin and its punishment she sums up in the following speech:

His laws once broken, His justice and the very nature of those laws bring the immutable retribution; but if we turn penitently to Him, He enables us to bear our punishment with a meek and docile heart, "for His mercy endureth for ever."—ii.286f., first edition.

Thurstan Benson in his speech with Mr. Bradshaw, when the latter reproached him for having obtained a position for Ruth with his children although he knew of her wrong-doing, illustrates Mrs. Gaskell's conception of how such women as Ruth should be treated:

"Now I wish God would give me power to speak out convincingly what I believe to be His truth, that not every woman who has fallen is depraved; that many—how many the Great Judgment Day will reveal to those who have shaken off the poor, sore, penitent hearts on earth—many, many crave and hunger after a chance for virtue—the help which no man gives to them—help—that gentle, tender help which Jesus gave once to Mary Magdalen. . . . I declare before God, that if I believe in any one

human truth, it is this—that to every woman, who, like Ruth, has sinned, should be given a chance of self-redemption—and that such a chance should be given in no supercilious or contemptuous manner, but in the spirit of the holy Christ. . . . I state my firm belief that it is God's will that we should not dare to trample any of His creatures down to the hopeless dust; that it is God's will that the women who have fallen should be numbered among those who have broken hearts to be bound up, not cast aside as lost beyond recal. If this be God's will, as a thing of God it will stand; and He will open a way."—iii.91ff., first edition.

If *Mary Barton* aroused criticism, *Ruth* created a furor. The prudish and the ignorant found in the book only indecency; but there rallied to its support the ablest writers and thinkers then living in England, such as Mrs. Browning, Charles Kingsley, Archdeacon Hare, Frederick Denison Maurice, Dean Stanley, Marian Evans, Charlotte Brontë, and many others as great. But the book not only aroused discussion; it aroused action. Here and there arose one who saw the righteous ideas which it set forth, and set out to help effect a change in society's attitude toward such conditions. One such woman, directly influenced by *Ruth*, was Josephine Butler, who became a great leader in aiding the fallen and the outcast. Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, treating the same subject, seems to have derived something from Mrs. Gaskell's novel. But most of all, the attitude of society as a whole, if it has not yet caught up with Mrs. Gaskell, seems to be approaching nearer her ideal as the years pass, and the effects of her book and of the teachings of others who came after her, many of them stimulated directly by her, are felt.

The period in which *Ruth* was written was essentially one of reform. Dickens was writing book after book dealing with school, law, and social reform. Charles Kingsley, joining the novelists, had been writing stirring fiction dealing with class relationships and church reform; Mrs. Gaskell had already taken

up the need of reform in working conditions; and now she decided to treat what was perhaps a more needed reform—the treatment of women and men who had transgressed the ethical and moral rules of society. Many of these books have already answered so well the purpose for which they were written that they are no longer read. The work which *Ruth* set out to do has been only partially done as yet; but there is to-day among thinking men and women but one opinion regarding the issues raised in *Ruth*—that Mrs. Gaskell was right. The novel will go on doing good, wherever individual readers catch the gleam of delight that came to Faith and Thurstan Benson as a result of helping "one of the least of these." And as long as *Ruth* is read it will stand as a monument to the faith and charity of a good woman who found in the Christian religion an ideal and a standard for the principles upon which society exists.

CHAPTER VII

FROM MORTON HALL TO THE POOR CLARE

In January, 1853, *Ruth* was published, and thereafter for some time Mrs. Gaskell occupied herself largely with finishing the Cranford sketches, reworking them for book publication, and seeing the volume through the press. As a result, nothing else of hers appeared in print between January 22 and October 22. In *Household Words* of the former date appeared a description of a sheep-shearing the Gaskells had witnessed during their stay at Keswick in the previous summer; into this description the author wove a love story of tender charm. In the same magazine for October 22 appeared a ballad, *Bran*, which related the story of a Breton warrior of the tenth century, a story which the author had picked up on her trip to France in the previous summer.

But Mrs. Gaskell was taking more time to see her friends, and to travel. On Saturday, April 22, Charlotte Brontë arrived in Manchester and staid with the Gaskells till the following Thursday. In June Mrs. Gaskell went to London for some weeks. Late in the summer, in company with her husband and their two elder daughters, she crossed to the Continent, where they traveled in Normandy, and later visited Paris. By September, however, they were back in Manchester, and shortly after her return, Mrs. Gaskell visited Charlotte Brontë at Haworth.

Autumn witnessed a renewed activity of her pen. Next after *Bran* came *Morton Hall*, a story of Manchester, which ran through the November 19 and 26 issues of *Household Words*; the story lacks unity, and barely escapes gruesomeness even though it is narrated by a sweet old lady, Bridget Sidebotham, a tenant of the family which owned the Hall. Following this story came

two articles dealing with Huguenot life, the themes of which were secured on the trip to France in the previous summer. These were *Traits and Stories of the Huguenots*, published in *Household Words* for December 10, and *My French Master*, which appeared in the same for December 17 and 24. The former relates a number of anecdotes that were probably picked up in conversation in the course of the author's travels, and the second takes one incident and turns it into a story. Finally, the Christmas number of *Household Words* contained both a poem and a story from her pen, the former, *The Scholar's Story*, relating a legend of the Crusades, and the latter, *The Squire's Story*, being an account of a highwayman who long before had lived in Knutsford.[1]

But now a more important project was occupying her attention, thus leaving less time for short works. This was *North and South*, her next novel. Early in 1853 she had begun to plan the story, and during that year she had been collecting material for it. At least by the winter of 1853–4 she had started to write the novel, and so much did it occupy her attention that during the year 1854 she made but two minor contributions to periodicals. They were essays, *Modern Greek Songs* and *Company Manners*; the former, a review of Claude Fauriel's *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, a two-volume work published in 1824–5, appeared in *Household Words* for February 25; the latter, a charming piece, something akin to a mixture of Lamb and Bacon, appeared in the same magazine for May 20. In the second piece Mrs. Gaskell discussed the arts of being a hostess and of being a guest. All who approached the author's circle spoke of her charm, and in this paper she revealed, to some extent, the reason for it. Ability to put one's guests at ease, thoughtfulness for others, even the manner of lighting a room so that it should not be too dark or

[1] The historical account of the highwayman, one Edward Higgins, who had lived as a respectable citizen in Knutsford while carrying on his practices elsewhere, is told by the Rev. Henry Green in *Knutsford, Its Traditions and History*, pp. 119 ff. Mrs. Gaskell's story varies considerably from this account, and doubtless represents the story as handed down in old wives' tales.

too bright—these she discussed in the essay. The article gives an intimate personal glimpse of Mrs. Gaskell and for that reason is valuable.

Only two events which concerned the Gaskell household during the first half of 1854 are worth noting. Upon the death, on April 21, of the Rev. John Gooch Robberds, Mr. Gaskell became senior minister at Cross Street Chapel. And a few days later, about the first of May, Charlotte Brontë, on her way to Leeds to buy her wedding clothes, visited Mrs. Gaskell for three days. This was the last time Mrs. Gaskell saw her.

In the autumn Mrs. Gaskell and her eldest daughter, Marianne, went to France. They spent most of their time in Paris at the home of Mrs. Salis Schwabe, where Mrs. Gaskell met two persons later counted among her best friends—the American sculptor, William Wetmore Story, and Madame Mohl, an Englishwoman by birth, who had a famous salon in Paris. It was while returning from this trip also that Mrs. Gaskell made another acquaintance, Florence Nightingale, who had spoken highly of *Ruth*, and whom Mrs. Gaskell later saw again in London.

Meanwhile *North and South*, although not yet completed, had begun its serial course in *Household Words*. But the task of supplying the successive instalments as they were needed proved irksome, and moreover, prevented her from completing other work that she had planned. By the summer of 1855, however, she had rewritten many of the instalments, in preparation for the publication of the story in book form, and had sent the finished manuscript to Chapman & Hall; then, in company with Margaret Emily, she went to Paris for a month's visit with Madame Mohl.

The most important event of the year, however, was the receipt in June of a letter from Patrick Brontë, suggesting that Mrs. Gaskell should write a biography of his daughter, Charlotte, who had died on March 31. Mrs. Gaskell eagerly accepted this suggestion, and began at once to gather material for the volume. By the end of August she had accumulated much of the

basic material, and during the next two years she spent a large part of her time verifying data, securing further facts, and writing the biography.

Preoccupation with *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* kept Mrs. Gaskell from producing much short fiction during the next two years. Only three stories from her pen appeared between the beginning of 1855 and the end of 1857: *An Accursed Race*, August 25, 1855; *Half a Lifetime Ago*, October 6–20, 1855; and *The Poor Clare*, December 13–27, 1856; all in *Household Words*.

An Accursed Race was written, probably from information obtained on one of her trips to France, about the Cagots, an outcast people in France. It tells of their treatment by church, state, and society, and of their sufferings before the French Revolution. The story was republished in 1859 in *Round the Sofa and Other Tales*, and purported to be a paper prepared by Mr. Dawson, a member of a circle in an Edinburgh drawing-room, and compiled from a "French book, published by one of the Academies," which Sir Adolphus Ward surmises was *L'Histoire des Races Maudites de la France et d'Espagne*.

Half a Lifetime Ago, which was also first published in book form as a part of *Round the Sofa and Other Tales*, is a masterful story of unswerving loyalty to duty, of broken faith, of tried and true love, and of death as the end.

In *The Poor Clare* Mrs. Gaskell blends possible with impossible happenings in such a way as to make the whole seem plausible. The beginning of the story is reminiscent of Thackeray, and parts are rather like Wilkie Collins. One of the situations also is much like Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and this fact suggests that Stevenson may have been familiar with the story.

One further piece from her pen appeared in 1856, a poem, *A Christmas Carol*, published in *Household Words* for December 27. The story in the poem is supposed to be related by a woman whose husband and child have died, and who is now exhibiting Christian fortitude in the face of sorrow and trouble. Its literary

qualities are negligible, but there is a certain beauty about it for which Mrs. Gaskell's religious beliefs are responsible.

The chief work of these years was devoted to *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*. In securing facts for it, she went to all except one or two places ever visited by Charlotte Brontë. She invited to her own home Ellen Nussey, Miss Brontë's most intimate friend, and she interviewed almost all of Miss Brontë's other friends and acquaintances. By the end of 1856 she had virtually completed the work, which was published early in 1857.

CHAPTER VIII

NORTH AND SOUTH

Though none of the characters in *Mary Barton* are mentioned in *North and South* and even the place where the action of the latter novel occurs is disguised under a fictitious name, it is in theme a sequel of *Mary Barton*. Mrs. Gaskell's first novel was written between 1845 and 1847, and was published in 1848; it dealt with the period between 1832 and 1842. In it she treated the subject of class relationships in industry from the point of view of the employees. *North and South* was written between the early part of 1853 and the first month of 1855. It continued the narrative of events and issues in a great manufacturing center, dealing with the period subsequent to that treated in *Mary Barton* and almost contemporaneous with the time of writing. But now, instead of speaking chiefly for the employees, she spoke for the manufacturers. The novel, however, in no way nullifies the doctrine promulgated in *Mary Barton*; it rather augments and strengthens the earlier arguments.

The novel ran first as a serial in *Household Words* from September 2, 1854, to January 27, 1855, and was her first long work with a definite plot to be published in instalments. That she did not find such writing congenial is evident from a letter which Dickens wrote her upon completion of the novel.[1]

> Let me congratulate you on the conclusion of your story: not because it is the end of a task to which you had conceived a dislike (for I imagine you have got the better of that delusion by this time), but because it is the vigorous and powerful accomplishment of an anxious labour.

[1] Written January 27, 1855; in *Letters of Charles Dickens*, London, 1893, pp. 354–5.

She herself speaks of this in the preface to the first edition:

On its first appearance in *Household Words*, this tale was obliged to conform to the conditions imposed by the requirements of a weekly publication, and likewise to confine itself within certain advertised limits, in order that faith might be kept with the public. Although these conditions were made as light as they well could be, the author found it impossible to develop the story in the manner originally intended, and, more especially, was compelled to hurry on events with an improbable rapidity toward the close. In some degree to remedy this obvious defect, various short passages have been inserted, and several new chapters added. With this brief explanation, the tale is commended to the kindness of the reader:

"Beseking hym lowly, of mercy and pité,
Of its rude makyng to have compassion."

North and South was published by Chapman & Hall in two volumes near the end of 1855. Mrs. Gaskell's name did not appear on the title-page, the writer being designated as "the Author of *Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, *Cranford*, &c." A French translation, by Mmes. Loreau and H. de l'Espigne, was published in 1859.

The title was suggested by Dickens. When Mrs. Gaskell was contemplating writing the story, she sent an outline to Dickens and suggested that he should help her find a title for the work; she meant to call it *Margaret Hale*, after her heroine, unless he could devise a more suitable title. After reading the outline, he proposed *North and South*, and she accepted the suggestion. The title was a happy one, for though the chief interest does not lie in the contrast of the two parts of England, the theme deals chiefly with the fortunes of Margaret Hale, a Southern-bred girl, who goes to live in a great manufacturing town of the North, and the main feature of the story is the change which takes place in her as a result of the new contacts she makes.

Though Mrs. Gaskell's ideas regarding social problems had changed somewhat between the writing of *Mary Barton* and of *North and South*, her conclusions are virtually identical in both works. The need of co-operation is the dominating theme in

each, and she indicates in *North and South*, as in her earlier novel, that this co-operation should come through the individual rather than through the mass, and through voluntary acts rather than by Parliamentary laws.

It is not strange that Mrs. Gaskell should have changed her views somewhat in the years subsequent to the publication of *Mary Barton*. For the workingman better times came after that was written. The "hungry forties" passed into history. The founding of the Anti-Corn-Law League at Manchester in 1839 by Cobden and Bright led to the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, and the rapidly growing population was thus enabled to obtain bread at lower rates. In 1845 the Irish potato crop failed, and dire famine settled over Ireland; then Irish troubles grew until many of the poor, unskilled workers left their homeland to go to England for work. This Irish trouble and the attitude of the English workmen towards the Irish had the effect of turning sympathy to some extent away from the English workers, and the revolutionary movements on the Continent in 1848 and 1849, and other matters not directly connected with industrial affairs, drew away the attention of the public from the industrial warfare. The Chartist Movement, which was revived in 1848, failed, and interest in it was not again aroused until 1855. The writers who had taken up the fight for the operatives saw their efforts bear fruit, and with the coming of better conditions for the workingmen turned their attention to other matters. The years before *North and South* was written were more conducive to thoughtful study of conditions, therefore, than the years in which *Mary Barton* was being written. Charles Kingsley, who had written *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* in the years when the agitation for better conditions for workingmen was at its peak, like Mrs. Gaskell had changed some of his views, for in *Two Years Ago*, published in 1857, he said:

I knew this part of the country well in 1846–7–8, and since then, I can bear witness a spirit of self-reform has been awakened

around here, in many a heart I thought once utterly frivolous. I find, in every circle of every class, men and women asking to be taught their duty, that they may go and do it; I find everywhere schools, libraries, and mechanics' institutes springing up; and rich and poor meeting together more and more in the faith that God has made them all. As for outward and material improvements—you know, as well as I, that since free trade and emigration the laborers confess themselves better off than they have been for fifty years.

In the preface to the fourth edition of *Yeast*, in 1859, eight years after the first edition was published, he again wrote:

I believe that things have improved. Twelve more years of the new poor law have taught the laboring men greater self-help and independence. . . . The laborers, during the last ten years, are altogether better off.

Mrs. Gaskell, living among working people, saw this change, and felt that there was less need to write appeals for them. There was need, however, to say something for the long-suffering manufacturers, who for many years, had borne the brunt of all attacks made in favor of the operatives.

She had had an excellent opportunity to learn the manufacturers' side. Her first book had brought to her numerous protests from those who favored the masters in the dispute. She has been assailed for her one-sided attitude, and had listened attentively to the arguments against her first conclusions. And from these arguments she came, as did her heroine in *North and South*, to respect the views of the manufacturers. Just how much the criticism of men like William R. Greg affected her opinion it is difficult to say, but the fact that she wrote a letter to his sister-in-law in answer to his strictures but did not send it would indicate that she was deeply affected by his remarks, and might have concluded that there was ground for some of his arguments. Another slight influence was *Shirley*, wherein Charlotte Brontë gave a vivid description of the effects of clashes between em-

ployers and employees, and stood unreservedly for the maintenance of law and order and for the protection of the masters.

Various reasons, therefore, led Mrs. Gaskell to think of the employers' side, and she was fair-minded enough to wish to do justice to manufacturers as well as to operatives. Her views concerning the latter class were not changed, as is indicated clearly enough by the sympathetic attitude she assumed toward Nicholas Higgins and his daughter, Bessy. When she gave the views of the workingmen in *Mary Barton*, she had but half completed her task, and to finish it, she had to give the manufacturers' attitude as well. It is in this respect that *North and South* is a sequel to the earlier work.

The opening and closing scenes of the novel take place in a London home, but the scene of the main story is Milton-Northern, another name for Manchester. The characters, especially Thornton, the mill owner, and Higgins, the chief of the operatives, are essentially Manchester persons; and the conversation and the dialect were such as Mrs. Gaskell was accustomed to hear.

More of the incidents in the novel seem to have come from the author's own experience than is common in her work. Margaret's father left the Church of England because of religious scruples, just as Mrs. Gaskell's father had left the Unitarian Church because of scruples against taking money for preaching. Margaret's brother got into trouble at sea, and Margaret lost track of him for several years, while Mrs. Gaskell's brother disappeared on a voyage to India and was never heard of again. Margaret went from a small Southern village to the great manufacturing town of Milton-Northern, just as Mrs. Gaskell left Knutsford (a country, though not a Southern, town) to live in Manchester when she married. She doubtless drew also upon her Manchester experiences for the incidents relating to Thornton and Higgins, just as she had already done for various episodes in *Mary Barton*. The novel, however, is not autobiographical.

North and South is more perfect in style and technique than either *Mary Barton* or *Ruth*. There are few improbable situations in the entire story. Sir Adolphus Ward says of it:[1]

> The construction of *North and South* may in my judgment be rightly described as almost faultless. There is not an incident in the story which does not bear upon its progress. There is no dissipation of interest; and the attention of the reader is kept throughout in perfect suspense.

It is questionable if all readers will agree with Professor Ward's unstinted praise of the story. Too much, for instance, is made of Frederick's visit and Margaret's contact with him, from which nothing results. Frederick in reality acts merely a puppet's part, entangling the action for Margaret and Thornton, and is then shunted off with perfect indifference when he has fulfilled his allotted part. But all that part of the story dealing with the relations between Margaret and Thornton is done with masterful skill. Every step of the progress of their love affair is skillfully motivated and clearly marked.

The characters are vigorous and lifelike. They act like real persons; they have ideas individualistic and characteristic; each is a separate and distinct personality. At the top of the list is Margaret Hale, thoroughly feminine, yet with a Teutonic strain which could make her sympathize with the moods and feelings of John Thornton. Thornton is stern but attractive, not the cave-man type, as Charlotte Brontë's heroes were prone to be, yet masculine in every fibre of his being just as Margaret is thoroughly feminine. Then there is Thornton's mother, stern, Deborah-like, with supreme contempt for weakness of any kind and great love for strength and resoluteness. Mr. Hale is a convincing example of an Anglican clergyman turned Dissenter; and his wife is as natural as pen can make her.

It was not through any desire to apologize for having written chiefly for the employees in *Mary Barton* that Mrs. Gaskell

[1] Introduction to the Knutsford Edition, p. xxiv.

wrote *North and South*. There are no conflicting sets of opinions in the two novels. The teaching is perfectly consistent throughout. It is only a change of point of view that makes the novels seem to differ. In each book she noted the evils due to misunderstandings between the classes, and proposed ways to eliminate these evils. Her remedy in each novel is the creation of a better understanding between the classes by a closer contact between individuals of both groups. Such co-operation in *North and South* is shown through the relations between Thornton and Higgins. Mrs. Gaskell had no other remedy for existing ills than acquaintanceship and mutual understanding, and in these two novels she indicated that whatever reforms are to take place must be instituted by the individuals concerned and not through the masses.

The only concrete suggestion she advanced was the building of a community dining hall at the factory, where food might be bought at wholesale in large quantities, prepared by a good cook, and sold at reasonable rates to the employees. Thornton, at the close of the novel, says he has other ideas which he intends to carry out, but he does not explain what they are. Mrs. Gaskell evidently believed that once the classes came to know one another, they would discover for themselves specific ways of bettering conditions.

She speaks as strongly here as in *Mary Barton* against the employment of force to settle strikes, and even goes further, in her opposition to strikes themselves. All of the worst side of a strike is depicted in the events dealing with Boucher, one of the minor characters, with whom the heroine at one time comes into contact. The possibilities of a strike at its worst are shown in a mob scene at the home of Thornton, the mill owner and hero of the story. And in the wake of the strike come many hardships—starvation and suicide for the workmen, and bare escape from bankruptcy for the mill owner.

Unlike *Mary Barton*, where but one motive was evident, *North and South* touches on many problems. That of social conditions is

uppermost, but occupying almost as prominent a place is the one relating to a clergyman's actions when facing difficult problems of church policy and creed. Margaret's father had been a clergyman in the Church of England, but had come to question parts of the creed. He had not lost faith in God or in divine institutions; he had simply become a Dissenter. Because of this he withdrew from the ministry, an act applauded by his closest friends and by his daughter. Mrs. Gaskell doubtless meant this decision to bulk large in the novel, since she gave it almost as much attention as she gave the social conditions for the portrayal of which in later years the volume has been chiefly noted. That she did so is perhaps to be expected. She was a minister's wife herself, a Dissenter, and doubtless heard much of the discussion then rife concerning religion and the Church. It was a time, indeed, when the Church was being put to a severe test. "Liberalism in religion," to which Newman referred with scorn, was rife. Ministers, especially of the Church of England, were debating matters which had hitherto concerned clergymen very little; Charles Kingsley, among others, having thrown himself into the controversy, writing many articles and one novel, *Yeast*, upon the subject. All this material was at Mrs. Gaskell's finger tips, and it interested her; hence she injected it into the novel.

Another problem that enters the novel—and one to which she returned again and again—is whether under any set of circumstances a lie is justifiable. What psychological reason evoked this interest it is not possible to say, but that the problem greatly interested her is undeniable. Here, Margaret accompanies her brother to the train when he is leaving after their mother's death. A former shipmate recognizes and tries to capture him, but Frederick in attempting to escape pushes him, causing him to fall, from the effects of which he dies. Margaret becomes connected with the action, and to save her brother, denies having been at the station. Thornton learns of the denial, and believing Frederick to be her lover, loses faith in Margaret, with

many complications, all detrimental to Margaret, ensuing. Much more is made of this than the circumstances seem to warrant. But this was not the only time that Mrs. Gaskell considered the effect of lying. So common, indeed, were her references to actions resulting from lies that it seems worth while calling attention to some of them. In *Sylvia's Lovers* the action devolves upon a situation brought about not by a direct untruth but by withholding the truth. In *Ruth* the main action turns upon an untruth. In *Wives and Daughters* the untruthfulness of Molly's mother-in-law is stressed, and she is contrasted throughout with Molly herself, whose truthfulness is paramount. In *Cranford* the more genial exaggerations of Miss Pole keep the village in wild excitement. In *Mary Barton* Jem's strength of character is shown with deft skill when his mother in the court-room scene cries out to him, asking what she must say in answer to the lawyer's question whether the gun which killed Harry Carson belonged to Jem, and he replies, "Tell the truth, mother." In *North and South* Mrs. Gaskell began the chapter in which she discussed the episode of Margaret's lie, with this stanza:

> Truth will fail thee, never, never!
> Though thy bark be tempest-driven,
> Though each plank be rent and riven,
> Truth will bear thee on for ever.

From these instances it appears that Mrs. Gaskell had more than a cursory interest in lying and its effects; perhaps some experience of her own led her to dwell upon the matter so frequently.

All through *North and South* runs a religious *motif*. Belief in Christianity and immortality is discussed frequently by Margaret and Bessie Higgins and Nicholas Higgins. The latter doubted the existence of life after death, but in response Margaret declared her utter faith in the teachings of the New Testament, and to her as to the dying factory girl *Revelations* held a wonderful promise. Mrs. Gaskell went out of her way to describe a scene in

which Margaret first persuades Higgins to visit her father, and then had him stay for family prayer, showing the churchwoman, the infidel, and the Dissenter kneeling together; and at the end of the scene, she adds, "It did them no harm."

It may be noted, by way of parenthesis, that Mrs. Gaskell always evidenced a kindly feeling for the Church of England. Her curates are always fine types, quite unlike Thackeray's or Charlotte Brontë's or even Charles Kingsley's. In *North and South* she touched upon the Catholic Church also. Father Grady was called by Thornton to quiet the half-crazed Irish "knob-sticks," who had been imported to take the place of the strikers. Frederick Hale married a Catholic and later became one himself, and though Margaret was at first repelled by this, Mrs. Gaskell has no censure for Frederick, picturing him, indeed, as more happy than if he had returned to England and been cleared of the stigma of having been a traitor in the mutiny.

Mrs. Gaskell's Christian idealism may be further noted in her social creed. Her whole and only social doctrine is that the application of the Golden Rule will remedy all the ills of society. Closer relationships, better understanding based on more intimate acquaintance, willingness to defer to the judgment of others—these are what she offers as a cure for the dissatisfactions and the distrust which had hitherto marked the attitude of the two classes towards each other.

North and South has no one wholly comic character, but the spirit of the whole book is happy. It is true there are many deaths; but they usually further the action and help eventually to a happier state of things. It had been some years since Mrs. Gaskell's loss of her little son, and happiness and cheerfulness had returned to her. She had more and more given herself to the writing of literature. The intervening years had seen her produce *Cranford*, with its riot of quiet humor, its fun never far from pathos. In *North and South* the undercurrent, unlike the sad hidden undercurrents in *Cranford*, is joyous and lilting. Margaret had deep

and affecting sorrows in the loss of her father, of her mother, and of her father's closest friend, and in the separation from her brother just as she was coming to know and love him; but through all these sorrows the note of triumphant joy is constantly struck—and that note is the result of love. This stands out above all the other themes and considerations in the novel—the invincible love of a man and a woman, which obstacles may hinder but can not destroy. This is the happy theme of the novel after all manner of things may be noted about it. Social theories, religious motives, ethical problems, have their place in the story, but they are not the central *motif*, which the author keeps ever in mind. And the love is a happy love; the story ends happily. The background is not one of pathos and sorrow; these furnish but incidental interludes, meant to further certain phases of the plot. Margaret is a type of youth, radiant with life, capable of great love, even amid the somber gloom which at times settles about her. The whole novel is dominated by a happy, kindly humor which rarely breaks over into real fun, but which constantly gleams through all the incidents of the story.

North and South is Mrs. Gaskell's transition novel. It is her last "novel with a purpose"; her last effort to set straight a world which seemed to her out of joint. From this time on she writes for the sake of the stories themselves. Even in this novel most readers will count as less important than the story itself such problems as Mr. Hale's religious scruples, the consequences of Margaret's lie, and the relationship between labor and capital. The love story of Margaret Hale tends to absorb most of the attention of the reader. Yet the novel does contain social, religious, and ethical problems, and therefore fitly takes its place as the last of the trilogy of novels through which Mrs. Gaskell tried to arouse interest in the ills of society with a view to curing them. She wrote a story from which those who wished might obtain their own lessons; the theme, as it related to all moral and social problems, was "Know thy brother as well as thyself."

Everywhere in these early works is the evident and persistent desire to break down barriers, to overturn prejudices, and to work for harmony among all men. The people of the North did not understand the people of the South; still less did the people of the South understand the tradesmen and manufacturers of the North. Margaret Hale, with her Southern-bred fancies, went to a great manufacturing town and imperceptibly became imbued with the ideals of the class predominant there. The masterful skill with which Mrs. Gaskell depicted this change is one of the clearest indications of her power as a writer of fiction.

But even more marked than the change in Margaret is the change in Thornton and Higgins. Margaret's feelings were due to her ignorance of the ways of life in the North and of the ideals of those who dominated its society and its thought; but she was willing to exchange this ignorance for knowledge. Higgins and Thornton, on the other hand, were wilfully ignorant, each of the attitude and purpose of the other, and it is in showing the results derivable from mutual understanding that Mrs. Gaskell evolves her social theories.

In *Mary Barton* the operatives believed that much could be obtained by intervention of Parliament. Parliament intervened, but conditions did not improve. This was partly due to the failure of the masters to follow the laws made; but even had all the laws been obeyed it is probable that no permanent good would have come. As it was, the laws only irritated the manufacturers without alleviating conditions. Mrs. Gaskell, living in Manchester, knew how the manufacturers felt towards Parliament for what they called its meddling attitude. When she wrote *Mary Barton* she had felt that Parliament might help to some extent; but by now she knew the hopelessness of passing laws to regulate abuses in the social system. Her conclusion was that salvation for the working classes lay with themselves and their employers, working together. It was to show this that she produced *North and South*. If in her task she wrote a fine and

noble love story which transcends in interest the social teachings in the novel, it only proves her mastery of the art of story-telling. The view that the love element is predominant is but the view of one critic, however, and *North and South* will of course be classed more frequently as a story dealing with society and the relation of masters and men as viewed by the masters than as a story dealing with love or with religious and ethical problems. It completes Mrs. Gaskell's group of social novels, a group in which are embedded doctrines which must be taken into account in all discussions of social theories and doctrines.

CHAPTER IX

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Mrs. Gaskell's only work of note outside the field of fiction was the life of her friend, Charlotte Brontë. Her success in this attempt placed her among the best of English biographers. She brought to her work the abilities of a trained writer of romance, and in Charlotte Brontë she found a subject fit for her skill.

Mrs. Gaskell's personal acquaintance with Charlotte Brontë began upon their meeting in August, 1850, at the home of Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, at Briery Close, Windermere. Miss Brontë was staying for a week with Lady Kay-Shuttleworth, and Mrs. Gaskell was also invited there for a visit.

After her return home Charlotte Brontë wrote to her friend, Ellen Nussey, in a letter dated August 26, 1850, the following concerning Mrs. Gaskell:

> Lady Shuttleworth never got out, being confined to the house with a cold, but fortunately there was Mrs. Gaskell, the authoress of *Mary Barton*, who came to the Briery the day after me. I was truly glad of her companionship. She is a woman of the most genuine talent, of cheerful, pleasing, and cordial manners, and, I believe, of a kind and good heart.—*The Brontës: Life and Letters*, by Clement K. Shorter, ii.162.

The two writers had known of each other before, had admired each other's works, and had had some correspondence. The following letters from Miss Brontë to William S. Williams, of Smith, Elder & Company, indicate their relationship before their meeting:

November 20th, 1849.

The letter you forwarded this morning was from Mrs. Gaskell, authoress of *Mary Barton*; she said I was not to answer it, but I

cannot help doing so. The note brought the tears to my eyes. She is a good, she is a great woman. Proud am I that I can touch a chord of sympathy in souls so noble. In Mrs. Gaskell's nature it mournfully pleases me to fancy a remote affinity to my sister Emily. In Miss Martineau's mind I have always felt the same, though there are wide differences. Both these ladies are above me—certainly far my superiors in attainments and experience. I think I could look up to them if I knew them.—*The Brontës*, by Clement K. Shorter, ii.86–7.

November 29th, 1849.

Dear Sir,—I inclose two notes for postage. The note you sent yesterday was from Harriet Martineau; its contents were more than gratifying. I ought to be thankful, and I trust I am, for such testimonies of sympathy from the first order of minds. When Mrs. Gaskell tells me she shall keep my works as a treasure for her daughters, and when Harriet Martineau testifies affectionate approbation, I feel the sting taken from the strictures of another class of critics. My resolution of seclusion withholds me from communicating further with these ladies at present, but I now know how they are inclined to me—I know how my writings have affected their wise and pure minds. The knowledge is present support and, perhaps, may be future armour.—*Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, by Clement K. Shorter, p. 4.

January 1, 1850.

My dear Sir,—May I beg that a copy of *Wuthering Heights* may be sent to Mrs. Gaskell; her present address is 3 Sussex Place, Regent's Park. She has just sent me *The Moorland Cottage*. I felt disappointed about the publication of that book, having hoped it would be offered to Smith, Elder & Co.; but it seems she had no alternative, as it was Mr. Chapman himself who asked her to write a Christmas book.—*Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, by Clement K. Shorter, p. 5.

After the meeting at Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth's, the two women became good friends, and the correspondence between them took on an intimate quality. On September 20, 1850, Miss Brontë in a letter to Mr. Williams said:

I certainly did hope that Mrs. Gaskell would offer her next work to Smith & Elder. She and I had some conversation about

publishers—a comparison of our literary experiences was made. She seemed much struck with the differences between hers and mine, though I did not enter into details or tell her all. Unless I greatly mistake, she and you and Mr. Smith would get on well together; but one does not know what causes there may be to prevent her from doing as she would wish in such a case. I think Mr. Smith will not object to my occasionally sending her any of the Cornhill books that she may like to see. I have already taken the liberty of lending her Wordsworth's *Prelude*, as she was saying how much she wished to have the opportunity of reading it.—*Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, by Clement K. Shorter, p. 7.

The following letters from Miss Brontë to Mrs. Gaskell, the first written August 27, 1850, immediately after her return from the Briery to Haworth, and the second undated, followed the meeting of the two:

Papa and I have just had tea; he is sitting quietly in his room, and I in mine; "storms of rain" are sweeping over the garden and churchyard; as to the moors, they are hidden in thick fog. Though alone I am not unhappy; I have a thousand things to be thankful for, and, amongst the rest, that this morning I received a letter from you, and that this evening I have the privilege of answering it.

I do not know the *Life of Sidney Taylor*; whenever I have the opportunity I will get it. The little French book you mention shall also take its place on the list of books to be procured as soon as possible. It treats a subject interesting to all women—perhaps more especially to single women, though, indeed, mothers like you study it for the sake of their daughters. *The Westminster Review* is not a periodical I see regularly, but some time since I got hold of a number—for last January, I think—in which there was an article entitled *Woman's Mission* (the phrase is hackneyed), containing a great deal that seemed to me just and sensible. Men begin to regard the position of woman in another light than they used to do; and a few men, whose sympathies are fine and whose sense of justice is strong, think and speak of it with a candour that commands my admiration. They say, however—and to an extent, truly—that the amelioration of our condition depends on ourselves. Certainly there are evils which out own efforts will best reach; but as certainly there are other

evils—deep-rooted in the foundations of the social system—which no efforts of ours can touch; of which we can not complain; of which it is advisable not too often to think.

I have read Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, or rather part of it; I closed the book when I had got about half-way. It is beautiful; it is mournful; it is monotonous. Many of the feelings expressed bear, in their utterance, the stamp of truth; yet, if Arthur Hallam had been somewhat nearer Alfred Tennyson—his brother instead of his friend—I should have distrusted this rhymed, and measured, and printed monument of grief. What change the lapse of years may work I do not know; but it seems to me that bitter sorrow, while recent, does not flow out in verse.

I promised to send you Wordsworth's *Prelude*, and, accordingly, despatch it by this post; the other little volume shall follow in a day or two. I shall be glad to hear from you whenever you have time to write to me, *but you are never on any account to do this except when inclination prompts and leisure permits*. I should never thank you for a letter which you had felt it a task to write.—*The Brontës*, by Clement K. Shorter, ii.163–4.

The little book of rhymes was sent by way of fulfilling a rashly made promise; and the promise was made to prevent you from throwing away four shillings in an injudicious purchase. I do not like my own share of the work, nor care that it should be read: Ellis Bell's I think good and vigorous, and Acton's have the merit of truth and simplicity. Mine are chiefly juvenile productions, the restless effervescence of a mind that would not be still. In those days the sea too often "wrought and was tempestuous," and weed, sand, shingle—all turned up in the tumult. This image is much too magniloquent for the subject, but you will pardon it.—*The Brontës*, by Clement K. Shorter, ii.165.

These letters indicate the sort of correspondence carried on between the two women during Miss Brontë's life. Though the letters became slightly more personal as the friendship ripened, they were for the most part literary in nature. Others may be found in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* and in Mr. Shorter's *The Brontës: Life and Letters*. There are letters from Miss Brontë in which she speaks of *Ruth*, *Cranford*, *North and South*, *Mary Barton*, and *The Moorland Cottage*, always with appreciation. Mrs. Gaskell sub-

mitted an outline of *Ruth* to Miss Brontë before she wrote the novel, and Miss Brontë replied, praising the proposed work. She moreover withheld publication of *Villette* for a time so as to give *Ruth* an advantage with reviewers.

In June, 1851, Miss Brontë visited at the home of her publisher, George Smith, in London, and on June 27, as she was returning home, she paid a short visit to Mrs. Gaskell in Manchester. She gave an account of this visit to Mr. Smith in a letter dated July 1, 1851:

After a month's voyaging I have cast anchor once more—in a rocky and lonely little cove, no doubt, but still safe enough. The visit to Mrs. Gaskell on my way home let me down easily; though I only spent two days with her they were very pleasant. She lives in a large, cheerful, airy house, quite out of the Manchester smoke; a garden surrounds it, and, as in this hot weather the windows were kept open, a whispering of leaves and perfume of flowers always pervaded the rooms. Mrs. Gaskell herself is a woman of whose conversation and company I should not soon tire. She seems to me kind, clever, animated, and unaffected; her husband is a good and kind man too.

I went to church by myself Sunday morning (they are Unitarians). On my return shortly before the family came home from chapel the servant said there was a letter for me. I wondered from whom, not expecting my father to write, and not having given the address elsewhere. . . . —*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, p. 539, note.

Miss Brontë's next visit to Mrs. Gaskell was from Saturday, April 22, 1853, until the following Thursday. And in the same year, towards the latter part of September, Mrs. Gaskell went to Haworth to visit Miss Brontë. After giving an account of the appearance of the village and of the Brontë home, Mrs. Gaskell continued:

But now to return to our quiet hour of rest after dinner . . . We talked over the old times of her childhood; of her elder sister's (Maria's) death, just like that of Helen Burns in *Jane Eyre*—of the desire (almost amounting to illness) of expressing herself in some

way, writing or drawing; of her weakened eyesight, which prevented her doing anything for two years, from the age of seventeen to nineteen; of her being a governess; of her going to Brussels; whereupon I said I disliked Lucy Snowe, and we discussed M. Paul Emanuel; and I told her of ——'s admiration of *Shirley*, which pleased her, for the character of Shirley was meant for her sister Emily, about whom she is never tired of talking, nor I of listening. . . .

We have generally had another walk before tea, which is at six; at half-past eight prayers; and by nine all the household are in bed, except ourselves. We sit up together till ten, or past; and after I go I hear Miss Brontë come down and walk up and down the room for an hour or so.

. . . We were so happy together; we were so full of interest in each other's subjects. The day seemed only too short for what we had to say and to hear. I understood her life the better for seeing the place where it had been spent—where she had loved and suffered. . . .

We talked about the different courses through which life ran. She said in her own composed manner, as if she had accepted the theory as a fact, that she believed some were appointed beforehand to sorrow and much disappointment; that it did not fall to the lot of all—as Scripture told us—to have their lines fall in pleasant places; that it was well for those who had rougher paths to perceive that such was God's will concerning them, and try to moderate their expectations, leaving hope to those of a different doom, and seeking patience and resignation as the virtues they were to cultivate. I took a different view: I thought that human lots were more equal than she imagined; that to some happiness and sorrow came in strong patches of light and shadow (so to speak), while in the lives of others they were pretty equally blended throughout. . . .

We parted with many intentions, on both sides, of renewing very frequently the pleasure we had had in being together. We agreed that when she wanted bustle, or when I wanted quiet, we were to let each other know, and exchange visits as occasion required.—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, pp. 632 ff.

At Easter, 1854, Miss Brontë became engaged to the Rev. Arthur B. Nicholls. She wrote to Mrs. Gaskell, April 18, 1854,

the news of the engagement, and about the beginning of May visited at Mrs. Gaskell's for three days while on her way to Leeds to buy her trousseau. Of this visit Mrs. Gaskell said:

Her preparations, as she said, could neither be expensive nor extensive, consisting chiefly in a modest replenishing of her wardrobe, some repapering and repainting in the Parsonage, and, above all, converting the small flagged passage room, hitherto used only for stores (which was behind her sitting-room), into a study for her husband. On this idea, and plans for his comfort, as well as her father's, her mind dwelt a good deal; and we talked them over with the same unwearying happiness which, I suppose, all women feel in such discussions, especially when money considerations call for that kind of contrivance which Charles Lamb speaks of in his *Essay on Old China* as forming so great an addition to the pleasure of obtaining a thing at last.—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, p. 644.

Mrs. Gaskell was one of the few to receive an invitation to Miss Brontë's wedding, but she did not attend it. The meeting of the two novelists at Plymouth Grove was their last. After a trip to Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls returned to Haworth. Nine months after her marriage Charlotte Brontë died.

Miss Brontë had led a quiet, retired life among the moors of Yorkshire, and few indeed, especially among critics and men of letters, knew much about her. Following her death, articles about her began to appear in various magazines, containing many misstatements and absurd reports. Her father finally decided that a life of her, written by one capable of the task, would put an end to these erroneous rumors and reports. In this belief he was joined by Ellen Nussey, Miss Brontë's most intimate friend. Her husband thought it better to let her fame rest on her books and to ignore the reports. But Mr. Brontë's strongly expressed wish overcame his reticence, and at last it was decided that a biography should be attempted. The first suggestion that Mrs. Gaskell should undertake the work came from Miss Nussey in a letter to Mr. Nicholls two months after his wife's death. Ten days

after this letter, Mr. Brontë wrote to Mrs. Gaskell, asking if she would write the biography. The initiative, therefore, came from Miss Brontë's own family. But Mrs. Gaskell gladly undertook the task, both because of her regard for Miss Brontë's work and because she wished to perpetuate the memory of her friend. Moreover, the work would be congenial, and being outside the field of fiction, would give her new range as a writer. The following correspondence led to Mrs. Gaskell's undertaking the biography:

Brookroyd, June 6, 1855.

Dear Mr. Nicholls,—I have been much hurt and pained by the perusal of an article in *Sharpe* for this month, entitled "A Few Words about *Jane Eyre*." You will be certain to see the article, and I am sure both you and Mr. Brontë will feel acutely the misrepresentations and the malignant spirit which characterises it. Will you suffer the article to pass current without any refutatations? The writer merits the contempt of silence, but there will be readers and believers. Shall such be left to imbibe a tissue of malignant falsehoods, or shall an attempt be made to do justice to one who so highly deserved justice, whose very name those who best knew her but speak with reverence and affection. Should not her aged father be defended from the reproach the writer coarsely attempts to bring upon him?

I wish Mrs. Gaskell, who is every way capable, would undertake a reply, and would give a sound castigation to the writer. Her personal acquaintance with Haworth, the Parsonage, and its inmates, fits her for the task, and if on other subjects she lacked information I would gladly supply her with facts sufficient to set aside much that is asserted, if you yourself are not provided with all the information that is needed on the subjects produced. Will you ask Mrs. Gaskell to undertake this just and honourable defence? I think she would do it gladly. She valued dear Charlotte, and such an act of friendship, performed with her ability and power, could only add to the laurels she has already won. I hope you and Mr. Brontë are well. My kind regards to both.—Believe me, yours sincerely, E. Nussey.

—*Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, by Clement K. Shorter, pp. 10–11.

Haworth, June 11, 1855.

Dear Miss Nussey,—We had not seen the article in *Sharpe*, and very possibly should not, if you had not directed our attention to it. We ordered a copy, and have now read the "Few Words about *Jane Eyre*." The writer has certainly made many mistakes, but apparently not from any unkind motive, as he professes to be an admirer of Charlotte's works, pays a just tribute to her genius, and in common with thousands deplores her untimely death. His design seems rather to be to gratify the curiosity of the multitude in reference to one who had made such a sensation in the literary world. But even if the article had been of a less harmless character, we should not have felt inclined to take any notice of it, as by doing so we should have given it an importance which it would not otherwise have obtained. Charlotte herself would have acted thus; and her character stands too high to be injured by the statements in a magazine of small circulation and little influence—statements which the writer prefaces with the remark that he does not vouch for their accuracy. The many laudatory notices of Charlotte and her works which appeared since her death may well make us indifferent to the detractions of a few envious or malignant persons, as there ever will be such.

The remarks respecting Mr. Brontë excited in him only amusement—indeed, I have not seen him laugh as much for some months as he did while I was reading the article to him. We are both well in health, but lonely and desolate.

Mr. Brontë unites with me in kind regards.—Yours sincerely,

A. B. Nicholls.

—*Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, by Clement K. Shorter, pp. 11–12.

Haworth, near Keighley; June 16, 1855.

My dear Madam,—Finding that a great many scribblers, as well as some clever and truthful writers, have published articles in newspapers and tracts respecting my dear daughter Charlotte since her death, and seeing that many things that have been stated are untrue, but more false [*sic*]; and having reason to think that some may venture to write her life who will be ill-qualified for the undertaking, I can see no better plan under the circumstances than to apply to some established author to write a brief account of her life and to make some remarks on her works. You seem to me to be the best qualified for doing what I

wish should be done. If, therefore, you will be so kind as to publish a long or short account of her life and works, just as you may deem expedient and proper, Mr. Nicholls and I will give you such information as you may require.

I should expect and request that you would affix your name, so that the work might obtain a wide circulation and be handed down to the latest times. Whatever profits might arise from the sale would, of course, belong to you. You are the first to whom I have applied. Mr. Nicholls approves of the step I have taken, and could my daughter speak from the tomb I feel certain she would laud our choice.

Give my respectful regards to Mr. Gaskell and your family, and

Believe me, my dear Madam,
Yours very respectfully and truly,
P. Brontë.

—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, pp. xxiii ff.

Haworth, July 24, 1855.

Dear Miss Nussey,—Some other erroneous notices of Charlotte having appeared, Mr. Brontë has deemed it advisable that some authentic statement should be put forth. He has, therefore, adopted your suggestion and applied to Mrs. Gaskell, who has undertaken to write a life of Charlotte. Mrs. Gaskell came over yesterday and spent a few hours with us. The greatest difficulty seems to be in obtaining materials to show the development of Charlotte's character. For this reason Mrs. Gaskell is anxious to see her letters, especially those of any early date. I think I understood you to say that you had some; if so, we should feel obliged by your letting us have any that you may think proper, not for publication, but merely to give the writer an insight into her mode of thought. Of course they will be returned after a little time.

I confess that the course most consonant with my own feelings would be to take no steps in the matter, but I do not think it right to offer any opposition to Mr. Brontë's wishes.

We have the same object in view, but should differ in our mode of proceeding. Mr. Brontë has not been very well. Excitement on Sunday (our Rush-bearing) and Mrs. Gaskell's visit yesterday have been rather much for him.—Believe me, sincerely yours,
A. B. Nicholls.

—*Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, by Clement K. Shorter, p. 12.

Mrs. Gaskell began her task with energy and enthusiasm. Her first work was to collect material, for though she had known Miss Brontë during the last four years of her life, they had not long been intimate friends. She knew little of Miss Brontë's sisters or of her life prior to 1850. Their friendship had been largely a literary one, and Mrs. Gaskell had only general impressions of the woman beneath the shy, peculiar exterior. Since she was writing at the request of Miss Brontë's father and with the approval of Mr. Nicholls, Mrs. Gaskell applied first to them for material. Then she wrote frequently to Ellen Nussey and Mary Taylor, Miss Brontë's lifelong friends; to George Smith, of Smith, Elder & Company, and to William S. Williams, Mr. Smith's literary adviser, to whom Miss Brontë had written since she first submitted a manuscript for publication; to Margaret Wooler, Miss Brontë's old schoolmistress; and to Laetitia Wheelwright, Miss Brontë's friend while the latter was in Brussels. Upon hearing that Mrs. Gaskell was to write the biography, Miss Nussey wrote her as follows:

Ilkley, July 26, 1855.

My dear Madam,—Owing to my absence from home your letter has only just reached me. I had not heard of Mr. Brontë's request, but I am most heartily glad that he has made it. A letter from Mr. Nicholls was forwarded along with yours, which I opened first, and was thus prepared for your communication, the subject of which is of the deepest interest to me. I will do everything in my power to aid the righteous work you have undertaken, but I feel my powers very limited, and apprehend that you may experience some disappointment that I cannot contribute more largely the information which you desire. I possess a great many letters (for I have destroyed but a small portion of the correspondence), but I fear the early letters are not such as to unfold the character of the writer except in a few points. You perhaps may discover more than is apparent to me. You will read them with a purpose—I perused them only with interests of affection. I will immediately look over the correspondence, and I promise to let you see all that I can confide to your friendly

custody. I regret that my absence from home should have made it impossible for me to have the pleasure of seeing you at Brookroyd at the time you propose. I am engaged to stay here till Monday week, and shall be happy to see you any day you name after that date, or if more convenient to you to come Friday or Saturday in next week, I will gladly return in time to give you the meeting. I am staying with our schoolmistress, Miss Wooler, in this place. I wish her very much to give me leave to ask you here, but she does not yield to my wishes; it would have been pleasanter to me to talk with you among these hills than sitting in my home and thinking of one who had so often been present there.—I am, my dear madam, yours sincerely, ELLEN NUSSEY.
—*Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, by Clement K. Shorter, p. 13.

Mrs. Gaskell, in response to this letter, visited Miss Nussey, who gave her much of Miss Brontë's correspondence. Later she visited Miss Wooler, who also turned over to her many of Miss Brontë's letters. In a letter dated September 6, 1856, she wrote to Miss Nussey:

I have read *once* over all the letters you so kindly entrusted me with, and I don't think even you, her most cherished friend, could wish the impression on me to be different from what it is, that she was one to study the path of duty well, and, having ascertained what it was right to do, to follow out her idea strictly. They gave me a very beautiful idea of her character. I like the one you sent to-day much. I shall be glad to see any others you will allow me to see. I am sure the more fully she—Charlotte Brontë—the *friend*, the *daughter*, the *sister*, the *wife*, is known, and known where need be in her own words, the more highly will she be appreciated.—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, p. xxvi.

But Mrs. Gaskell did not confine herself to searching for correspondence. Several times she went to Haworth, staying while there at the Black Bull with her husband. She interviewed all the surviving Brontë servants and many of the townspeople, in addition to conferring frequently with Mr. Brontë and Mr. Nicholls. The father and husband turned over to her much personal correspondence and information relating to Charlotte, and

the old servants told many anecdotes of the sisters and the family. Mrs. Gaskell went to London to see Mr. Smith personally, and visited M. Héger at his *pensionnat* in Brussels, where Charlotte had gone to school and where later she had taught. Returning from London and Brussels, Mrs. Gaskell wrote to Miss Nussey a letter which gives so good an idea of how Mrs. Gaskell collected her material and of her opinions of some with whom she had to deal, that it seems worth giving in full:

Plymouth Grove,
Manchester, July 9th, '56.

My dear Miss Nussey,—You must excuse any kind of writing, for my girls are all from home, and I suppose I have between thirty and forty notes and letters to answer this morning, *if possible* (which it is *not*), and yet I want to write you a long letter, and tell you all my adventures. Brussels, where Mme. Héger, understanding that I was a friend of Miss Brontë's, refused to see me; but I made M. Héger's acquaintance, and very much indeed I both like and respect him. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, junr., and Mrs. Smith, senr. (*exactly* like Mrs. Bretton). Mr. Smith said (half suspiciously, having an eye to Dr. John, I *fancied*), "Do you know, I sometimes think Miss Brontë had my mother in her mind when she wrote Mrs. Bretton in *Villette*?" As I had not then seen Mrs. Smith I could only answer, "Do you?" a very safe reply. I went with Mr. Smith to see the Chapter Coffee-House in Paternoster Row, where she and Anne Brontë took up their abode that first hurried rush up to London. In fact, I now think I have been everywhere where she ever lived, except of course her two little pieces of private governess-ship. I still want one or two things to complete my materials, and I am very doubtful if I can get them—at any rate, I think they will necessitate my going to Haworth again, and I am literally *afraid* of that. I will tell you the things I should *like* to have, and shall be glad if, knowing the parties, you could give me advice. First of all, I promised M. Héger to ask to see his letters to her; he is sure she would keep them, as they contained advice about her character, studies, mode of life. I doubt much if Mr. Nicholls has not destroyed them. Then again, Mr. Smith suggests—and I think with great justice—that if I might see the MS. of *The Professor* (which Mr.

Nicholls told me last July that he had in his possession), I might read it, and express my opinion as to its merits and demerits as a first work. He says that much of it—whole pieces of it, as far as he remembers—are so interwoven with *Villette* that it could never be published, nor would it be worth while to give extracts, even if Mr. N. would allow it; but if I might read it, I could give the kind of criticism and opinion upon it that Mr. Brontë was anxious I should give on those published works of her, on which (I told him) public opinion had already pronounced her fiat, and set her seal. So much for *The Professor* and M. Héger's letters. Now another of Mr. Smith's suggestions is this: Might I, do you think, see the beginning (fifty pages, Mr. Nicholls said) of the new story she had commenced? Reasons why desirable. Her happy state of mind during her married life would probably give a different character of greater hope and serenity to the fragment.

One thing more. Mr. Smith says that her letters to her father from London, giving an account of places and persons she saw, were long, constant, and minute; they would not refer to any private affairs, but to the impressions celebrated strangers made upon her, etc.

I agree with Mr. Smith that it would be a great advantage to me, as her biographer, and to her memory also, for I am convinced the more her character and talents are known the more thoroughly will both be admired and reverenced. But I doubt much if Mr. Nicholls won't object to granting me the sight of these things; and the remains, etc., appear to be in his hands. Read (and return, please) this note of Mr. Brontë's to Mr. Smith in reply to his application to be allowed to have a copy *for himself* (he thought it best to seek for this *only, which he had promised him*) at first. It seems as if Mr. Brontë's own consent or opinion on these matters had very little weight with Mr. Nicholls. I found Mr. Smith an agreeable, genial-mannered man, with a keen eye to business; he is rather too stout to be handsome, but has a very pretty, Paulina-like little wife, and a little girl of eighteen months old. Mr. Williams dined there when I did: grey-haired, silent, and refined.

Now for questions I should be much obliged to you if you would answer—I am afraid to say by return of post, but I should *like* that! Did *Emily* accompany C.B. as a pupil when the latter went as teacher to Roe Head? This was evidently the *plan*; yet

afterwards it seems as if it were *Anne* that went. Why did not Branwell go to the Royal Academy in London to learn painting? Did Emily ever go out as a governess? I know Anne and Charlotte did.

I wrote twenty pages yesterday because it rained perpetually, and I was uninterrupted; such a good day for writing may not come again for months. All August I shall be away. But I am thoroughly interested in my subject, and Mr. Smith, who looks at the affair from the experienced man of business point of view, says, "There is no hurry; there would be a great cry of indelicacy if it were published too soon. Do it well, and never fear that the public interest in her will die away." But a note of his (written after reading as much of my MS. which was then written, which, you remember, I read to you), and which I enclose for your own *private* reading, makes me rather uncomfortable. See the passage I have marked at the side. Now I thought that I carefully preserved the reader's respect for Mr. Brontë, while truth and the desire of doing justice to her compelled me to state the domestic peculiarities of her childhood, which (as in all cases) contributed so much to make her what she was; yet you see what Mr. Smith says, and what reviews, in their desire for smartness and carelessness for scrupulous consideration, would be sure to say, even yet more plainly. May I call you simply "Ellen" in the book? Initials give so little personality—they are so like a mathematical proposition. I should not even put an initial to your surname.

I have written you a terribly long letter, because, as somebody says, "I have not time to write you a short one," but I both wanted answers to my questions, and also wanted you to know how I am going on. We look forward to seeing you in the autumn. Mr. Gaskell desires his kind regards; every one else is from home. Your sister must not forget me, for I do not forget her and her kind reception of me.—Yours faithfully, E. C. Gaskell.

—*The Brontës: Life and Letters*, by Clement K. Shorter, ii.396 ff.

By the end of August Mrs. Gaskell had gathered much of her material. The actual writing of the book took a little more than a year. It was published in the spring of 1857, in two volumes, by Smith, Elder & Company, Miss Brontë's publishers.

The method which Mrs. Gaskell employed in writing the *Life* was extremely simple. She tried as far as possible to let Miss

Brontë tell her own story through her correspondence, and to supplement this only where absolutely necessary. The first part, dealing with the ancestry of Charlotte Brontë and the childhood and youth of all the Brontë children, had of necessity to be written largely by the biographer. Her early chapters dealt with the ancestors of Miss Brontë on both sides of the family, related something of the country in which she was born and brought up, described the experiences of the children at school, and their early bent towards literary pursuits. Then she narrated their trials while acting as governess in various families, and gave something of the history of the Brontë family—of Mr. Brontë, their eccentric father, of Patrick Branwell, the dissipated brother, and of all the others. Then she told of their visits, of Charlotte's and Emily's journey to Brussels, and finally of their first efforts in the field of literature. Finally she discussed the literary works of the sisters and described their last years. A large portion of the biography deals with Charlotte's literary work, her literary friends, and her life after she became a writer. Of the twenty-seven chapters, almost all except the first seven are made up of letters written by Charlotte Brontë herself. These letters were carefully edited by Mrs. Gaskell, who added just enough comment to make the book coherent and unified. The style is pleasing, and Mrs. Gaskell's ability as a writer of romance is evident from the way she handled the material.

The first criticisms and reviews were all favorable. Letters from Mr. Brontë and close friends of Charlotte's gave evidence of pleasure upon the first perusal of the book. The following letters to George Smith and to Mrs. Gaskell, respectively, represent Mr. Brontë's first opinion of the *Life*:

Haworth, near Keighley: March 30, 1857.

Dear Sir,—I thank you and Mrs. Gaskell for the biographical books you have sent me. I have read them with a high degree of melancholy interest, and consider them amongst the ablest, most

interesting, and best works of the kind. Mrs. Gaskell, though moving in what was to her a new line—a somewhat critical matter—has done herself great credit by this biographical work, which I doubt not will place her higher in literary fame even than she stood before. Notwithstanding that I have formed my own opinion, from which the critics cannot shake me, I am curious to know what they may say. I will thank you, therefore, to send me two or three newspapers containing criticisms on the biography, and I will remit the price of them to you in letter stamps.

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully and truly, P. BRONTË.

—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, p. xxvii.

Haworth, near Keighley: April 2, 1857.

My dear Madam,—I thank you for the books you have sent me containing the Memoir of my daughter. I have perused them with a degree of pleasure and pain which can be known only to myself. As you will have the opinion of abler critics than myself I shall not say much in the way of criticism. I shall only make a few remarks in unison with the feelings of my heart. With a tenacity of purpose usual with me, in all cases of importance, I was fully determined that the biography of my daughter should, if possible, be written by one not unworthy of the undertaking. My mind first turned to you, and you kindly acceded to my wishes. Had you refused I would have applied to the next best, and so on; and had all applications failed, as the last resource, though above eighty years of age and feeble, and unfit for the task, I would myself have written a short though inadequate memoir, rather than have left all to selfish, hostile, or ignorant scribblers. But the work is now done, and done rightly, as I wished it to be, and in its completion has afforded me more satisfaction than I have felt during many years of a life in which has been exemplified the saying that "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards." You have not only given a picture of my dear daughter Charlotte, but of my dear wife, and all my dear children, and such a picture, too, as is full of truth and life. The picture of my brilliant and unhappy son is a masterpiece. Indeed, all the pictures in the work have vigorous, truthful, and delicate touches in them, which could have been executed only by a skilful female hand. There are a few trifling mistakes, which, should it be deemed

necessary, may be corrected in the second edition. Mr. Nicholls joins me in kind and respectful regards to you, Mr. Gaskell, and your family, wishing you greatest good in both the words.

I remain, my dear Madam, Yours respectfully and truly,

P. Brontë.

—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, p. xxviii.

Miss Mary Taylor, next to Miss Ellen Nussey, Miss Brontë's most intimate friend, in her younger days, wrote to Mrs. Gaskell from New Zealand:

Wellington: July 30, 1857.

My dear Mrs. Gaskell—I am unaccountably in receipt by post of two volumes containing the Life of C. Brontë. I have pleasure in attributing this compliment to you; I beg, therefore, to thank you for them. The book is a perfect success, in giving a true picture of a melancholy life, and you have practically answered my puzzle as to how you would give an account of her, not being at liberty to give a true description of those around. Though not so gloomy as the truth, it is perhaps as much so as people will accept without calling it exaggerated, and feeling the desire to doubt and contradict it. I have seen two reviews of it. One of them sums it up as "a life of poverty and self-suppression," the other has nothing to the purpose at all. Neither of them seems to think it a strange or wrong state of things that a woman of first-rate talents, industry, and integrity should live all her life in a walking nightmare of "poverty and self-suppression." I doubt whether any of them will.

It must upset most people's notions of beauty to be told that the portrait at the beginning is that of an ugly woman. I do not altogether like the idea of publishing a flattered likeness. I had rather the mouth and eyes had been nearer together, and shown the veritable square face, and large, disproportionate nose.

I had the impression that Cartwright's mill was burnt in 1820, not in 1812. You give much too favourable account of the black-coated and Tory savages that kept the people down and provoked excesses in those days. Old Roberson said he "would wade to the

knees in blood rather than the state of things should be altered''—a state including Corn law, Test law, and a host of other oppressions.

Once more I thank you for the book—the first copy, I believe, that arrived in New Zealand.

Sincerely yours, MARY TAYLOR.

—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, p. xxix.

Other letters came to Mrs. Gaskell from those less closely connected with Miss Brontë, all approving the biography. On April 15, 1857, she wrote to a friend:

All the notices that I have seen have been favorable, and some of the last exceedingly so. I have had a considerable number of letters, too, from distinguished men, expressing high approval.—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, p. xxx.

Among those who wrote to her was Charles Kingsley, whose letter was dated from St. Leonard's, May 14, 1857; it is interesting for what he says both of the *Life* and of her other works:

Let me renew our long interrupted acquaintance by complimenting you on poor Miss Brontë's *Life*. You have had a delicate and a great work to do, and you have done it admirably. Be sure that the book will do good. It will shame literary people into some stronger belief that a simple, virtuous, practical home life is consistent with high imaginative genius; and it will shame, too, the prudery of a not over cleanly, though carefully whitewashed age, into believing that purity is now (as in all ages till now) quite compatible with the knowledge of evil. I confess that the book has made me ashamed of myself. *Jane Eyre* I hardly looked into, very seldom reading a work of fiction—yours, indeed, and Thackeray's are the only ones I care to open. *Shirley* disgusted me at the opening: and I gave up the writer and her books with a notion that she was a person who liked coarseness. How I misjudged her! and how thankful I am that I never put a word of my misconceptions into print, or recorded my misjudgments of one who is a whole heaven above me.

Well have you done your work, and given us the picture of a valiant woman made perfect by sufferings. I shall now read carefully and lovingly every word she has written, especially those poems, which ought not to have fallen dead as they did, and which seem to be (from a review in the current *Fraser*) of remarkable strength and purity.—*Life of Charles Kingsley*, ii. 24-5.

As soon as she finished the proof-reading for the *Life*, Mrs. Gaskell, accompanied by her two elder daughters and Miss Catherine Winkworth, started for Italy. In Rome they stayed at the home of William Wetmore Story, the poet and sculptor; then went to Florence, where they visited the Brownings.

While Mrs. Gaskell was on the Continent, the *Life* was published. The comments already given indicate how it was received at first. But that favorable attitude was not to last. Mr. Brontë objected, in his letter to her, to certain minor errors. Mrs. Gaskell had described him as rather eccentric and at times even harsh. Her information came from a servant who, Mr. Brontë later said, had been discharged from his service. In one place he was described as having objected to a gown of his wife's with gigot sleeves, then the fashion, and as having gone to her room in her absence and cut the dress into shreds. Mr. Nicholls also thought that Mrs. Gaskell had implied that he was not a particularly congenial husband for the genius of Haworth. They made light of these things, however, but others who thought aspersions were cast upon them were not disposed so kindly. The scene of the biography was a small village, and those most vitally interested in the *Life* were people with limited pursuits, with little to do except repeat small talk. It was a memorable day for them, therefore, when they found a book about one whom they had known personally. They had, moreover, the traditional pride in their village which is common to small towns; and besides there existed between Yorkshire and Lancashire an ancient rivalry. Mrs. Gaskell was a Lancashire woman, and that alone was enough to make the Yorkshire folk critical

of the book. When Mrs. Gaskell referred to the people of Yorkshire as "this lawless, yet not unkindly population," therefore, they arose *en masse* against such a characterization. Again she referred to some of the rectory help as "wasteful young servants," and they took the matter to Mr. Brontë, demanding a testimonial concerning their thrift and honesty, which he gave them. And then Mrs. Gaskell had Miss Brontë's version of her relations with Harriet Martineau, which led Miss Martineau to break into print and to write page after page in her own defense.

But all these were really minor matters compared with two other controversies which arose over statements made in the *Life*. Miss Brontë had always believed and said that the death of her two elder sisters was due directly to their hardships at Cowan Bridge School. Her description in *Jane Eyre* of Lowood School clearly shows this. Mrs. Gaskell in this as in other matters relied implicitly upon what Miss Brontë had written, and gave a vivid and realistic picture of the school as she conceived it to have been during the months when the Brontë children attended it. Mr. Wilson, whose name appeared in the affair, as chief administrator of Cowan Bridge, was furious at her statements. His friends rose up in his defense, and he commenced an action in court over the matter. There were letters in *The Times* and in *The Daily News*, in response to which Mr. Nicholls wrote a series of letters to *The Halifax Guardian*, maintaining the truthfulness of Miss Brontë's conceptions of the school. The controversy waxed furious; but, in spite of numerous testimonials to the virtue of Mr. Wilson, it ended at length in a drawn battle. Mrs. Gaskell always maintained with vigor the truthfulness of her account, and recent investigations by Brontë students have shown that the charges were substantially correct.

The other controversy was even more serious than the Cowan Bridge affair. It related to statements concerning Branwell Brontë's connection with a Mrs. Robinson, in whose home he had for some time been tutor. Branwell's whole history was

pitilessly aired. He had been a promising boy but had grown up a drunkard, an opium eater, and, according to nearly all who have written about him, was almost wholly depraved. Just what his connections with Mrs. Robinson were will probably never be known, though a great deal more than was necessary has been written about the affair. The critics have waged a bitter battle over it, ranging from A. Mary F. Robinson, author of *Emily Brontë*, in the Famous Women Series, who called him a drunkard and implied that he was a debauchee and flagrantly immoral, to Francis A. Leyland, author of *The Brontë Family*, who whitewashed Branwell's character wherever possible, and even went so far as to indicate that Branwell was chiefly responsible for *Wuthering Heights*. Mr. Leyland, the kindest of all Branwell Brontë's critics, says that he was insane upon the subject of Mrs. Robinson; that he fancied her in love with him; and that she had promised to marry him as soon as her husband died. Mrs. Gaskell took her ideas from Branwell's sisters, particularly Charlotte, who never suspected his insanity, but believed literally true all his words about Mrs. Robinson and her relations with him. Mrs. Gaskell's story in the *Life* was that Branwell had been played with by Mrs. Robinson, who had promised to marry him when her husband should die, but who, as soon as Mr. Robinson died, jilted him to become Lady Scott. She said that Mr. Robinson had learned of his wife's duplicity, and in his will had forbidden her ever to see Branwell again on pain of forfeiting all the property which would go to her at his death. This will Mrs. Gaskell never saw, having taken the word of Charlotte Brontë alone in this as in all else. That there was no such provision in the will, which Brontë scholars have examined carefully, it is almost needless to say. The truth, so far as Brontë students have been able to find out, was that Mrs. Robinson, a somewhat frivolous woman, had possibly carried on with Branwell a slight flirtation, which her daughters noticed and teased their mother about when their father was not present.

Anne Brontë, who was a governess in the Robinson home at the time, overheard these remarks and took them seriously. Branwell also, believing Mrs. Robinson to be in love with him, imagined a whole love story with many embellishments. About that time he began to take opium, which heightened his delusion. Presently his infatuation for her became known to Mrs. Robinson, but since he did not seriously annoy her, she did not for some time report him to her husband. At last, however, she was constrained to complain to Mr. Robinson, who summarily dismissed Branwell; and the young man thereupon took to drink as well as opium, imagined more and more romantic events concerning himself and Mrs. Robinson, and repeated these often in the presence of his sisters. They, unused to men in Branwell's condition and having Anne's reports to base their belief upon, considered Mrs. Robinson the cause of Branwell's downfall, and hence imputed to her all the misery which came as a result of Branwell's dissipation.[1] A letter—one of many such—which Miss Brontë wrote to Miss Nussey on June 17, 1846, and which was one of those to which Mrs. Gaskell had recourse, will show upon what sound facts, as she believed, she based what she wrote concerning the affair:

Dear Ellen,—I was glad to perceive, by the tone of your last letter, that you are beginning to be a little more settled. We, I am sorry to say, have been somewhat more harassed than usual lately. The death of Mr. Robinson, which took place about three weeks or a month ago, served Branwell for a pretext to throw all about him into hubbub and confusion with his emotions, etc., etc. Shortly after came news from all hands that Mr. Robinson had altered his will before he died, and effectually prevented all chance of a marriage between his widow and Branwell, by stipulating that she should not have a shilling if she ever ventured to re-open any communication with him. Of course

[1] For a more charitable view of the life of Branwell Brontë see Alice Law, *Patrick Branwell Brontë*, London, Philpot, 1924; reviewed in *The Times* Literary Supplement, April 24, 1924, p. 250 (see also pp. 268, 286, 304, 322, 356); *The Nation-Athenæum*, May 10, 1924, xxxv. 6. 180–2.

he then became intolerable. To papa he allows rest neither day nor night, and he is continually screwing money out of him, sometimes threatening that he will kill himself if it is withheld from him. He says Mrs. Robinson is now insane; that her mind is a complete wreck owing to remorse for her conduct towards Mr. Robinson (whose end it appears was hastened by distress of mind) and grief for having lost him. I do not know how much to believe of what he says, but I fear she is very ill. Branwell declares that he neither can nor will do anything for himself. Good situations have been offered him more than once, for which, by a fortnight's work, he might have qualified himself, but he will do nothing, except drink and make us all wretched. I had a note from Ellen Taylor a week ago, in which she remarks that letters were received from New Zealand a month since, and that all was well. I should like to hear from you again soon. I hope one day to see Brookroyd again, though I think it will not be yet—these are not times of amusement. Love to all. C. B.

—*Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, by Clement K. Shorter, p. 136.

In her statements Mrs. Gaskell did not use Mrs. Robinson's name, but so clearly indicated her identity that no one could mistake her who knew anything about the life of the Brontës. Mrs. Robinson prepared to institute proceedings for libel against the author of the *Life*, and Mr. Gaskell hastened to Haworth for facts to substantiate his wife's statements. No such facts existed. Indeed everything pointed to the evidence as being false, at least in the main. Sir James Stephen, father of Sir Leslie Stephen, after a careful investigation came to the conclusion that it was all a tissue of lies and hallucinations upon the part of Branwell. Mrs. Robinson's friends finally persuaded her that to take the matter into the courts would bring her undue notoriety and that to let it drop would be best. The matter was therefore adjusted outside the courts, and Mrs. Gaskell published an advertisement in *The Times*, apologizing for the statements in the biography.

Mrs. Gaskell's most ardent admirers can offer no apology for the manner in which she worked all these things into the *Life*.

It threw no light upon Charlotte Brontë's character to picture her father cutting up his wife's gigot sleeves, and to have repeated this from a servant's gossip was unpardonable. There was no reason in hinting that Mr. Nicholls was not the husband for Miss Brontë; a decent regard for the feelings of the living should have held back such an intimation, even if it had been true. The Cowan Bridge affair is different, for facts seemed to substantiate Miss Brontë's belief that it was there that the sisters contracted tuberculosis; the bearing of this upon her life was therefore direct. But Branwell's love affairs, even had the reports of them been absolutely truthful and substantiated with incontrovertible facts, were outside the sphere of the biography and should have been omitted.

Mrs. Gaskell started for Italy in February, 1857, and was away while the controversy was at its height. Her publishers had therefore to bear the brunt of the criticism and the threats of prosecution. The first edition sold quickly, and the second had been published before the errors were noted or generally commented upon. It was the third edition, therefore, in which the corrections were first made, the only change in the second being a footnote concerning Tabby, one of the Brontë servants. In the third edition the parts which had annoyed Mr. Brontë were revised; the part relating to Branwell's affair with Mrs. Robinson was omitted, and other corrections and emendations were made. All subsequent editions have been based upon the third.

The following letter from Mr. Brontë to George Smith regarding this third edition may fittingly close the chapter of criticism which the first edition evoked:

Haworth, near Keighley: Sept. 4, 1857.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for the books which I have just received; Mr. Nicholls also sends his thanks for those you have given to him. As far as I have gone through the third edition of the "Memoir" I am much pleased with it. I hope it will give general satisfaction. Should you see any reviews worth notice

be so kind as to let me have them, as I am rather anxious to know what the sage critics may deem it expedient in their wisdom to say. I hope that by this time Mrs. Smith has fully recovered her health. Your anxiety on her account must be very great. Mr. Nicholls joins me in kind and respectful regards.

Yours very respectfully and truly, P. BRONTË.

—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, p. xxxii.

Upon her return from Rome, Mrs. Gaskell wrote to a friend:

I did so long to tell the truth, and I believe *now* that I hit as near the truth as any one *could*. I weighed every line with my whole power and heart, so that every line should go to its great purpose of making *her* known and valued as one who had gone through such a terrible life with a brave and faithful heart. One comfort is that God knows the truth.—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Haworth Edition, p. xxxiii.

Just how much Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* has done to perpetuate the name of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters will never be known; that it has done much no one except the most ardent Brontë enthusiast will dispute. Charles Kingsley's letter to Mrs. Gaskell shows how the biography influenced him. Jeannette L. Gilder, writing to *The Critic* for May 16, 1896, a note concerning Clement K. Shorter's proposed book, *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, said:

I am quite sure that Mrs. Gaskell gave Charlotte Brontë—the woman, not the author—the position she now holds and has held for nearly forty years in public estimation. What more natural? Give a novelist of Mrs. Gaskell's skill such material as she had in the Life of Charlotte Brontë, and you give her a story which she can make equal to any fiction. Being true, it takes the public as no fiction could; and the name of Charlotte Brontë cannot be mentioned to-day without arousing romantic interest. This I believe to be due to Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*, rather than to any of Charlotte's novels, not excepting *Jane Eyre*.

Truly the effect of the *Life* upon the reputation of the Brontë sisters has been great. It interested readers in the home life and

the intimate relationships of the sisters. It gave graphic pictures of events in the lives of the writers and added a romantic interest and charm to their works. It led many to study their books more closely, and thus caused discoveries to be made which might have been overlooked. And for three-quarters of a century it has served to enhance and perpetuate the reputation and fame of at least two of the sisters, and to cause readers to look more kindly upon the third.

The late Clement K. Shorter placed this *Life* next to Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, and held that these two were greater only because the authors had greater subjects to deal with. Many critics agree with him.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë has had tremendous sales, and has been popular with the scholar and the general reader alike. It has, moreover, added much to Mrs. Gaskell's prestige. Next to *Cranford* it is the best known and most widely read of her works. It reveals her versatility as a writer, and places her among the first of English biographers.

CHAPTER X

FROM THE DOOM OF THE GRIFFITHS TO COUSIN PHILLIS

In February Mrs. Gaskell sent the last of the manuscript for *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* to the publisher, and at once left for the Continent, accompanied by her two elder daughters and Catherine Winkworth. They went first to Paris, staying for a short time with Madame Mohl, then set out for Rome, having been invited to stay with William Wetmore Story.

From Paris they went to Rome by Marseilles, where they took boat for Civita Vecchia. On the second night of the voyage the boiler burst, causing the ship to put back to Marseilles; but they changed to another ship and started again, arriving at Rome late at night, February 23, 1857, just in time for the biggest days of the carnival. Through dark streets they drove to Casa Cabrele, where the Storys lived, and were warmly welcomed.

Next day was Shrove Tuesday, when the carnival was at its height. The morning was brilliant sunshine, and the city was filled with color and wild gaiety. With the Storys, Mrs. Gaskell and her party viewed the carnival from a balcony in the Corso.

Mrs. Gaskell stayed in Rome seven weeks, meeting many English and American writers and scholars. Among the latter was Charles Eliot Norton, who in his *Life and Letters* left a considerable account of his associations with Mrs. Gaskell. He accompanied her party when they left Rome in April for Florence and Venice, and was frequently with them on their sight-seeing trips. While on their way north, Mrs. Gaskell's party was befriended by another American, for when complications over the route arose when they reached Siena, these were set right by Hamilton Wild, who was in the party.[1]

[1] This and some other anecdotes of Mrs. Gaskell's visit to Italy are given by Henry James in his *William Wetmore Story and His Friends*, i. 362.

In Florence Mrs. Gaskell called several times upon the Brownings. One of these calls Catherine Winkworth described as being stiff, Mrs. Browning scarcely speaking at all, while Mrs. Gaskell talked almost exclusively of Charlotte Brontë; and another, which Mrs. Gaskell made with Charles Eliot Norton, found Mrs. Browning, who had just heard of the death of her father, unable to see visitors.

Near the end of April, they set out for Venice, going through to Bologna in one day, again in company with Mr. Norton. At Venice Mrs. Gaskell obtained her first copy of the Brontë biography, a Tauchnitz reprint of the first edition; she gave this copy to Mr. Norton. Here the latter parted from Mrs. Gaskell's party, which left at the beginning of May for home. His interest in Mrs. Gaskell did not cease with separation, however, for he wrote from Paris shortly afterwards, suggesting to James Russell Lowell, who had just begun to edit the new *Atlantic Monthly*, that he should engage Mrs. Gaskell to write for that periodical. In response Lowell authorized him to offer Mrs. Gaskell half as much again as Dickens had been accustomed to pay her if she would contribute to the American magazine. Nothing seems to have come of this offer, however, but Norton's appreciation of Mrs. Gaskell is evident in his letter to Lowell:

> You have read the life of Miss Brontë, which is almost as much an exhibition of Mrs. Gaskell's character as of Miss Brontë's,—and you know what a lovely and admirable character she has. Seeing her as intimately as one sees a companion on a journey, I learned every day to feel towards her a deeper affection and respect. She is like the best things in her books; full of generous and tender sympathies, of thoughtful kindness, of pleasant humor, of quick appreciation, of utmost simplicity and truthfulness, and uniting with peculiar delicacy and retirement, a strength of principle and purpose and straightforwardness of action, such as few women possess.—*Letters of Charles Eliot Norton* i. 171.

Upon her return to England, Mrs. Gaskell found herself involved in the troubles stirred up over *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*,

with the necessity of revising the book for the third edition. That summer also the Art Treasures Exhibition was held in Manchester, and Mrs. Gaskell had to entertain many guests. Her household cares, her long visit to the Continent, and the trouble over the biography kept her from writing anything of note during 1857, her only published writing being a preface to Miss Cummins's *Mabel Vaughan*.

In January, 1858, *Harper's Magazine* published her short story, *The Doom of the Griffiths*. If one could say of Mrs. Gaskell, as some do of Shakespeare, that her tragic themes resulted from a mind full of tragic import, then dark and portentous, indeed, must her humor have been when she was writing this story. Whether the work was a reflection of her mental condition or not, it is true that during these months she was much hurt over the reception of the *Life*, and believed she could never be happy again. She looked back to her Italian trip, before the criticism of the biography reached her, as her last happy time, writing to the Storys in September:

> It was in those charming Roman days that my life, at any rate, culminated. I shall never be so happy again. I don't think I was ever so happy before. My eyes fill with tears when I think of those days, and it is the same with all of us. They were the tip-top point of our lives. The girls may see happier ones—I never shall.—*William Wetmore Story and His Friends* 1.355.

And again later:

> I think Rome grows almost more vivid in recollection as the time recedes. Only the other night I dreamed of a breakfast—not a past breakfast, but some mysterious breakfast which neither has been nor, alas! would be—in the Via Sant' Isidoro dining room, with the amber sunlight streaming on the gold-gray Roman roofs and the Sabine hills on one side and the Vatican on the other. I sometimes think that I would almost rather never have been there than have this ache of yearning for the great witch who sits with you upon her seven hills.—*Ibid.* 1.357–8.

But the troubles over the biography finally receded, and the revised third edition received the praise it merited. Mrs. Gaskell's happier nature now reasserted itself, and in the latter part of 1858 she produced several stories. By far the longest of these was *My Lady Ludlow*, which was published in *Household Words* from June 19 to September 25, and later furnished the chief story of the volume *Round the Sofa*, which was published the following year. This story was followed by *The Sin of the Father* in the same magazine for November 27, a rather poor story technically, which was later published under the title *Right at Last*, in the volume *Right at Last and Other Tales*, by Sampson Low & Company in 1860. In the Christmas number of *Household Words* appeared *The Manchester Marriage*, a story similar to Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, which appeared five years later.

My Lady Ludlow, which is longer than *Cranford*, has two or three excellent characters but is too involved and turns aside too often from the main theme to be considered among her more perfect works. Lady Ludlow herself is unique among Mrs. Gaskell's characters. She is a fine old aristocrat, believing ardently in upholding all the traditions of rank, ruling with absolute sway over her little dominion, but using the mildest of scepters—that of love. Next her is Miss Galindo, even better drawn than the Countess. She is an old maid, quarrelsome, gossip-loving, but knowing when to hold her tongue, kind to the unfortunate, loyal to Lady Ludlow, and altogether one of the most delightful of Mrs. Gaskell's old maids. Mr. Gray, who sets himself to have a Sunday school in spite of Lady Ludlow's fears of educating the under-classes, is also a well drawn character. How he won against Lady Ludlow's scruples, and how she changed her mind about Dissenters and the illegitimate Bessy, so that at last she had the whole family to dinner, make up a story full of charm. There is much extraneous matter, the long episode of Clément and Virginie being indeed a story within a story. This latter is excellent, it is true; but its excuse for in-

clusion here—Lady Ludlow's telling it to prove that the lower classes should not be educated—is flimsy in the extreme, especially when the reader is aware all the time that Lady Ludlow will lose her prejudices in the end. Though several of the characters are fine and though there is much of the indescribable charm of Knutsford about the scene of the story, the construction is too loose and the tale too involved for one to rank it at all near *Cranford* or her other long works. Mrs. Gaskell's daughters declared that she never rewrote anything except parts of *Sylvia's Lovers*. The need of rewriting is clearly evident in *My Lady Ludlow*; a careful pruning and reworking would have made it one of her best short works; as it is, it falls far short of most of these and is outclassed entirely by her other long writings.

In the late autumn of 1858 Mrs. Gaskell and two of her daughters, Margaret Emily and Florence Elizabeth, went again to the Continent, this time going to Heidelberg, where they spent thirteen weeks. Upon their return they stopped in Paris for a visit with Madame Mohl, at whose home Mrs. Gaskell had come to be a frequent guest.

In the summer of 1859 Mrs. Gaskell began to gather material for *Sylvia's Lovers*. For this material she went to Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire, spending part of the summer there with her daughters at 1 Abbey Terrace. Her novel was to be historical, and with the lesson she had learned in dealing with *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* of the necessity of verifying facts, she searched records, hunted up authorities, sought the advice of experts upon the major events in the book, and wrote slowly and painstakingly. She was engaged on this novel during the next three years; it was published in 1863.

As a result of her preoccupation with *Sylvia's Lovers*, Mrs. Gaskell produced few short works during the next three years. In 1859 Sampson Low & Company published a collection of her stories with the title *Round the Sofa and Other Tales*, in which

appeared for the first time *The Half-Brothers*, one of her shortest stories.[1] It is a story of heroic sacrifice in a wholly commonplace life.

In *All the Year Round* one of her stories, *Lois the Witch*, ran from October 8 to October 22. It is a story of Salem witchcraft; the heroine after being left an orphan goes to Salem to join her uncle and through a series of small misadventures is condemned and executed as a witch. In spite of the truthfulness of the descriptions, and the skill with which the plot is constructed, Mrs. Gaskell mars the story in places by linking the actual with the supernatural, a procedure in which she falls far short of the skill of Hawthorne. But she studied her sources carefully and in characterizing the blind terror which led the Salem Puritans to kill many of their close friends and neighbors she did an admirable piece of work.

In the Christmas number of *All the Year Round* appeared *The Crooked Branch*, a story of parental love victimized and made a prey to the evil tendencies of a wicked son. The closing scene, in which the old parents testify with such quiet heroism to the crime of their son, is a high spot in Mrs. Gaskell's writings. *The Crooked Branch* and *Lois the Witch* were first published in book form in *Right at Last and Other Tales*, in 1860.

In 1860 Mrs. Gaskell published only the fantastic fairy story, *Curious if True*, in *The Cornhill Magazine* for February. The story is sprightly and the execution good; but it was not meant to be taken seriously. Its chief interest lies not so much in itself as in its appearance in *The Cornhill*, a new venture started by George Smith, of Smith, Elder & Company. Charlotte Brontë had interested herself years before in enlisting Mrs. Gaskell as a writer

[1] Sir Adolphus Ward, in the Knutsford Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works, says that this story first appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine* for November, 1858, and *The Cambridge History of English Literature* and Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick in *Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories* repeat this statement. The story by the same name in the periodical mentioned is quite different, however, and it is probable that references in periodical guides threw Professor Ward off the track.

for Smith, Elder & Company, but nothing had then come of her efforts. When Mrs. Gaskell published *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, however, she naturally went to Miss Brontë's publishers with the manuscript. While gathering material for the biography, moreover, she had come to know George Smith well. In consequence of this acquaintance, Mrs. Gaskell's later novels were issued from the press of Smith, Elder & Company. This contact marked a change in Mrs. Gaskell's style. *The Cornhill* demanded a different type of fiction from that found in Dickens's magazines, and Mrs. Gaskell accommodated herself to this fact. She continued for some time to contribute to *All the Year Round*, but it was for *The Cornhill* that she thereafter wrote the more constantly.

In 1861 again her product was extremely small, only one story being published, and that a short tale, entitled *The Grey Woman*, the story of which had possibly been told her on her trip to the Continent in the preceding year. It appeared in *All the Year Round* from January 5 to 19. It is a tale of the Chauffeurs, a band of robbers that long terrorized portions of France along the Rhine.

In *The Cornhill* for May, 1862, appeared a little story of German life called *Six Weeks at Heppenheim*. It is really a description of life in a small village in the vineyard country along the Rhine, the Halber Mond, where she lays her scene, being the chief hotel of the village. But the description is made the vehicle for a delightful love story, which is wholly free from the tragedy present in so many of her short works.

This sketch and a preface to an edition of Vecchj's *Garibaldi at Caprera* completed Mrs. Gaskell's published output for 1862. Accompanied by her daughter Margaret Emily and by Isabel Thompson, she went to France in February and remained until May. At first she visited Madame Mohl in Paris; but she spent most of the time in touring Normandy and Brittany. A rather full journal of the trip was published in 1864 in the April, May, and June numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*, the title of the article

being *French Life*. Early in May they left to return to London for the great Exhibition. They saw this and visited Thackeray; then they returned home. Upon reaching Manchester, Mrs. Gaskell found the cotton famine in progress, the workingmen starving, and their families destitute. Characteristically she volunteered to help alleviate the suffering, and in the weeks that followed gave her time and money unstintedly to the work of relief. As a result of her exertions her health broke down, and she was forced to go to Eastbourne for a rest.

In February, 1863, Mrs. Gaskell and her youngest daughter went to Paris and spent some weeks with Madame Mohl. They were then joined by the next two older daughters, and went again to Rome, going by Avignon, Marseilles, and then by sea to Civita Vecchia. The journey through France was made leisurely, giving the girls time to sketch places of interest, while Mrs. Gaskell made friends with the servants and pumped them for stories. In Rome Mrs. Gaskell met Swinburne, who afterwards spoke of her in warm terms.

In the summer they returned to Manchester and began preparations for the marriage of Mrs. Gaskell's third daughter, Florence Elizabeth, to Charles Crompton, a member of a prominent family and himself a Queen's Counsel. The wedding took place on September 8 at Upper Brook Street Chapel, Manchester, not far from the Gaskell home in Plymouth Grove. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father. This was the only daughter of Mrs. Gaskell who married in her lifetime.

The year 1863 was more prolific of short works than the previous ones had been. Mrs. Gaskell was ready early in the year to send *Sylvia's Lovers* to the publishers. Having this novel completed, she was again at leisure to turn her attention to short fiction, and during the year she published a long work of fiction, an essay, and three short stories.

A Dark Night's Work ran in *All the Year Round* from January 24 to March 21. The story is not well constructed. The main theme

has many dramatic possibilities, but long lapses of time spoil their effects. Parts of the story are uneven, and it is too long. Ellinor, the heroine, towards the end is far from natural. The happy ending comes too suddenly out of what is, up to the last few lines, sheer tragedy. But although the technique is very poor, the characterization, as everywhere else in Mrs. Gaskell's work, is excellent. Old Dixon, the servant, deserves to stand with the best of her long list of finely delineated servants. The story, however, is far from Mrs. Gaskell's best.

In All the Year Round for March 21, 1863, was a paper on the doings of the Camorra in Italy. The Camorra was a society of robbers which at one time operated in conjunction with the Government.

The Cage at Cranford, which was published in *All the Year Round*, for November 28, 1863, is an attempt to revive interest in Cranford. But though Mrs. Gaskell's vein of humor is as rich as ever, and the Cranford here illustrated is not inferior to the Cranford of the earlier days, the piece seems to lack the spitit that made the earlier sketches real literature, and few would care now to include it in the volume with the rest of the articles about the village.

In *The Cornhill Magazine* from November, 1863, to February, 1864, appeared *Cousin Phillis*, the best short story Mrs. Gaskell ever wrote. It is too full of youth to be a tragedy, yet the chief situation is deeply tragic, though of a kind which one finds in life about him every day of the year. It is an exquisite gem of fiction, set against a background of rural beauty and simplicity, and the whole wrought so skilfully that background seems a part of action. The scene of *Cousin Phillis* is Heathbridge, the original of which is Sandlebridge, near Knutsford. In Ebenezer Holman there is a reminiscence of William Stevenson. The atmosphere is of the quiet Cheshire countryside, and in the story Mrs. Gaskell goes back to the scenes of her childhood and sketches with loving hand the place and the people. The back-

ground is of the texture of fine old lace and has all the qualities of some precious bit of old china. Few short stories in the language rival it as a work of art.

Crowley Castle, written for the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, is another of Mrs. Gaskell's "weird" stories. There is nothing remarkable about it except that it was written by the same hand that wrote *Cousin Phillis*. The only plausible explanation for such mediocrity appearing contemporaneously with a story bearing such marks of genius is that Mrs. Gaskell had heard the story of *Crowley Castle*, at least in part, and wrote it as she heard it, whereas in *Cousin Phillis* she looked within her own heart and wrote.

Mrs. Gaskell's last contribution of a short work to a periodical was the article entitled *French Life*, which has already been mentioned. It was really part of a diary kept by Mrs. Gaskell during her visits to France in 1862 and 1863, and was published in *Fraser's* from April to June, 1864. It gave intimate pictures of the more domestic side of French life, with descriptions of many interesting scenes.

With the beginning of 1864 Mrs. Gaskell began to plan a novel in response to a very flattering offer she had received from George Smith, who wanted it for *The Cornhill*. The result of this offer was *Wives and Daughters*, the first part of which she had ready for publication by the middle of the year.

CHAPTER XI

SYLVIA'S LOVERS

When Mrs. Gaskell published *Sylvia's Lovers* it had been eight years since she had published a long work of fiction. Between the publication of *North and South* and this novel she wrote *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* and a few short tales, but on the whole her pen yielded in those years but a meager harvest. She began gathering material for *Sylvia' Lovers* in 1859. She wrote the novel slowly, as she felt inclined, and did not have it ready for publication until 1863. It was published in that year in three volumes by Smith, Elder & Company.

Mrs. Gaskell dedicated *Sylvia's Lovers* to Mr. Gaskell in these words: "This book is dedicated to my dear husband by her who best knows his value." It was her only book bearing a dedicatory inscription. On the title-page, written doubtless after the last lines of the novel were set down, was a quotation from *In Memoriam*:

> Oh for thy voice to soothe and bless!
> What hope of answer, or redress?
> Behind the veil! Behind the veil!

There are several evidences that a period of some time elapsed between the writing of the introductory chapter and the composition of the other chapters of the book. When Kinraid, one of the chief characters, is mentioned in the second chapter, his name is spelled Charlie; when he is introduced again in the sixth chapter it is spelled Charley, a spelling retained throughout the story. In the second chapter the month in which the story opened is mentioned as October; seventy-five pages further on, after several things have happened, but all within a few days after the opening action, the time is given as September. The year in

which the story opened is given in the second chapter as 1796, a date at variance with later dates in the novel, for when in the thirty-second chapter she gives the date of Sylvia's meeting with Kinraid as 1798, she has carefully marked out a period of action covering at least three and half years from the time of their first meeting, which she gave before as October, 1796. Then the change in Molly Corney's ways and actions between the introductory chapters and the latter part of the story indicates that her character was not developed as the author originally intended. The conclusion from this is that Mrs. Gaskell laid aside the manuscript after writing the first few chapters and upon continuing did not revise the early sheets.

If it were not for Mrs. Gaskell's statement in the preface to *Mary Barton* that the story she started before she began her first novel was of a time "more than a century before," that is, of the middle instead of the end of the eighteenth century, it would be a tempting conjecture to say that the opening chapters of *Sylvia's Lovers* were the result of that first attempt at novel writing. To substantiate such a hypothesis, there would be the dedication to her husband, for it was at his suggestion that she began to write; and what more natural than that she should have dedicated to him the endeavor that resulted first from his suggestion? Another indication that the beginning was made somewhat early in her career as a writer, is a matter to which Sir Adolphus Ward called attention in the introduction to this novel in the Knutsford Edition, that some suggestions concerning the press-gangs and their acts came from Crabbe's "Ruth" in *Tales of the Hall*. In her earlier works there are several indications of indebtedness to Crabbe, but there are none in the later works.

But though these conjectures are tempting, they have no discovered grounds in fact. The first that we actually know of her interest in the story as it has come to us is that she spent part of the summer of 1859 in Whitby, and while there gathered some material for the proposed novel. The stories of press-gang activi-

ties are still material for many an old wife's tale. Mrs. Gaskell, who never missed an opportunity to hear a good story, must have listened frequently to these. Whether she went to Whitby to gather material for the novel, or whether once being there and hearing the stories she saw for the first time the possibilities in them, her daughters when asked could not tell. The answer is possibly contingent on the conjecture already hazarded that she had written the beginning of *Sylvia's Lovers* some time before. Whatever may be true of the beginning, however, it is clear that her first real interest was aroused soon after her arrival at Whitby, for she was soon interviewing all the old residents, going minutely over the ground, and searching for data connected with the press-gangs. Then she began to consult authorities, both at Whitby and elsewhere, and finally investigated the literature on the subject at the British Museum.

The result of this investigation was that she got upon the track of a particular episode in the press-gang riots that gave material for the part of *Sylvia's Lovers* connected with the trial and execution of Sylvia's father. John Corney, a resident of Whitby, first told her of this material. He had talked with an old man, in his eighty-fourth year at the time, who remembered the circumstances well and was able to give the names of the rioters who were arrested. With this information, Mrs. Gaskell sought the records at the Admiralty, and there obtained a copy of the following letter, addressed by Lieutenant Atkinson, R. N., Keeper of the Whitby Rendezvous at the time the events occurred, to Philip Stephens, Esq., probably an official above him:

Please acquaint my Lords Commissionaires of the Admiralty that on Saturday the 23rd instant at half past seven o'clock my rendez-vous was attacked by a mob, in number as far as I could judge about a thousand (Men and Women). The women supplied the men with large stones and bricks; the windows of the house was instantly demolished, but the resistance of the Gang kept them out till nine, when with Capston bars they broke the door to pieces and rushed in, as many as the House and yard could

contain; they turned the Gang out, and treated them in the most savage and cruel manner, some of them nearly murdered; the furniture of the House destroyed and carried off, the landlord almost killed, and the actions of this banditti was of the most horrid nature. We received no military aid: that on Captains Shortland, Lieutenant Okes, and myself waiting on Lord Darlington was informed by his Lordship that he could not act without a magistrate; and am sorry to say the Magistrates have paid very little attention to the duty on which we are employed; but, to do justice to Major Yeoman, I must add that he has not been able from extreme illness to render us his services. On Sunday I collected the major part of my gang and brought them to the rendez-vous in order to get their wounds drest, and taken care of in the best manner I could; at 9 o'clock at night another Mob assembled in order to pull down the house; they entered, drove the gang out, and repeated their cruelties; destroyed the few things which the well disposed neighbours had lent us. At this time Lord Darlington with about 200 of his men and Mr. Moorsome, a Magistrate, came to our assistance, and the rioters immediately dispersed, by which means the House was saved, but much damaged. The ringleaders are the protected men in the Greenland Ships, and the Carpenters. I beg to mention for their Lordships' consideration, that Captain Shortland on Saturday afternoon the day of the riot, supplied me with twenty guineas for the use of the Service, eighteen of which I deposited in the bureau in my lodging-room, a sum too much to carry about me, which was taken away with my cloaths and papers: and as it will be very inconvenient for me to sustain the loss, I humbly hope upon this extraordinary occasion their lordships will be pleased to allow me the sum unavoidably lost. I have the honor to be Sir, your most obed't humble servant, W. H. Atkinson. Rendezvous at Whitby, Feb'ry 26th 1793.—Knutsford Edition, pp. xxiii–xxiv.

In addition to the letter, Mrs. Gaskell obtained copies of the following entries:

Copied from Calendar of Felons and Malefactors to be tried at the Assizes holden at York on the 18th day of March, 1793.

William Atkinson, Hannah Hobson, John Harrison late of the parish of Whitby in the North Riding committed February 26th,

1793, charged on subpœna of a Felony in having with divers other persons then unknown, on Sat. 23d of the same month about nine o'clock at night riotously assembled themselves together against the peace of our Lord the King, and with force and arms, unlawfully begun to pull down and demolish the dwelling House of John Cooper of Whitby aforesaid Shoe Maker.

General Gaol Delivery.

William Atkinson, hanged 13th April, 1793.

Hannah Hobson, respited.

John Harrison, Not Guilty.—Knutsford Edition, p. xxiv.

Among other authorities, Mrs. Gaskell interviewed Sir Charles Napier, formerly in command of the Channel Fleet. To secure exactness in her historical information, she consulted General Perronet Thompson, for some years member of Parliament for Hull, and an authority upon Yorkshire matters. He showed a great deal of interest in the novel, and besides giving information about the press-gang troubles and the historical data, offered several suggestions regarding her use of the Yorkshire dialect.

So carefully did Mrs. Gaskell go about securing information upon which to build her story that no error has been detected in her data concerning historical and naval events. A letter from her to her publisher, asking for a change in the second edition, indicates that a lawyer had found one mistake in the legal procedure:

There is only thing I should like to alter. Some one—Judge Coleridge—as far as I can make out, from arms, &c., and from Judge Crompton's testimony as to the hand-writing—sent me an anonymous letter "from an old lawyer," saying I had made a mistake in old Daniel's trial, in representing the counsel for the *defence* as making a *speech* for the prisoner. Whereas, at that time, they were not allowed to do so; only to watch the case and examine witnesses.—Knutsford Edition, pp. xxvi–xxvii.

Sylvia's Lovers is the only one of Mrs. Gaskell's novels in which she went outside her own surroundings for material. In *Mary*

Barton and *North and South* she laid her scenes at Manchester; in *Cranford* and *Wives and Daughters* her setting was Knutsford; *Ruth* was a mosaic of Manchester, Knutsford, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Festiniog. The original of Monkshaven, the scene of *Sylvia's Lovers*, is Whitby, on the northeast coast of Yorkshire. Whitby had no manufacturing enterprises; all its interests at the time of the novel were bound up in whaling enterprises and sea affairs. The time of action was between 1793 and 1800.

Mrs. Gaskell displayed better technique in *Sylvia's Lovers* than in any of her former novels. There are a few loose threads, but on the whole the execution is excellent. From the beginning the reader's interest is aroused in the press-gang and its activities. This forms almost all the machinery whereby the story moves, and it is never lost sight of. She leads up to the climax—the moment when Philip hears the men discussing Kinraid and folds the letter to Robson without telling of Kinraid's capture—with masterful skill and with no turning aside from the direct action. Then comes the working out of the story: the marriage of Philip and Sylvia, wherein their feelings are set forth with a marked deftness of touch; the great scene in which Kinraid and Sylvia at last meet; and, better even than these, the slow change in Sylvia's feelings for Philip, until at last she goes to him in his dying moments and begs his forgiveness. The book is manifestly meant as a tragedy from the first. Not only are there frequent allusions which indicate this, but the very characters themselves lend an effect of tragedy to the story. Philip is unlovable, a pedant, incapable of understanding the fierce extremes which are characteristic of Sylvia Robson. Old Daniel Robson, the one really humorous figure in the novel, is got rid of long before the end so that no touch of comedy may lighten the mood of the last chapters. Charley Kinraid, around whose reappearance a stirring chapter of tragic action is built, is far too happy a figure to have any large place in the last chapters. He moves outside the action, and before the end leaves the narrative altogether,

marrying a lovely lady with a fortune, which not only gets him out of the story but fully gives his character. He is the cause of all Philip's unhappiness; yet he cares so little for Sylvia that he marries within a few months after learning that he can not have her.

There are a few obvious faults but they are minor. When Coulson and Alice Rose are introduced, almost a chapter is devoted to itemizing Alice's will. The will is never mentioned again, and at the end of the story she is still living. It is true, Mrs. Gaskell in this chapter imparts some information about Hester's love for Philip, but so long an excursion is not necessary for that. If the chapter is merely one of characterization, it is out of proportion, for Coulson and Alice are both minor characters, who have little influence on the narrative. Then William's love for Hester is made much of at first, but it dwindles in importance till in a sentence Mrs. Gaskell dismisses the affair by saying that before the year was over William married some one else who made him a good wife. Mrs. Gaskell clearly started out with too many threads, and to keep her story within bounds she had to clip out some of them; and one was William's and Hester's love affair. Some critics have deplored the death of Daniel Robson as unnecessary; but they have hardly analyzed his place in the story. This was one of the things upon which Mrs. Gaskell built the entire novel. In point of technique, she makes excellent use of it, for only after Philip's kind help during this great trouble will Sylvia consider him as a husband. Had her father lived, her thoughts would not have been turned away from Kinraid sufficiently to let her feel deeply Philip's devotion. Kinraid's marriage near the end of the story at first seems to make the plot weaker; but Mrs. Gaskell was too true an analyst of character to make the merry, happy Kinraid continue true to one woman after he knew that he could not win her. While he was in northern seas where there were no women, and while he was in enforced service in the Navy, with the memory of the lovely girl

of eighteen with him, he could remain true; he could even plead with her to leave with him when he found her married to Philip—his wounded vanity would lead him to try to take her away from the man who had played him false;—but when he found her unwilling to leave everything for him and had thought over the matter a night, he was not the person to pine away or waste more time thinking about her.

In the portrayal and development of character, Mrs. Gaskell had also made progress. This was always her greatest ability, her earliest novels being much greater in characterization than in technique of plot; but in *Sylvia's Lovers* she was able to improve on her early novels. She drew old Daniel Robson with flawless skill. Not a single sentence about him or a sentence which he speaks himself but adds to the picture which she wishes to present. A sailor, smuggler, horse-dealer, farmer by turns; a thoughtless, ignorant old man with a high opinion of himself and his own powers of leadership and observation, but managed quietly by Sylvia nevertheless, he is one of the most lovable figures in all her novels. Nor is old Kester—Christopher, as his sister persists against all the world in calling him—a whit behind Daniel in the perfection with which he is portrayed. One of the most effective touches in the novel is the story of how Kester set out after his day's work with three halfpence in his pocket to walk all night to York to wish Daniel Robson his last farewell, just before the latter's execution. Drawn likewise with felicitous skill are the Quaker brothers, John and Jeremiah Foster. Mrs. Gaskell was not far from her best in the scene in which the Fosters call Philip and William in to offer them the business from which they themselves wish to retire. They were kindly and had the faculty of being sincere friends; but they could also be shrewd in business when necessity demanded, as was shown when they dispatched Philip to London to look after their interests. Hester Rose, living her quietly tragic life, makes as heroic a figure as one might well conceive; yet she is human.

Mrs. Gaskell deferred enough to Victorian tastes to keep Hester from loving Philip after he married Sylvia, but she did not go so far as to make her love Sylvia with passionate ardor. And in this attitude she is probably far more right than if she had made Hester into a bitter enemy of the unconscious Sylvia.

But above all the characters already mentioned stand Philip Hepburn and Sylvia Robson. It is their story which the author is telling, and it is upon them that she constantly focuses attention. The changes in Sylvia and the growth in her character are perfectly marked. Every action, every change is accounted for—her affection for Kinraid and her antipathy for Philip; the new feeling when she believes Kinraid dead and after her father is executed; her attitude towards Philip during this period of passivity, and the change again when her old, restless self returns; then the coming of Kinraid, the scene with him, her attitude after his departure; and her gradual change of feeling towards Philip after he leaves her until he returns to die in her arms. But Philip is after all the outstanding figure in the novel. For a woman to create such masculine characters as these in *Sylvia's Lovers* is enough to stamp her as out of the ordinary. Philip is not lovable—sometimes he is despicable; yet at the end one shares with Sylvia a feeling of regard for him as he lies amid the wreck of his shattered and broken life, dying but forgiven, and utters as beautiful a piece of unconscious plagiarism as one could find:

"Child, . . . I ha' made thee my idol; and, if I could live my life o'er again, I would love my God more, and thee less; and then I shouldn' ha' sinned this sin against thee."—Knutsford Edition, p. 523.

None of Mrs. Gaskell's characters are dismissed as mere puppets. Mr. Corney, Molly's father, enters the story for only a few moments and has no part in the action; yet he is as perfectly described as if pages had been spent in telling about him. Other

instances of this same power are William Darley, the watchmaker, Warden Pennington, of St. Sepulchre, and Harry Donkin, the tailor.

In *Sylvia's Lovers* Mrs. Gaskell wrote the story more for its own sake than she commonly did in her longer works. Occasionally she introduced religious and ethical principles into the story, but these were rare, and were introduced casually. In *Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, and *North and South*, great social or ethical problems lay at the heart of the story; but in *Sylvia' Lovers* the interest in Sylvia and her love affairs transcends all other interests. Yet she never entirely emancipated herself from the idea that a story must be told for other reasons than the mere telling, and in Philip's concealment of the news of Kinraid's capture, his subordination of what his confidence told him he ought to do to his love for Sylvia and his desire of her, and the final outcome of his withholding this information, she preached a doctrine weak only in comparison with Ibsen's treatment of such questions in *Ghosts* and *The Doll's House*. In *North and South* Margaret actually told a lie, and for that she suffered considerably; in *Ruth* it was a lie that brought much of the suffering to Ruth near the end of the novel; here Philip merely withholds the truth, yet he suffers more perhaps than any of the rest. Two passages, the first concerning a prayer made by Philip when he thought Kinraid was leaving Sylvia and the second concerning Philip as he lay dying, will do better than any critical comment to exemplify Mrs. Gaskell's religious views as expressed in the novel:

> So this night his prayers were more than the mere form that they had been the night before; they were a vehement expression of gratitude to God for having, as it were, interfered on his behalf, to grant him the desire of his eyes and the lust of his heart. He was like too many of us: he did not place his future life in the hands of God, and only ask for grace to do His will in whatever circumstances might arise; but he yearned in that terrible way after a blessing which, when granted under such circumstances,

too often turns out to be equivalent to a curse. And that spirit brings with it the natural and earthly idea that all events that favour our wishes are answers to our prayer; and so they are in one sense; but they need prayer in a deeper and higher spirit to keep us from the temptation to evil which such events invariably bring with them.—Knutsford Edition, p. 187.

It seemed but yesterday since he was a little boy at his mother's knee, wishing with all the earnestness of his childish heart to be like Abraham, who was called "the friend of God," or David, who was said to be "the man after God's own heart," or St. John who was called "the Beloved." As very present seemed the day on which he made resolutions of trying to be like them; it was in the spring, and some one had brought in cowslips: and the scent of those flowers was in his nostrils now, as he lay a-dying—his life ended, his battles fought, his time for "being good" over and gone—the opportunity, once given in all eternity, past.

All the temptations that had beset him rose clearly before him; the scenes themselves stood up in their solid materialism—he could have touched the places, the people; the thoughts, the arguments that Satan had urged in behalf of sin, were reproduced with the vividness of a present time. And he knew that the thoughts were illusions, the arguments false and hollow; for in that hour came the perfect vision of the perfect truth: he saw the "way to escape" which had come along with the temptation; now, the strong resolve of an ardent boyhood, with all a life before it to show the world "what a Christian might be"; and then, the swift, terrible Now, when his naked, guilty soul shrank into the shadow of God's mercy-seat, out of the blaze of His anger against all those who act a lie. . . .

"God bless and comfort my darling," he said to himself. "She knows me now. All will be right in heaven—in the light of God's mercy."

And then he tried to remember all that he had ever read about God, and all that the blessed Christ—that bringeth glad tidings of great joy unto all people, had said of the Father, from whom He came. Those sayings dropped like balm down upon his troubled heart and brain. He remembered his mother, and how she had loved him; and he was going to a love wiser, tenderer, deeper than hers.

As he thought this, he moved his hands as if to pray; but Sylvia clenched her hold, and he lay still, praying all the same for her, for his child, and for himself. Then he saw the sky redden with the first flush of dawn; he heard Kester's long-drawn sigh of weariness outside the open door.—Knutsford Edition, pp. 526 f.

Mrs. Gaskell's descriptions of places were done with much skill. When Du Maurier was asked to illustrate an edition of her novel, he talked the matter over with a brother of Charles Keene. This brother had in the previous year done some drawings at Whitby, which he now offered to Du Maurier. The latter was so much pleased with their resemblance to what he was asked to describe that he went to Whitby to make the drawings for the book; only later did he learn that Whitby was the original of Monkshaven. The old cross that Mrs. Gaskell mentioned several times in the novel was the Cross of Cædmon, who lived in the Abbey of St. Hilda upon the site of Whitby. The original of St. Sepulchre was Henry de Blois's foundation of St. Cross near Winchester. Of the characters, Daniel Robson represents William Atkinson, whose story was told in the court records, but whose character as Mrs. Gaskell represents him is entirely imaginary; the originals of the Foster brothers were George and Jonathan Sanders, Quaker brothers, who owned the big store facing the old market hall at Whitby. The rest of her characters were the products of her own brain. Several names in the story are Whitby names, but those bearing these names whom Mrs. Gaskell knew were altogether different characters from those in the novel having their names.

There is less humor in this novel than one would expect from Mrs. Gaskell's later, happier mood. Daniel Robson is a comic figure, but Kester, the fine old farm servant, is too closely knit up with the tragedy in Sylvia's life to take a wholly comic part. The function of Molly Corney is chiefly to furnish comic relief, as is likewise her husband. As the story progresses, however,

these figures give way. No more do old Daniel's stories of riding on the backs of whales in icy northern seas break into the action; no longer is there time to describe New Year's parties. All of these have to be left out to make place for the tragedy which begins with the failure of Philip to give Kinraid's message to Sylvia. Sylvia's passive acceptance of the death of her lover, the execution of her kindly, lovable old father, the knowledge of something missed in Philip's life as he realizes that Sylvia does not love him as he loves her, her own wild, untamed soul bending to the amenities of the everyday life amid which she exists, the coming of Kinraid and the unforgetable scene between him and Sylvia, Bell Robson with her once strong mind deranged acting now like a little child, and Hester, her own hopes gone, looking on and seeing Philip lonely and unhappy —all these are fit harmonies for the final tragic scenes when Philip runs away from it all, enters the Army, and comes back shattered in body and hopeless of soul to die just as reconciliation between himself and his wife, who never before knew his worth, is effected.

There are not too many death scenes in this novel. Daniel Robson is executed, and Bell Robson dies, which was the kindest thing that could have happened to her; then comes the death of Philip himself. The latter does not seem necessary; yet to have him live on would have detracted from the tragedy of a perfectly constructed piece, and as Charles Lamb said of the death of King Lear, why have all the trouble about preparing us for the end if Philip is going to live happily again with Sylvia? There was happiness for a brief hour; let that suffice. If Philip had lived, might not Sylvia have continued to remember deep within herself that had Philip done his duty she might have been the happy wife of Charles Kinraid? Mrs. Gaskell displayed greater technique in ending her story as a tragedy with no distracting ray of sunshine athwart the gray evening as the end comes.

SYLVIA'S LOVERS

The critics as a whole have expended their finest praise upon others of her works, and have generally dismissed *Sylvia's Lovers* with a few short sentences. But here and there, especially within recent years, some have been more favorably disposed. The truthfulness of detail, the reality of the descriptions, the fine characterizations, the almost flawless skill in technique could not always be overlooked, and through the stark tragedy of the story these things have made way and have recommended it as very close to her best. A writer in *The Literary World* for July 1, 1882, declared it to be Mrs. Gaskell's greatest work, and told how he found a certain undemonstrative Englishman sobbing over the ending. Recently more and more of those who have given the story close study have praised it. Oliver Elton said that it gave the best measure of her powers at full stretch; H. D. Traill in his *Social England* calls it one of the most powerful and moving stories in the whole literature of English fiction; Du Maurier liked it so well that he named his daughter for the heroine; and others increasingly with the passing of the years have testified to its artistic power and perfection.

When Mrs. Gaskell published *Sylvia's Lovers* she was fifty-three years old. Although her end was but two years off, she was still to do some of her best work. Even thus early, she seems to have been aware of the proximity of death, for she more than once in these last years hinted to her friends of such a feeling. Her quiet life, full of love, full of happiness, marked only here and there by sorrow such as is common to all, but wholly free from the storms that swept over the life of Charlotte Brontë, furnished little material for this novel. She went outside herself for the experiences narrated in it; yet she vivified these experiences through the medium of her own imagination so as to make it one of the great historical novels of the period. And permeating and filling up all the piece is her woman's pity—and at the end of it all, when the tale of earthly existence is told for Philip and Sylvia, and the tragedy of their broken and shattered lives is

ended, she turns the attention of her readers to greater heights still by leaving with them Tennyson's question:

> What hope of answer, or redress?
> Behind the veil! Behind the veil!

The novel, however, speaks for her that in her own mind was implicit trust that "behind the veil" all the crooked and wrong and tragic things will right themselves.

When she was selecting a title for her story she considered *Too Late*, *The Specksioner*, *Philip's Idol*, and *Monkshaven*; then in a happy moment she came upon the one she kept, which was best of all, since it contained the name of her heroine, suggested the theme about which the story was written, and included all those who carefully, thoughtfully, and appreciatively read the story.

CHAPTER XII

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS

As early as 1860 Mrs. Gaskell had begun to write for *The Cornhill*, and by 1864 she had contributed three short works: *Curious if True*, a fairy story; *Six Weeks at Heppenheim*, an idyl of German life; and *Cousin Phillis*, an English idyl. Mr. Smith now became anxious to widen the popularity of the magazine, and to do this he inaugurated a custom of paying his contributors twice what other magazines were accustomed to pay, thereby insuring the best contributions for his periodical. Finally he offered Mrs. Gaskell two thousand pounds for a seven years' copyright of a novel. Mrs. Gaskell, who had written *North and South* as a serial, had been very unhappy in such writing and had resolved not to write again for serial publication. Here, however, was a different matter. *Household Words*, in which *North and South* appeared, was a weekly and there was greater need therefore for haste; besides, its pages were crowded, and many changes had to be made in the instalments to fit them to the space available. *The Cornhill*, on the other hand, was a monthly, the instalments could be longer, and there would be no need to rush the work or make changes in the manuscript. Besides, Mrs. Gaskell, who had visited frequently at the home of Mr. Smith, in Hampstead, had fallen in love with southern England, and desired to have a home away from the rigors of Manchester winters. So large a sum for a novel would enable her to buy a home in the South. Owing to these considerations, therefore, she accepted Mr. Smith's offer and wrote for him *Wives and Daughters*.

She began writing the novel in the summer of 1864, and it began to appear in *The Cornhill* in the August number for that year. The

last instalment, which on account of her death lacked a chapter or two of reaching the end, appeared in the issue for January, 1866. The same year it was published in book form in two volumes by Smith, Elder & Company, the edition being illustrated with eighteen drawings by Du Maurier.

From conversations which Mrs. Gaskell had had with her daughters concerning how she meant to finish the story, Frederick Greenwood, at the time editor of *The Cornhill*, was able to give a summary of the last scenes as she had planned them. His notes were published with the novel, and have concluded all subsequent editions.

Among other titles considered for the story before *Wives and Daughters* was chosen were *The Two Mothers, Molly and Cynthia*, and *Mr. Gibson's Daughters*. To all these, however, was appended the subtitle, *An Every-Day Story*, and this more accurately describes the novel than does the main title. It is the story of everyday people in a small town—Knutsford again—and their everyday doings, but told with such skill that it becomes a typical history of English village life in early Victorian days.

The novel depends for interest chiefly upon characterization and technique, for the plot is simple, almost devoid of thrilling episodes. Yet interest in the story never wavers, for by virtue of her power in detailing ordinary happenings, Mrs. Gaskell sustains the interest throughout.

The scene of the story is Hollingford; though it is hardly as quaint as Cranford, it gains by being more literally true to life. Many of the characters markedly resemble those in *Cranford*, for instance the Miss Brownings, who are much like Deborah and Matty Jenkyns,—as the following conversation will indicate to any who have read *Cranford*:

"Oh, sister! do you think it really is my duty to tell you? it would be such a comfort; but then I thought I ought not; it will distress you so."

"Nonsense. I am so well prepared for misfortune by the frequent contemplation of its possibility, that I believe I can receive any ill news with apparent equanimity and real resignation. Besides, when you said yesterday at breakfast-time that you meant to give up the day to making your drawers tidy, I was aware that some misfortune was impending, though of course I could not judge of its magnitude. Is the Highchester Bank broken?"

"Oh no, sister!" said Miss Phœbe, moving to a seat close to her sister's on the sofa. "Have you really been thinking that? I wish I had told you what I heard at the very first, if you've been fancying that!"

"Take warning, Phœbe, and learn to have no concealments from me. I did think we must be ruined, from your ways of going on: eating no meat at dinner, and sighing continually. And now what is it?"

"I hardly know how to tell you, Dorothy. I really don't."

Miss Phœbe began to cry; Miss Browning took hold of her arm, and gave her a little sharp shake.

"Cry as much as you like, when you've told me; but don't cry now, child, when you're keeping me on the tenter-hooks."

"Molly Gibson has lost her character, sister. That's it."

"Molly Gibson has done no such thing," said Miss Browning indignantly. "How dare you repeat such stories about poor Mary's child? Never let me hear you say such things again."

"I can't help it: Mrs. Dawes told me; and she says it's all over the town. I told her I did not believe a word of it. And I kept it from you; and I think I should have been really ill, if I'd kept it to myself any longer. Oh, sister! what are you going to do?"

For Miss Browning had risen without speaking a word, and was leaving the room in a stately and determined fashion.

"I'm going to put on my bonnet and things, and then I shall call upon Mrs. Dawes, and confront her with her lies."

"Oh, don't call them 'lies,' sister; it's such a strong, ugly word. Please call them tarradiddles, for I don't believe she meant any harm. Besides—besides—if they should turn out to be truth? Really, sister, that's the weight on my mind; so many things sounded as if they might be true."

"What things?" said Miss Browning, still standing with judicial erectness of position in the middle of the floor.

"Why—one story was that Molly had given him a letter."

"Who's him? How am I to understand a story told in that silly way?" Miss Browning sat down on the nearest chair, and made up her mind to be patient if she could.

"Him is Mr. Preston. And that must be true; because I missed her from my side, when I wanted to ask her if she thought blue would look green by candlelight, as the young man said it would; and she had run across the street, and Mrs. Goodenough was just going into the shop, just as she said she was."

Miss Browning's distress was overcoming her anger; so she only said, "Phœbe, I think you'll drive me mad. Do tell me what you heard from Mrs. Dawes, in a sensible and coherent manner, for once in your life."

"I'm sure I'm trying with all my might to tell you everything just as it happened."

"What did you hear from Mrs. Dawes?"

"Why, that Molly and Mr. Preston were keeping company just as if she was a maid-servant and he was a gardener: meeting at all sorts of improper times and places, and fainting away in his arms, and out at night together, and writing to each other, and slipping their letters into each other's hands; and that was what I was talking about, sister, for I next door to saw that done once. I saw her with my own eyes run across the street to Grinstead's, where he was, for we had just left him there; with a letter in her hand, too, which was not there when she came back, all fluttered and blushing. But I never thought anything of it at the time; but now all the town is talking about it, and crying shame, and saying they ought to be married." Miss Phœbe sank into sobbing again; but was suddenly roused by a good box on her ear. Miss Browning was standing over her almost trembling with passion.

"Phœbe, if ever I hear you say such things again, I'll turn you out of the house that minute."

"I only said what Mrs. Dawes said, and you asked me what it was," replied Miss Phœbe, humbly and meekly. "Dorothy, you should not have done that."—Knutsford Edition, pp. 591 ff.

Except for the chief figure in *My Lady Ludlow*, *Wives and Daughters* is the only novel in which Mrs. Gaskell goes to the aristocracy for any of her characters. The originals of Lord and Lady Cumnor were Lord and Lady Egerton, who lived at Tatton

Park, near Knutsford, when Mrs. Gaskell lived there. Beatrix L. Tollemache, granddaughter of Lady Egerton, said[1] that her mother regarded the beginning of *Wives and Daughters* as an exact description of the garden parties given at Tatton Park to the teachers of the school in the village.

In *Mary Barton*, Mrs. Gaskell mentioned a young girl whose name was Molly Gibson. She was a clerk in a store, and Mrs. Wilson told Mary that Jem might marry her. That Molly Gibson of course resembled in no way the heroine of this novel, the fact being mentioned only as an interesting coincidence. Molly is one of the most lovable of Mrs. Gaskell's heroines. It was her nature to be truthful, and her lovableness and kindliness were as much a part of her as the curling black hair which Mrs. Gibson always deprecated when she wished to show displeasure towards Molly. But Molly was no more truthful than her father, for it was from him that she acquired her manner of thinking and acting. He is, indeed, much more the hero of the novel than is Roger Hamley, the nominal hero. In none of her works did Mrs. Gaskell create a better male character, or one whom the reader more sincerely likes. One feels deep sympathy for Jem Wilson and for John Barton; one likes the kindness and nobleness of Thurstan Benson; one admires some of the qualities in John Thornton; one at first despises Philip Hepburn, then pities him, but leaves Sylvia severely alone in her love for Charley Kinraid; but one wants to meet Robert Gibson and know him, and have him for a friend. Roger Hamley, who was said to have been modeled after Charles Darwin, is wholly masculine but thoroughly lovable too. Mrs. Gaskell made him human when she had him fall in love first with the bewitching Cynthia, and then, upon being jilted by her, come to appreciate and finally to love Molly.

It was not with Molly or her father or Roger Hamley, however, that Mrs. Gaskell chiefly displayed her exceptional ability as a

[1] *Temple Bar* CV. 536–9.

portrayer of character. For these she needed a warm appreciation of what was noble and good and the ability to depict noble characters and yet keep them human—not an easy thing, it is true, but not the hardest either. It was in portraying Clare and Cynthia that her finest talent was revealed. There is hardly another woman writer of the Victorian period who could have created the character of Hyacinth Clare, could have so fully related her failings and shown her character, and yet have maintained towards her such a kindly attitude that the reader is inclined more to pity than to censure her. Clare's nature was to be evasive, to avoid under any circumstances saying a thing directly. Her untruthfulness is indicated with the deftest of touches in a conversation between her and Lady Harriet. The latter had told those at The Towers that she had to go to town on important business and had instead gone to Mr. Gibson's for a rest, She was asking Clare if it was wrong to lie about why she left home. In her strongest manner Clare denounced lying for any reason whatsoever, but immediately excused Lady Harriet by saying she probably meant to have important business in town, and if she had not, it was the fault of the tiresome people who drove her into such straits. Mrs. Gaskell goes on:

Lady Harriet was silent for a minute or two; then she said—"Tell me, Clare; you've told lies sometimes, haven't you?"

"Lady Harriet! I think you might have known me better; but I know you don't mean it, dear."

"Yes, I do. You must have told white lies, at any rate. How did you feel after them?"

"I should have been miserable, if I ever had. I should have died of self-reproach. 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' has always seemed to me such a fine passage. But then I have so much that is unbending in my nature, and in our sphere of life there are so few temptations; if we are humble we are also simple, and unshackled by etiquette."

"Then you blame me very much? If somebody else will blame me, I shan't be so unhappy at what I said this morning."

"I am sure I never blamed you; not in my innermost heart, dear Lady Harriet. Blame you, indeed! That would be presumption in me."

"I think I shall set up a confessor! and it shan't be you, Clare, for you have always been only too indulgent to me."

After a pause she said—"Can you give me some lunch, Clare? I don't mean to go home till three. My 'business' will take me till then, as the people at the Towers are duly informed."

"Certainly, I shall be delighted! but you know we are very simple in our habits."

"Oh, I only want a little bread-and-butter, and perhaps a slice of cold meat—you must not give yourself any trouble, Clare—perhaps you dine now? let me sit down just like one of your family."

"Yes, you shall; I won't make any alteration;—it will be so pleasant to have you sharing our family-meal, dear Lady Harriet. But we dine late; we only lunch now. How low the fire is getting; I really am forgetting everything in the pleasure of this *tête-à-tête*!"

So she rang twice; with great distinctness, and with a long pause between the rings. Maria brought in coals.

But the signal was as well understood by Cynthia as the "Hall of Apollo" was by the servants of Lucullus. The brace of partridges that were to have been for the late dinner were instantly put down to the fire; and the prettiest china brought out, and the table decked with flowers and fruit, arranged with all Cynthia's usual dexterity and taste. So that, when the meal was announced, and Lady Harriet entered the room, she could not but think her hostess's apologies had been quite unnecessary, and be more and more convinced that Clare had done very well for herself.—Knutsford Edition, pp. 416 ff.

Petty lies were so much a part of Clare's nature that she lied without ever being aware of it, and one of Mrs. Gaskell's most skilful touches was to have her face her lies and not know them as such. She was shallow, light, ease-loving, tactless, garrulous when silence would indeed have been golden; but with all that, Mrs. Gaskell points at her failings with such a gently chiding finger and shows her few merits with such evident

friendliness that a reader never really detests her, certainly never hates her, but smiles at her foibles and ends by partially condoning them.

Cynthia is even more subtly conceived than Clare. She is the opposite of Molly in almost everything except charm. She likes pretty things, and cannot help being a flirt and breaking men's hearts; yet is so well aware of her own failings and her mother's, and wishes so much to be truthful and good like Molly and Mr. Gibson, that no one ever censures her half so much as she censures herself. She has an indescribable and irresistible charm, which is able to win even the Hollingford gossips to her side. She is loyal in her friendships and almost wholly unselfish, doing many things for others without thought of the loss to herself. An instance of this is her tearing up of her bouquet, which Osborne and Roger Hamley sent for the Easter ball, to get some red flowers for Molly's hair, then insisting that Molly should keep the untouched bouquet, being quite content herself with the spoiled one.

It is impossible to get away from the thought that much of Molly's early life is reminiscent of Mrs. Gaskell's own girlhood. Mrs. Gaskell had described the time she spent at her father's in London after his second marriage as most unhappy. Molly's grief when she heard of her father's engagement is one of the most realistic scenes of the book, and her griefs are told with such sympathy as to indicate that the author herself had gone through much that Molly felt and knew.

In construction, that feature in which Mrs. Gaskell was sometimes weakest, *Wives and Daughters* is almost perfect. Every phase in the development of the story is carefully prepared for; every happening, however simple, has some bearing upon character or plot development; every incident moves on to a seemingly inevitable result; and all this is done so naturally that the reader in unaware of the carefully concealed technique. Yet there are a few evidences that the novel was written for serial publication,

and that the author did not always examine what she had already written before going on. In the first chapter, for instance, she gives the elder Miss Browning's name as Sally, in chapter thirteen as Clarinda, and in chapter twenty-six and thereafter as Dorothy. Yet such trifles as this are of no consequence. The piece as a whole is perfectly unified and is almost as if it had been written at a single sitting. To be noted in this place, too, is Mrs. Gaskell's use of homely similes in the novel, as when Cynthia says she will go down in Molly's affections "like the hall clock when the string broke the other day." The novel is full of such figures of speech, and they go far in adding pleasure to the reading of it.

In *Wives and Daughters*, as in each of her other long novels, Mrs. Gaskell stressed truthfulness as one of the chief virtues. The theme of the story almost is Molly's saying, "Tell the truth, now and evermore! Truth is generally amusing, if it's nothing else!" Osborne Hamley's marriage with its consequences shows the result of withholding the truth. Mr. Gibson's unfaltering straightforwardness, emulated always by Molly, stands in contrast with Clare's petty deceptions and quibblings with the truth. The stories set afloat about Molly by the Hollingford gossips almost wreck her reputation for a time, and only her consciousness of having done nothing wrong keeps her brave in the face of all this. In the author's other novels, the purpose of pointing to lying as an evil is apparent; but here the matter is so interwoven with the main threads of the story that one never realizes that the author has an ulterior motive in delineating Clare's character and contrasting it with that of her husband and stepdaughter.

Mrs. Gaskell does not bring into *Wives and Daughters* any of the problems which earlier she had treated so often. It had been twenty years since she began *Mary Barton*. During that time she had passed from the social reformer, using the novel as a vehicle for expression, to the sheer novelist, telling the story for its own

sake. And though she touches here upon such ethical questions as lying, she does it so subtly and skilfully that no one would ever think of placing *Wives and Daughters* among "novels with a purpose."

Her last novel shows Mrs. Gaskell's humor in its happiest phase. *Cranford*, often called her most humorous work, is often too near pathos to be wholly humorous. Other novels have individual characters more truly belonging to comedy than any in this work; but here the whole theme of the book is happy and cheerful and optimistic. There is not a single tragic figure in the story, for though Mrs. Hamley and Osborne Hamley die, and though Osborne's life is embittered by the quarrel with his father, these matters are touched upon lightly and indeed form no part of the action proper. Their deaths, too, are so normal, and are so different from some of her early descriptions of deathbed scenes, that they take away nothing from the happy progress of the story. Mrs. Gaskell's humor had mellowed and ripened with the years, and was not so boisterous as in the days when Will Wilson told sea tales at old Job Legh's home; but it had now so enveloped all her writing that it would have been impossible for her to write such tragedy as that which she narrated in her first works. Clare and Cynthia and the Towers folk and the Miss Brownings and the rest make up as finely drawn characters as ever figured in a novel of customs and manners. To note the individual scenes in which her rich humor shows would be a vain effort, for the book is full of them, from red-haired Mr. Coxe's passionate love for Molly to Mrs. Gibson's complaints that Mr. Gibson had not been an attorney and bought his gloves from Houbigant. Taken as a whole this novel is fit to rank with the best comedies in English fiction.

This more than any other of her novels is a picture of English life and manners. Life at The Towers, at Hamley Hall, at the Hollingford surgeon's, at the Miss Brownings'—all the relations of society in rural England are described with a care for detail

that a student of English life in the second quarter of the nineteenth century can not afford to ignore. The innuendoes of the Hollingford gossips; the true status of Molly's relations with Preston as found out by Lady Harriet; the trip which the latter makes through Hollingford with Molly, and her cool assumption that Molly's being on a round of calls with the daughter of Lord and Lady Cumnor would restore her reputation—all this is told with the graphic touch and the fidelity to detail of one who knows thoroughly the ways and manners of her own times.

Those who know Mrs. Gaskell's works most intimately are spontaneous in their praise of *Wives and Daughters*. To it is usually accorded first place among her works, only *Cranford*, which in a technical sense is not a novel, being ranked above it. It is the belief of one critic, at any rate, that in this novel Mrs. Gaskell reached her fullest powers, that it shows her not only as a great portrayer of character but as a master technician, and that it lifts her to a level with Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, and the other great novelists of the century.

It was a fitting ending to a notable life. Twenty years before, Mrs. Gaskell had begun her literary career by writing novels whose purpose was to change social and moral creeds and dogmas, and so bring salvation to a large class of English people. In those early years she had preached help for particular ills through better understanding; in her last work she suggested as a remedy for all human ills a supreme understanding through love, because more and more as she advanced in her writing does the evidence show that she considered love the only good in the world. This is the burden of whatever teaching there may be in *Wives and Daughters*, and upon this triumphant note she finished her work.

CHAPTER XIII

CONCLUSION

During the last years of her life, Mrs. Gaskell did a good deal of traveling, mostly on the Continent. As much time in these years was taken up with writing, she constantly sought quiet. This she could not have in Manchester, where her duties as hostess constantly kept her busy. As she grew older also she found the winters at Manchester rigorous and her health not so good there as in southern England and on the Continent.

Between the second week of March and the fourth week of April, 1865, she spent several weeks in Paris, visiting Madame Mohl. At this time, in order to help George Smith, who had started *The Pall Mall Gazette* and for whom it was proving more and more a financial burden, Mrs. Gaskell engaged for a while in journalistic work. She gathered bits of Paris news and wrote it up in a gossipy form for *The Pall Mall*, going, her daughter said, from her room at the very top of a very high house to a mail box some distance away after midnight each day to post her articles. These writings have not been collected with her works, however, as they belong to journalism. Notice of her engaging in such work is interesting chiefly as showing her willingness to go to some personal sacrifice to help Mr. Smith.

In April she returned to Manchester, but in the late summer she visited the Continent again, staying for a while at Dieppe, but going also to Paris. On some of these trips she was accompanied by all her daughters, her son-in-law, Charles Crompton, Thurstan Holland, a cousin, who was engaged to her eldest daughter, and friends of the family. On most of the trips, however, only one or two members of the family were with her.

By November *Wives and Daughters* was nearing completion. She lacked only the final instalment. She had been staying in Dieppe, but while awaiting some information concerning certain technical matters related to the way it was to end, she went to The Lawn, at Holybourne, near Alton, in Hampshire, the home she had bought the previous summer and which was to be a Christmas surprise for her husband. She was accompanied there by her three younger daughters and Mr. Crompton. On Sunday afternoon, November 12, she and her daughters, Mrs. Crompton and Julia, attended church. They had returned and were sitting around the fire and having tea, about five o'clock. Mrs. Gaskell was discussing plans for the future. Suddenly in the midst of a sentence she stopped talking, and her head fell forward. One of her daughters, who was just handing her a cup of tea, leaned forward to look at her, and found her already dead. The disease which killed her was diagnosed as heart trouble. Although Mrs. Gaskell had been feeling better than usual for some time and was looking extremely well, she was nevertheless aware of the possibility of death. Only three weeks before she died she had told a friend, Mrs. Caroline Hilbert, a story which she said had been entrusted to her and which in turn she wished to pass on to some one else who might record it accurately, since she knew the uncertainty of life and felt that she might not live to write the story herself.[1]

Early Monday morning Mr. Crompton set out for Manchester to inform Mr. Gaskell of his wife's death. On reaching Manchester he found that his father-in-law had gone to Altrincham to attend a meeting of Unitarian ministers. Mr. Crompton sent a message, asking him to return home at once. Upon returning and receiving the news of his wife's death, he set out for Holybourne.

The body was buried on November 16 at Knutsford, in the yard of the Unitarian Church. The funeral was private, the body being

[1] Told by Augustus J. C. Hare, *The Story of My Life* iii. 117.

accompanied to the grave only by members of the immediate family; but a large number of Manchester citizens journeyed to Knutsford to pay their last tribute of respect to her. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Henry Green, minister of the Knutsford Unitarian Chapel. On November 17, the Rev. James Drummond preached the funeral sermon at Cross Street Chapel, in Manchester, his text being *Psalms* xxxix.9, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it."

On the wall in the Cross Street Chapel is a stone tablet to her memory, bearing the following inscription, which was written by her husband at the request of the congregation:

In Memory of

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Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell
Wife of the Rev. William Gaskell, M. A.
One of the Ministers of This Chapel.
Widely Honoured for Her Genius and the Spirit
In Which It was Exercised.
Endeared by Her Rare Graces of Mind and Heart to All
By Whom She was Known.
She Fulfilled the Duties of a Wife and Mother
With a Tenderness and Fidelity Which Secured for Her
Undying Love, and So Lived in Christian Faith and Hope
That Death, Which Came Without a Moment's Warning,
Had for Her No Sting.
Born Sep. 29th 1810. Died Nov. 12th 1865.

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Erected by the Congregation in Token of Their Respect and Regard.

The grave at Knutsford is marked by an unimposing stone cross, which bears only the names and the dates of birth and death of Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell and their two unmarried daughters, Margaret Emily and Julia. There are several other memorials of her in Knutsford, however. One of the avenues is named Cranford and another Gaskell, and the City Hall, called the Watt Tower, has been dedicated to her. That which the Gaskell

student will like best, however, aside from the town itself and the Chapel and graveyard where she is buried, is a very fine collection of first editions of her works, and books and objects owned by her, which are deposited in the Knutsford Library, secured through the interest of the Rev. George A. Payne, for many years now minister of the Chapel which she attended as a girl.

After Mrs. Gaskell's death the family continued to live at Plymouth Grove, in Manchester, and Mr. Gaskell remained minister of that church until his death. On August 14, 1866, Marianne, Mrs. Gaskell's eldest daughter, married her cousin, Thurstan Holland. Margaret Emily and Julia never married, but occupied together the house at Plymouth Grove until their death. Mrs. Crompton was the first of the children to die; she died October 5, 1881, and was buried in Willesden Churchyard in the vault with her husband and his family. Mr. Gaskell died June 11, 1884, and was buried with his wife at Knutsford. Of the two unmarried daughters, the younger, Julia Gaskell, died first, on October 28, 1908. Her death occurred suddenly, like her mother's; she passed away in the night while asleep. Margaret Emily (Meta, as she was always known to her intimate friends) died October 26, 1913. Upon their death the Plymouth Grove residence was sold for a nurses' home, and all of Mrs. Gaskell's possessions were disposed of at public auction. There was much talk of the home being bought by the City and maintained as a Gaskell museum, but nothing came of the plan. On September 17, 1920, Mrs. Marianne Holland, the last surviving daughter, died. She is buried in Alfrick Churchyard, in Worcester.

Mrs. Gaskell's work has been collected and edited in complete editions by Sir Adolphus Ward and by Clement K. Shorter, both of whom have added to the body of material known to have been written by her. Professor Ward included in his edition fragments of two ghost stories, which, though unimportant in themselves—being too fragmentary to be very intelligible—indicate one of Mrs. Gaskell's interests throughout her life. Mr. Shorter's

careful searches uncovered some poems written by her. In addition to these complete editions, there have been numerous single editions of her works, especially since the copyright on them ran out.

During the twenty years of her literary life, Mrs. Gaskell wrote five novels, a biography, the group of sketches which she called *Cranford*, several poems, and more than forty articles and short works of fiction. To note her advance in these years one has but to compare *Libbie Marsh's Three Eras* with *Cousin Phillis*, or *Mary Barton* with *Wives and Daughters*. Her stories of the weird and the grotesque will probably never be popular; they serve chiefly as an indication of her great imaginative powers, which she largely repressed in the works by which she will be best known—*Cranford*, *Wives and Daughters*, *Cousin Phillis*, and the like.

Her chief general contributions to literature were those she made in the social novel and in the delineation of village life and customs in Victorian England. Her chief particular contributions were her incomparable characterizations of spinsters and doctors and servants, her excellent use of dialect, and her sympathetic understanding of the views of English workingmen. In the first of these she has no near rival in English literature; in the second she did much to add to a realistic presentation of characters by giving a correct representation of their conversations; and in the last she set the mode for others, until in time men became recognized as human beings and not as worthless chattels. To have done any one of these things would have been to live; to have done all three, and to have done them well, will insure her a lasting place among the worthies of English literary history.

A NOTE ON MRS. GASKELL'S USE OF DIALECT

Mrs. Gaskell's felicity in the writing of dialect gave a great impulse to its use in fiction after her time, and suggested to subsequent authors how well it became novels dealing with persons uneducated and uncultivated. She made her workingmen and servants talk as in real life they were wont to talk, and not as refined and literate persons. On the other hand she did not resort to misspellings of words which even the most ignorant pronounces correctly, as did Poe and Fenimore Cooper and others greater before their day and after. She had a good ear for sounds, the ability to spell as she heard the words pronounced, and the good sense to use her ability with restraint.

She confined her use of dialect to her workingmen and servants, allowing her other characters occasional colloquialisms and lapses of grammar, but no real dialectal speech. Her short works are almost entirely free from dialectal expressions, only *Lizzie Leigh* and two or three of the still shorter ones attempting to report speeches thus. Of her longer works *Cranford* and *Wives and Daughters*, treating as they do the "genteel" society of a small English village, contain little or no dialect, and of course *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* does not. In her remaining works—*Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, *North and South*, and *Sylvia's Lovers*—several of her characters employ dialect throughout. In *Mary Barton* it is the workingmen, as represented by the Barton, Wilson, and Legh families; in *Ruth* it is Sally, the Benson servant; in *North and South* it is Nicholas Higgins and his family and their small circle of friends, among whom were the Bouchers; in *Sylvia's Lovers* it is nearly all of the principal characters. In this novel, indeed, Mrs. Gaskell's ability in treating dialectal conversation

is at its best; after this she was content to let her reputation as a writer of the language of the folk rest, writing during the remainder of her life of those who belonged to a higher stratum of society than did the principal persons in *Sylvia's Lovers*, and therefore of those speaking more literary English.

The dialect employed in *Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, and *North and South* is that of Lancashire, and in *Sylvia's Lovers* that of Yorkshire. There is some difference in the spellings of a few terms, but the majority of words are given as if spoken similarly in both counties. It is in the complete speeches that the greatest difference is noticeable, and in group expressions rather than in single words.

In *Mary Barton*, John Barton, George Wilson, and Job Legh talk much alike, except that once in a great while when Mrs. Gaskell becomes greatly interested in Barton's speeches his conversation is freer of dialectal terms than that of the others. Alice Wilson, a Cumberland woman, uses a few terms that the others do not have, but on the whole her diction is much like that of Job Legh. Mary Barton herself uses the language of her associates, but to a minor degree. In the speeches of Job Legh and Alice Wilson is the local usage most apparent.

The two most common differences between the language of the Manchester artisans and the language of literary persons are, first, the change in the pronunciation of words by internal changes, by cutting off syllables at the beginning or at the end of the words, and by running two words together; and, secondly, by using words entirely different from those customary in literary English. The list in each class is too long to give entirely, but enough are given below to indicate the general type of the dialectal usages employed. In the first class are the following: seed (seen), getten (gotten), maun or mun (must), fra (from), on (of), summat (somewhat), nobbut (only, being the contraction of "nought but"), sin (since), oud (old), whatten (what han= what have), donnot (do not), cowd (cold), childer (children),

they'n (they han=they have), their'n (theirs), shanna (shall not), lile (little), yo (you), reet (right), again (against), babby (baby), quieten (quiet), I'se (I is=I am), warn't (were not), forrard (forward), sarve (serve), bean't (be not=is not), and telled (told). In the second class are: nesh (tender), farrantly (comely), liefer (rather), ay (yes—employed almost universally instead of "yes" by Mrs. Gaskell), frabbit (peevish), clemmed (starved), may happen or m'appen (perhaps), rucks (lots), pobbies (child's porridge), bagging time (supper time), gloppened (frightened, amazed), maggot (peculiar idea), knobstick (strike-breaker), dark (blind), dateless (crazed), and gapeseying (staring like an idiot). There are also the following forms, better understood from whole phrases or clauses: "Afternoon church was loosing," "I'll not speak of it no more," "In course you'd ha' known," "I'm obligated to pin my waistcoat" (for obliged), "He was going to set him a part of the way" (accompany him), and "Don't go on talking a-that-ns" (in that way). Two or three paragraphs taken at random from the book will still better illustrate the general usage of dialect in *Mary Barton*.

Alice, describing her Cumberland home, says:

"I never seed such a bonny bit anywhere. You see there are hills there as seem to go up into th' skies, not near may be, but that makes them all the bonnier. I used to think they were the golden hills of heaven, about which mother sang when I was a child—

'Yon are the golden hills o' heaven,
Where ye sall never win.'

Something about a ship and a lover that should hae been na lover, the ballad was. Well, and near our cottage were rocks. Eh, lasses! ye don't know what rocks are in Manchester! Grey pieces o' stone as large as a house, all covered over wi' mosses of different colours, some yellow, some brown; and the ground beneath them knee-deep in purple heather, smelling sae sweet and fragrant, and the low music of the humming-bee for ever sounding among it. Mother used to send Sally and me out to gather ling

and heather for besoms, and it was such pleasant work! . . . They died within twelvemonth of each other, leaving one lad (they had had seven, but the Lord had taken six to hisself), Will, as I was telling you on; and I took him myself, and left service to make a bit on a home-place for him, and a fine lad he was, the very spit of his father as to looks, only steadier. For he was steady, although nought would serve him but going to sea. I tried all I could to set him again a sailor's life. Says I, 'Folks is as sick as dogs all the time they're at sea. Your own mother telled me (for she came from foreign parts, being a Manx woman) that she'd ha' thanked any one for throwing her into the water.' Nay, I sent him a' the way to Runcorn by th' Duke's canal, that he might know what th' sea were; and I looked to see him come back as white as a sheet wi' vomiting. But the lad went on to Liverpool and saw real ships, and come back more set than ever on being a sailor, and he said as how he had never been sick at all, and thought he could stand the sea pretty well. So I told him he mun do as he liked; and he thanked me and kissed me, for all I was very frabbit with him; and now he's gone to South America, at t'other side of the sun, they tell me."—Knutsford Edition, pp. 35, 36.

A few of Barton's speeches will give some sort of idea of the way the Manchester artisans spoke as Mrs. Gaskell interpreted their speech.

"You'll say. . . , they'n getten capital an' we'n getten none. . . . They get interest on their capital somehow a' this time, while ourn is lying idle, else how could they all live as they do? Besides there's many on 'em has had nought to begin wi'. . . . Look at yo, and see me, and poor Davenport yonder; whatten better are we? They'n screwed us down to th' lowest peg, in order to make their great big fortunes, and build their great big houses, and we, why we're just clemming, many and many of us. . . . Han they ever seen a child o' their'n die for want o' food?" —Knutsford Edition, pp. 72–73.

"Well, yo must know I were in th' Infirmary for a fever, and times were rare and bad, and there be good chaps there to a man, while he's wick [quick = alive], whate'er they may be about cutting him up at after."—Knutsford Edition, p. 93.

In *Ruth* the dialectal speeches are almost entirely confined to Sally, the Benson servant. Sally is doubtless meant to represent a Northumberland woman, as the Benson household is doubtless reminiscent of Mrs. Gaskell's stay of two years at the Turner home at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Many of her words, however, are in no respect different from those used by the Manchester characters. She says: hoo (she), whatten (what, what sort of), mim (prim), Lunnon (London), axed (asked), seed (saw), obleedged (obliged), summat (somewhat), hisself (himself), thowt (thought), frabbed (cross), etc. She also says: "to lightly his offer" (treat lightly), "fob [fool] me off," and "I can't thole" (endure).

In *North and South*, Higgins, the workman, and his family and acquaintances speak typical Manchester patois. Most of the terms in *Mary Barton* are found again here, and the following not mentioned as given in *Mary Barton* also occur: Methodee (Methodist), heered (heard), we'en (we han=we have), yo'n (you han=you have), win (will), thinken (think), arter (after), waur (worse), welly (well nigh), gi'en (given), brossen (broken), and whoam (home). In the second class are: gradely (good, decent), deaved (deafed=made deaf), dree (bad, cold, hard), peach (inform), dwam (faint), ossed (promised), and pottered (perplexed). Two extracts quoted at some length will indicate the form of writing dialect to which Mrs. Gaskell had attained by the time of the writing of *North and South*.

Bessy Higgins says:

"Yo'd ha' been deaved out o' yo'r five wits, as well as me, if yo'd had one body after another coming in to ask for father, and staying to tell me each one their tale. Some spoke o' deadly hatred, and made my blood run cold wi' the terrible things they said o' th' masters—but more, being women, kept plaining, plaining (wi' the tears running down their cheeks, and never wiped away, nor heeded) of the price o' meat, and how their childer could na sleep at nights for th' hunger."—Knutsford Edition, pp. 177-8.

Boucher, a workman, more illiterate than Higgins, says:

"It's no use, Higgins. Hoo cannot live long a' this'n. Hoo's just sinking away—not for want o' meat hersel'—but because hoo cannot stand th' sight o' the little one's clemming! Ay, clemming! Five shilling a week may do well enough for thee, wi' but two mouths to fill, and one on 'em a wench who can welly earn her own meat. But it's clemming to us. An' I tell thee plain—if hoo dies, as I'm 'feared hoo will afore we've getten the five per cent., I'll fling th' money back i' th' master's face, and say—'Be domned to yo'; be domned to th' whole cruel world o' yo'; that could na leave me th' best wife that ever bore childer to a man!' An' look thee, lad, I'll hate thee, and th' whole pack o' th' Union. Ay, an' chase yo' through heaven wi' my hatred,—I will, lad! I will,—if yo're leading me astray i' this matter. Thou saidst, Nicholas, on Wednesday sennight—and it's now Tuesday i' th' second week—that afore a fortnight we'd ha' the masters coming a-begging to us to take back our work, at our own wage—and time's nearly up—and there's our lile Jack lying a-bed, too weak to cry, but just every now and then sobbing up his heart for want o' food—our lile Jack, I tell thee, lad! Hoo's never looked up sin' he were born, and hoo loves him as if he were her very life—as he is—for I reckon he'll ha' cost me that precious price—our lile Jack, who wakened me each morn wi' putting his sweet little lips to my great rough fou' face, a-seeking a smooth place to kiss—an' he lies clemming."

Higgins replies to him:

"Hou'd up, man. Thy lile Jack shall na' clem. I ha' getten brass and we'll go buy the chap a sup o' milk an' a good four-pounder this very minute. What's mine's thine, sure enough, i' thou'st i' want. Only, dunnot lose heart, man!"—Knutsford Edition, pp. 182-3.

In *Sylvia's Lovers* the dialect is rendered with so much fidelity that it is not always easy to know the precise meaning of every word. There are many terms in common with the Manchester speech, but there are many also not given in the other novels. The following are examples: feyther (father), noane (none),

deal o' rubble (lot of rubbish), niver, iver (never, ever), shoon (shoes), is ta sure (are you sure), airly (early), eyne (eyes), watter (water), worritin (worrying), randyvowse (rendezvous), Ah'll noan ha' (I'll not have), it's a' reet (it's all right), dayleet (daylight), mebbe (maybe), let a' be (let it be); and gumption (alertness, sense), lift (sky), bide (live), and the like. Nearly all the characters speak in the vernacular and use almost always such terms as I'se (I is=I am), ta'en (taken), hersen, hissen, etc. (herself, himself, etc.), yo're (you are), and for t' grey (for the grey). Nor are the words quoted here the most significant dialectal expressions used in the novel, perhaps; but the work is so rich in the native speech that to attempt to repeat all the words used would lengthen this note to a section of the book. Perhaps a better understanding of the manner of speaking among the characters of the book may be obtained from a few of the typical speeches themselves.

Daniel Robson and Kester are perhaps the most unlettered of the many unlettered characters in the book. Their speech, therefore, will represent Mrs. Gaskell's conception of the folk speech of northeast Yorkshire better than that of the others. Mrs. Robson is a shade better educated than her husband, but there is little difference apparent between their speeches.

Daniel: "A'll noan ha' Kester roused. Who's to go afield betimes after t' sheep in t' morn, if he's ca'ed up to-neet? He'd miss t' lass, and find a public-house, a reckon."

Mrs. Robson: "I'm not afeared o' Kester. He's a good one for knowing folk i' th' dark. But if thou'd rather, I'll put on my hood and cloak and just go to th' end o' th' lane, if thou'lt have an eye to th' milk, and see as it does na' boil o'er, for she canna stomach it if it's bishopped e'er so little."

Daniel: "Tak' off thy pan o' milk, missus, and set on t' kettle. Milk may do for wenches, but Philip and me is for a drop o' good Hollands and water this cold night. I'm a'most chilled to t' marrow wi' looking out for thee, lass; for t'mother was in a peck

o' troubles about thy noane coming home i' t' dayleet, and I'd to keep hearkening out on t' browhead.''—Knutsford Edition, pp. 38–9.

DANIEL: ''Ay, missus, yo' may look. I wunnot pick and choose my words, noather for yo' nor for nobody, when I speak o' that daumed gang. I'm noane ashamed o' my words. They're true, and I'm ready to prove 'em. Where's my forefinger? Ay! and as good a top-joint of a thumb as iver a man had! I wish I'd kept 'em i' sperits, as they done things at t' potticary's, just to show t' lass what flesh and bone I made away wi' to get free. I ups wi' a hatchet when I saw as I were fast a-board a man-o'-war standing out for sea—it were in t' time o' the war wi' Amerikay, an' I could na' stomach the thought o' being murdered i' my own language—so I ups wi' a hatchet, and I says to Bill Watson, says I, 'Now, my lad, if thou'll do me a kindness, I'll pay thee back, niver fear, and they'll be glad enough to get shut on us, and send us to old England again. Just come down with a will!' Now, Missus, why can't ye sit still and listen to me, 'stead o' pottering after pans and what not?''—Knutsford Edition, p. 40.

MRS. ROBSON: ''Na na! th' feyther's feyther, and we mun respect him. But it's dree work havin' a man i' th' house, nursing th' fire, an' such weather too, and not a soul coming near us, not even to fall out wi' him; for thee and me must na' do that, for th' Bible's sake, dear; and a good stand-up wordy quarrel would do him a power of good; stir his blood like. I wish Philip would turn up.''—Knutsford Edition, p. 48.

KESTER: ''T' 'ool's a vast o' muck in 't, an' a thowt as a'd fettle it, an' do it up; but a reckon a mun do yo'r biddin'.'' ''A'se deep an' fause enow wi' simple folk; but what can a do i' Donkin be as fause as me—as happen he may be?'' ''He, he, he! A's been t' queen! A'se ta'en Donkin on t' reet side, an' he'll coom in to-morrow, just permiskus, an' ax for work, like as if 't were a favour; t' oud felly were a bit cross-grained at startin', for he were workin' at Farmer Crosskey's, up at t' other side o' t' town, wheer they puts a strike an' a half o' maut intil t' beer, when most folk put nobbut a strike, an' 't made him ill to convince; but he'll coom, niver fear!''—Knutsford Edition, pp. 50,51.

DANIEL: ''A were wed in 'em, and a'll wear 'em to my dyin' day, or a'll wear noane at a'. They're for makking such a pack

o' laws, they'll be for meddling wi' my fashion o' sleeping next, and taxing me for ivery snore a give. They've been after t' winders, and after t' vittle, and after t' very saut to 't; it's dearer by hauf an' more nor it were when a were a boy: they're a meddlesome set o' folks, law-makers is, an' a'll niver believe King George has ought t' do wi' 't. But mark my words: I were wed wi' brass buttons, and brass buttons a'll wear to my death; an' if they moither me about it, a'll wear brass buttons i' my coffin!"—Knutsford Edition, p. 53.

It is not the purpose of this paper to trace the origin, history, and general usage of the dialectal expressions given herein. Many of them, of course, have a more honorable history,—if age brings honor, and company with great poets,—than the literary words that have taken their places. Nesh, getten, at after, liefer, bishoped, clem, and many others appear first in such high company as the works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson. But, as many scholars have indicated, words like families have ups and downs, belong to the top stratum in one age and to the bottom stratum in another; and in Mrs. Gaskell's day a great many that had once passed current in the best society had ceased to exist except in the speech of the untrained and the untutored. It was her part to catch this speech and to preserve it for students of language after her day. And although a great many of the expressions used by her characters nearly a century ago are still to be heard in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the border shires, many of the words have passed from common usage even among the unlettered. Her service in preserving such expressions was considerable.

That the Gaskell family was interested in the dialect of the common folk is evident from Mr. Gaskell's course of lectures on the Lancashire dialect, a series written up and appended to the fifth edition of *Mary Barton*. Mrs. Gaskell's fidelity to the language as the Manchester artisans spoke it may owe something to her husband's studies, while his interest, on the other hand,

may have grown out of his wife's attempt to represent in written words the speech of the lower classes, whose life she was picturing.

That Mrs. Gaskell did much to fix the place of dialect in fiction in her day and in subsequent times is perhaps easier to assert than to prove; but a careful study of fiction from the beginning of the century to its close demonstrates that before she wrote, the use of dialectal terms in fiction was at best a haphazard business. It was done to some extent, but on the whole it was done very poorly. Mrs. Gaskell handled a difficult dialect with surprising ability, seeing how little had been done before her time. The dialect poetry of Burns, and of other Scottish and of Irish poets, cannot of course be considered, since they wrote in what was really a living language, with a literary history such as literary English has. Her task was to catch the phrasing of good English words that had been corrupted by the folk speech, and of words that had been preserved in folk speech long after their day in good usage had passed, and to render these faithfully. She did it surprisingly well, and others, seeing how well she had managed, and in consequence how much more life-like her books seemed, followed her example. And to-day the novelist would have a hard time indeed who represented ignorant and illiterate characters as speaking in the English of cultivated persons. As I have already said, it would be hard to demonstrate the value of Mrs. Gaskell's gift to the development of the use of dialect in English prose. Dickens had already entered the field; Disraeli had but poorly attempted to represent folk speech; others of less note had done something. It is clear, however, that Dickens took lessons from her and that it was at her feet that George Eliot sat. At no time after her day did the use of dialect descend to the low place it occupied before her time. It seems more than probable, therefore, that her work and that of her husband went very far to establish the use of dialect in realistic

fiction, and to insure the spelling of dialect words so as to indicate as nearly as letters allow the sounds of which the words are made up.

Finally, an examination of *The English Dialect Dictionary* will show how heavily its editors leaned upon her work and the work of her husband in illustrating Lancashire usage, a fine tribute to the care she exercised in reporting faithfully and precisely the forms of speech represented in her novels.

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Lizzie Leigh; | and Other Tales. | By | the Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. | Copyright Edition. | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1855. | [74

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North and South. By the Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," "Cranford," &c. London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1855. [75

19.7 cm., 2 vols., pp. [viii], 320; [iv], 361, [1]. Published in March. There was also a second edition, 2 vols.

North and South. | By the Author of | "Mary Barton," "The Moorland Cottage," "Cranford," &c. | [Quotation from Tennyson, 8 lines] | New York: | Harper & Brothers, Publishers, | 329 & 331 Pearl Street, | Franklin Square. | 1855. | [76

23 cm., pp. [ii], [5]–354. Double columns. Harper's Library of Select Novels 196. 50 cents.

North and South. | By | the Author of "Mary Barton," | Copyright Edition. | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1855. | [77

16.3 cm., pp. [iv], 428. Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition 333.

Ruth: A Novel. By the Author of "Mary Barton." Cheap Edition. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855. [78

8vo, pp. ii, 318.

Ruth. A Novel. Boston. [79

The Sexton's Hero and Christmas Storms and Sunshine. Contributed by the Authoress of "Mary Barton." For the Benefit of the Manchester Public Baths and Washhouses. London: Chapman & Hall. 1855. [80

8vo, pp. 28. This is a second edition of the book published at Manchester in 1850.

1856

An Accursed Race. In *Household Words*, Leipzig, xxxiii. 339–53. Tauchnitz Collection 343. [81

A Christmas Carol. In *Household Words*, Dec. 27, xiv. 565. [82

Cranford. Par Mme. Gaskell. Traduit de l'Anglais par Mme. Louise Sw. Belloc. Paris. Hachette. [83

16mo, pp. 211. Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer. 1 fr.

Half a Life-Time Ago. In *Household Words*, Leipzig, xxxiv. 248–64, 296–305, 344–55. Tauchnitz Collection 346. [84

Marie Barton, par Mrs. Gaskell. Roman Anglais Traduit . . . par Mlle. Morel. Paris. Hachette. [85

16mo, pp. 261. Bibliothèque des Meilleurs Romans Étrangers. 2 fr. Reprinted 1865, 1867, 1869, 1874, 1877, 1882.

The Poor Clare. In *Household Words*, Dec. 13–27, xiv. 510–515, 532–544, 559–565. [86

Ruth | Par Mme Gaskell | Auteur de Marie Barton, Cranford, etc. | Roman Traduit de l'Anglais | Paris | Librairie de L. [87

17 cm., pp. iv, 361. Paper covers. Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer. 2 fr. Second edition, 1889. Translation by Mme. Cornélis de Witt.

1857

Cranford [in German]. Leipzig. Philipp Reclam, Jun. [1857?] [88

16mo, pp. 224. Universal-Bibliothek 4441, 4442.

The Life | of | Charlotte Brontë, | Author of | "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," &c. | By | E. C. Gaskell, | Author of

"Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. | [Quotation from Aurora Leigh] | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. | London: | Smith, Elder & Co., 65, Cornhill. | 1857. | [The right of Translation is reserved.] | [89

21 cm., pp. viii, 352; viii, 327. Front. (port.) in i.; front. in ii.; facsim. Published in April, at 24/–.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë . . . By E. C. Gaskell . . . Second Edition . . . London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1857. [90

19.5 cm. 2 vols. Fronts. (port. in i.), facsim. 7/6.

The Life | of | Charlotte Brontë, | Author of | "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," etc. | By | E. C. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," etc. | [Quotation from Aurora Leigh] | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. | New York: | D. Appleton and Company, | 346 & 348 Broadway. | M.DCCC.LVII. | [91

19.1 cm., pp. viii, 285; viii, 269. Front. (in vol. i. port.) in each vol.

The Life | of | Charlotte Brontë, | Author of | "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," etc. | By E. C. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," etc. | [Quotation from Aurora Leigh] | Third Edition, | Revised and Corrected. | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. | London: | Smith, Elder & Co., 65, Cornhill. | 1857. | The right of Translation is reserved. | [92

18.5 cm., pp. viii, 336; viii, 359. No illus. 7/6.

Mabel Vaughan. By the Author of The Lamplighter. Edited, by Arrangement, with the Author, by Mrs. Gaskell, Author of "Mary Barton." London: Sampson Low and Co. 1857. [93

8vo, pp. viii, 459. Mrs. G. also wrote the Preface.

Mabel Vaughan. | By | Maria S. Cummins, | Author of "The Lamplighter." | Edited, by Arrangement with the Author, | by Mrs. Gaskell. | Copyright Edition. | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1857. | The Right of Translation is Reserved. | [94

16.2 cm., pp. viii, 439. Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition 410.

Ruth. A Novel. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 2 vols. [94.5

1858

Cranford. London. Charles H. Clarke. 12mo. 2/–. [95

Cranford. New Edition. London. Chapman & Hall. [99

The Doom of the Griffiths. In *Harper's Magazine*, Jan., xvi. 220–234. [97

The Life | of | Charlotte Brontë, | Author of | "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," "The Professor," &c. | By | E. C. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," "North and South," etc. | [Picture of Haworth Parsonage] | London: | Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. | 1858. | [98

Fourth Edition. 19.5 cm., pp. xii, 486. Front. 6 pp. of advertisements at the end.

Same. 2d American edition. New York. Appleton. [99

8vo. 2 vols. Port.

The Manchester Marriage. In *Household Words*, xix, Christmas Number, Dec. 7, entitled A House to Let, pp. 6–18. [100

Sold at 3d.

My Lady Ludlow. In *Household Words*, June 19–Sept. 25, xviii. 1–7, 29–34, 51–56, 85–89, 99–104, 123–128, 148–153, 175–181, 205–211, 247–252, 277–282, 299–305, 327–332, 341–346. [101

My Lady Ludlow. | A Novel. | By Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of | "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Cranford," "The Moorland Cottage," | &c., &c., &c. | New York: | Harper & Brothers, Publishers, | Franklin Square. | 1858. | [102

23 cm., pp. [ii], [5]–77. Double cols. Library of Select Novels 209.

The Sin of a Father. In *Household Words*, Nov. 27, xviii. [553]–561. [103

The later title was Right at Last.

1859

The Ghost in the Garden Room. In *All the Year Round*, ii. Christmas Number, pp. 31–48. [104

Reprinted as The Crooked Branch.

The Half-Brothers. In Round the Sofa, 1859, vol. ii. *See* no. 113. [105

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [106

12mo. 2/6.

The Life | of | Charlotte Brontë, | Author of | "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," &c. | By | E. C. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. | Second Continental Edition, | Revised and Corrected. | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1859. | [107

16.3 cm., pp. viii, 320; viii, 300. Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition 384, 385.

Lois the Witch. In *All the Year Round*, Oct. 8–22, i. 564–571, 587–597, 609–624. [108

The Manchester Marriage. In *Littell's Living Age*, Feb. 5, lx. 339–352, 3d Ser. No. 45. [109

My Lady Ludlow and Other Tales. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [110

Post 8vo. 2 vols. 21/–.

North and South. London. Fourth Edition. Chapman & Hall. [111

8vo, pp. viii, 406.

Nord et Sud | Par | Mrs. Gaskell | Roman Anglais | Traduit avec l' Autorization de l'Auteur | par Mmes Loreau et H. de l'Espigne | Publication de Ch. Lahure et Cie. | Emprimeurs à Paris | Paris | Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. | Rue Pierre-Sarrazin, No. 14 | 1859. | [112

18 cm., pp. iv, 474. Paper covers. 2 fr. 2d edition, 1865. Reprinted 1867, 1875, 1882. Bibliothèque des Meilleurs Romans Étrangers.

Round the Sofa. | By the Author of | "Mary Barton," "Life of Charlotte Brontë," &c. &c. | Two Volumes. | Vol. I | London: Sampson Low, Son & Co., | 47 Ludgate Hill. | 1859. | [112.5

20.2 cm., 2 vols., pp. [iv], 340; [iv], 297, 12 pp. of advs.

Round the Sofa | By the Author of | "Mary Barton," "Life of Charlotte Brontë," &c. &c. | Two Volumes. | Vol. I. | Second Edition. | London: | Sampson Low, Son & Co., 47, Ludgate Hill. | 1859. | [113

20.7 cm., pp. iv, 340; iv, 297, 12 pp. of advs. Contents: i. Round the Sofa. My Lady Ludlow. ii. An Accursed Race. The Doom of the Griffiths. Half a Lifetime Ago. The Poor Clare. The Half-Brothers.

The Sexton's Hero. Excerpt from *The Parish Magazine*, 1859, i. 10. 145–52. Wdct. [114

1860

Curious if True. (Extract from a Letter from Richard Whittingham, Esq.) In *The Cornhill Magazine*, Feb., i. [208]–219. [115

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. Cheap Edition. London. Smith, Elder & Co. [116

8vo, pp. viii, 441. Vignette wdct. of Haworth Parsonage on t.-p.

Right at Last, | and Other Tales. | By the Author of | "Mary Barton," "Life of Charlotte Brontë," "Round the Sofa," | &c. &c. | London: | Sampson Low, Son & Co., 47, Ludgate Hill. | 1860. | The right of Translation is reserved. | [117

20.5 cm., pp. vi, 318. 16 pp. of advs. 10/6. Contents: Right at Last. The Manchester Marriage. Lois the Witch. The Crooked Branch.

Right at Last, | and Other Tales. | By Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "North and South," "My Lady Ludlow," | "Cranford," &c., &c. | New York: | Harper & Brothers, Publishers, | Franklin Square. | 1860. | [118

19.4 cm., pp. [vi], [9]–305. Contents same as in the English edition.

[Round the Sofa in French.] Autour du Sofa | Par | Mme Gaskell | Roman Anglais | Traduit avec l'Autorization de l'Auteur | par Mme H. Loreau | Publication de Ch. Lahure et Cie | Imprimeurs à Paris | Paris | Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. | Rue Pierre-Sarrazin, No. 14 | 1860. | [119

18 cm., pp. iv, 340. Paper covers. 2 fr.

1861

The Grey Woman. In *All the Year Round*, Jan. 5–19, iv. 300–306, 321–328, 347–355. [120

Lois the Witch | and | Other Tales. | By | E. C. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," etc. | Copyright Edition. | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1861. | [121

16.3 cm., pp. [viii], 338. Contents: Lois the Witch. The Grey Woman. The Doom of the Griffiths. The Half-Brothers. The Crooked Branch. Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition 541.

Mary Barton: | A Tale of Manchester Life | by | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Ruth," "Cranford," etc. | New Edition | London: Charles H. Clarke, 13, Paternoster Row. | [122

16 cm., pp. 323. 2/–. The Parlour Library, No. 236.

My Lady Ludlow, and Other Tales; Included in "Round the Sofa." By Mrs. Gaskell . . . New Edition. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1861. [123

18.5 cm., pp. [iv], 318. Front. 5/–. Contents: Round the Sofa. My Lady Ludlow. An Accursed Race. The Doom of the Griffiths. Half a Life-Time Ago. The Poor Clare. The Half-Brothers.

Ruth, | a Novel. | By | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "Lizzie Leigh," "Cranford," etc. | New Edition | London: | Charles H. Clarke, 13, Paternoster Row. | [124

16.5 cm., pp. [ii], 318. The Parlour Library, No. 228. 2/–.

1862

Garibaldi at Caprera. By Colonel [C. Augusto] Vecchj. Translated from the Italian [by L. and M. Ellis]. With Preface by Mrs. Gaskell. Cambridge [Printed in London]: Macmillan and Co., and 23 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. 1862. [125

16.8 cm., pp. xi, [i], 130. Front.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862. [126

Six Weeks at Heppenheim. In *The Cornhill Magazine*, May, v. 560–587. [127

1863

The Cage at Cranford. In *All the Year Round*, Nov. 28, x. 332–336. [128

Cousin Phillis. In *The Cornhill Magazine*, Nov.–Feb., 1864, viii. 619–635, 688–706, ix.51–65, 187–209. [129

A Dark Night's Work. In *All the Year Round*, Jan. 24–Feb. 21, viii. [457]–465, [481]–485, [505]–510, [529]–533, [553]–562. [130

A Dark Night's Work. By Mrs. Gaskell, Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Life of Charlotte Brontë," "Mary Barton," "Ruth," etc. etc. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 65, Cornhill. MDCCCLXIII. [131

19 cm., pp. [iv], 299, [1]. Published in May at 10/6, reduced in 1864 to 3/6.

A | Dark Night's Work. | By | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," etc. etc. | Copyright Edition. | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1863. | The Right of Translation is reserved. | [132

16.2 cm., pp. [iv], 282. Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition 657.

A Dark Night's Work. | A Novel. | By Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of | "Sylvia's Lovers," "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Right at Last," | "My Lady Ludlow," | "Cranford," &c. | New York: | Harper & Brothers, Publishers, | Franklin Square. | 1863. | [132.5

24 cm., pp. [ii], [9]–90.

How the First Floor Went to Crowley Castle. Chapter ii of Mrs. Juniper's Lodgings. In *All the Year Round*, x, Christmas Number, pp. 12–25. [133

An Italian Institution. In *All the Year Round*, March 21, ix. 93–96. [134

On the Camorra.

Robert Gould Shaw. In *Macmillan's Magazine*, December, ix. 113–117. [135

Sylvia's Lovers. | By | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," "Mary Barton," | "Ruth," "North and South," etc. | [Quotation from In Memoriam lvi. ll. 26–28] | London: | Smith, Elder & Co., 65, Cornhill. | MDCCCLXIII. | [136

20 cm. 3 vols., pp. [viii], 310; [iv], 294; [iv], 284. Published in March, at 31/6. There was also a second edition.

Same. 2d Edition. 1863. [137

Sylvia's Lovers. | By | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," "Mary Barton," | "Ruth," "North and South," etc. | [Quotation from In Memoriam lvi. ll. 26–28] | Illustrated Edition | London: | Smith, Elder & Co., 65, Cornhill. | M.DCCC.LXIII. | [138

20 cm., pp. viii, 499. 5 plates.

Sylvia's Lovers. | By | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," "Mary Barton," | "Ruth," "North and South," etc. | Copyright Edition. | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1863. | The Right of Translation is reserved. | [139

16.2 cm., 2 vols., pp. [viii], 334; [vi], 328. Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition 644, 645.

Sylvia's Lovers. | A Novel. | By Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of | "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Cranford," "My Lady Ludlow," | "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," &c. | [Quotation from In Memoriam lvi. ll. 26–28] | New York: | Harper & Brothers, Publishers, | Franklin Square. | 1863. | [140

23.2 cm., pp. [iv], [9]–175. Paper, 50 cents. Double columns.

[German translation.] Sylvia's Freier. Roman. Aus dem autorisirten Ausgabe. Leipzig. E. J. Günther. 1863–4. [141

8vo, 4 Bde., pp. 765.

1864

Cousin Phillis. | A Tale. | New York: | Harper & Brothers, Publishers, | Franklin Square. | 1864. | [142

23 cm., pp. 51. Double columns.

Cranford | By Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "Cousin Phillis," "Mary Barton," | "A Dark Night's Work," etc. | Illustrated Edition | London: | Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. | M.DCCC.LXIV. | [The Right of Translation is reserved.] [143

19.8 cm., pp. 243. Double-page front.

A Dark Night's Work. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1864. [144

Domestic Stories. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1864. 8vo. 5/–. [145

French Life. In *Fraser's Magazine*, Apr.–June, lxix. 435–449, 575–585, 739–752. [146

Mary Barton: | a Tale | of | Manchester Life | [Quotation from Carlyle] | New York: | Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 329 & 331 Pearl Street, | Franklin Square. | 1864. | [147

8vo, pp. 149. Library of Select Novels 121.

North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York: Harper & Brother, Publishers. 1864. [148

8vo, pp. 154. Library of Select Novels 196.

[Round the Sofa, French translation.] Autour du Sofa. Par Mrs. Gaskell. Roman Anglais, Traduit . . . par Mme. Loreau. Paris. L.Hachette. 1864. [149

16mo, pp. 339. Bibliothèque des Meilleurs Romans Étrangers. Reprinted 1872, 1875, 1879, 1889.

Wives and Daughters. An Every-Day Story. In *The Cornhill Magazine*, Aug., 1864–Jan., 1866, x. 129 ff.–xiii. 15. Illus. [150

1865

Cousin Phillis. | And Other Tales. | By Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Sylvia's | Lovers," "Cranford," etc. | Illustrated Edition. | London: | Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. | M.DCCC.LXV. | [151

19.8 cm., pp. [iv], 286. Plates, added t.-p., illus. 3/6. Contents: Cousin Phillis. Company Manners. Mr. Harrison's Confessions. The Sexton's Hero.

[A Dark Night's Work, German translation.] Die That einer Nacht. Roman aus dem englischen autorisirten Ausgabe. Leipzig. E. J. Günther. 1865. [152

8vo, pp. iv, 232.

The Grey Woman. | And Other Tales. | By Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Sylvia's | Lovers," "Cousin Phillis," "Cranford," etc. | Illustrated Edition. | London: | Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. | M.DCCC.LXV. | [The right of translation is reserved.] | [153

19.5 cm., pp. 280. 4 plates, added t.-p., illus. Contents: The Grey Woman. Curious, if True. Six Weeks at Heppenheim. Libbie Marsh's Three Eras. Christmas Storms and Sunshine. Hand and Heart. Bessie's Troubles at Home. Disappearances.

Lizzie Leigh. | And Other Tales. | By Mrs. Gaskell | Author of "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Sylvia's | Lovers," "Cousin Phillis," "Cranford," etc. | Illustrated Edition. | London: | Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. | M.DCCC.LXV. | [154

20 cm., pp. 274. 4 plates, added t.-p. Contents: Lizzie Leigh. The Well of Pen-Morfa. The Heart of John Middleton. The Old Nurse's Story. Traits and Stories of the Huguenots. Morton Hall. My French Master. The Squire's Story.

[Sylvia's Lovers, French translation.] Mrs. L. E. [*sic*] Gaskell | Les | Amoureux de Sylvia | Roman Anglais | Traduit avec l'Autorisation de l'Auteur | par É[mile]-D[awrand] Forgues. | Paris | Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie | Boulevard Saint-Germain, No. 77 | 1865. | [155

19 cm., pp. iv, 390. Bibliothèque des Meilleurs Romans Étrangers. 3 fr. Second edition, 1869.

Wives and Daughters: an Every-Day Story. In *Littell's Living Age*, May 27–Feb. 3, 1866, lxxxv. (3d Ser. xxix.) 337 ff.–lxxxviii. (3d Ser. xxxii.) 361. [156

1866

Cousin Phillis. Traduit par É.-D. Forgues. In *Revue des deux Mondes*, 15 Avril, 1 Mai, lxii. 838–69, lxiii. 50–88. [157

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. New Edition. London: Chapman & Hall. [158

12mo. 2/–.

Mary Barton; | a Tale of Manchester Life. | By | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Ruth," "Cranford," etc. | New York: | D. Appleton and Co. | 1866. | [159

18 cm., pp. 323.

Marie Barton. Traduit par Mlle. Morel. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1866. [160

8vo, pp. iv, 261.

My Lady Ludlow, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. New Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. [161

8vo. 2/6.

Ruth par Mme. Gaskell . . . Roman Traduit de l'Anglais. Paris. Hachette. 1866. [162

16mo, pp. 361. Bibliothèque des Meilleurs Romans Étrangers. Reprinted 1868, 1872, 1875, 1877, 1882, 1890.

Wives and Daughters | An Every-Day Story | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With Eighteen Illustrations by George du Maurier | In Two Volumes | Vol. I | London: | Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. | 1866. | The right of translation is reserved. | [163

22.8 cm., 2 vols., pp. iv, 336, 10 plates; iv, 332, 8 plates. Published in February at 26/–.

Wives and Daughters. | An Every-Day Story. | By | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," etc. | Copyright Edition. | In Three Volumes. | Vol. I. | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1866. | [164

16.3 cm., pp. 334; 334; 320. Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition 851–853.

Wives and Daughters. | A Novel. | By Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of | "Mary Barton," "Cranford," "Sylvia's Lovers," "Cousin Phillis," &c., &c. | With Illustrations. | New York: | Harper & Brothers, Publishers, | Franklin Square. | 1866. | [165

23.6 cm., pp. [ii], [9]–258. Front., illus. Double columns. Cloth, $2.50.

1867

Cousin Phillis | and | Other Tales. | By | Mrs. Gaskell. | Copyright Edition. | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1867. | The Right of Translation is reserved. | [166

16.3 cm., pp. 304. Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition 891. Contents: Cousin Phillis. Six Weeks at Heppenheim. Curious, if True. Right at Last. The Manchester Marriage.

[Cousin Phillis, etc., French translation.] Mrs. Gaskell | Cousine Phillis | L'Œuvre d'une Nuit de Mai | Le Héros du Fossoyeur | Nouvelles Traduites avec l'Autorisation de l'Auteur | par | É.-D. Forgues | et Précédés | d'une Notice sur Mrs. Gaskell | par Mme Louise Sw. Belloc. | Paris | Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie | Boulevard Saint-Germain, No. 77 | 1867 | Tous Droits Réservés. | [167

18.5 cm., pp. iv, 343, [3]. Bibliothèque des Meilleurs Romans Étrangers. Reprinted 1869, 1870, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1879.

Cranford. | By | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," etc. etc. | Copyright Edition | Leipzig | Bernhard Tauchnitz | 1867. | [168

16.1 cm., pp. 295. Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition 875.

[The Manchester Marriage, French translation.] Un Double Mariage. In Bibliothèque Universelle, N.P. xxix, p. 371, 534. [169

[Mary Barton, dramatized.] The Long Strike, a Drama in Four Acts. By Dion Boucicault. London: S. French. 1867. [169.5

8vo, pp. 38. French's Standard Drama 360. The play was produced at the Lyceum, London, on Sept. 15, 1866.

My Lady Ludlow. New York. 1867. 8vo. [170

North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1867. [171

19.5 cm., pp. [ii], 432. Plates, added t.-p., illus.

Right at Last, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. New Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1867. [172

12mo. 2/6.

Ruth: a Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell . . . Eighth Edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867. [173

8vo, pp. 318. Select Library of Fiction.

[Wives and Daughters, German translation.] Frauen und Töchter. Eine Alltagsgeschichte. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt von August Kretzschmar. Berlin. Otto Janke. 1867. [174

8vo, 6 Bde., pp. 1514. Moderne Romane des Auslandes in guten Uebersetzungen 31–6.

1868

The Moorland Cottage. By the Author of "Mary Barton." New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1868. [175

17 cm., pp. 183.

[Six Weeks at Heppenheim, French translation.] Six Semaines à Heppenheim. In Bibliothèque Universelle, N.P. xxxii, 90, 250. [176

[Wives and Daughters, French translation.] Dernier Ouvrage de Mme Gaskell. Nos Femmes et Nos Filles. Traduit de l'Anglais par F. M. Paris: Grassart. 1868. [177

18vo. 2 vols.

1869

North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1869. [178

8vo. 5/–.

Wives and Daughters. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1869. [179

8vo. 5/–.

1870

Cousin Phillis, and Other Tales. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [180

12mo. 2/–.

Cranford. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co. [181

12mo. 2/–.

North and South. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [182
8vo, pp. vi, 432. Front. 2/–.

Sylvia's Lovers. Illustrated Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [183
8vo. 6/–. There was also a 12mo edition at 2/6.

Wives and Daughters. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [184
12mo. 2/6.

1871

[The Crooked Branch, The Doom of the Griffiths, Danish translation.] Heimdal. | Underholdning i Familiekredse | Forste Bind. | Kjøbenhavn | L. Jordans Forlag. | S. Gettingers Bog- og Stentrukkeri | [185
1871. 16.5 cm. Et Vanskud | af | Mrs. C. E. [*sic*] Gaskell. | Pp. 1–60. Den nedarvede Dom | af | Mrs. C. E. Gaskell. | Pp. 61–100.

A Dark Night's Work. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1871. [186
12mo, pp. 271. Front. 2/–.

The Grey Woman, and Other Tales. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [187
8vo. 3/6.

Same. New Edition. Smith, Elder & Co. [187.1
12mo. 2/–.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1871. [188
8vo, pp. viii, 441. Vign.

Lizzie Leigh, and Other Tales. Illustrated Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [189
8vo. 3/6.

Same. New Edition. Smith, Elder & Co. [190
12mo. 2/–.

1872

Lizzie Leigh. Adapted for the Stage by W. R. Waldron. London. 1872. Lacy's Acting Editions of British Plays 1393. [191
I have not seen this; I borrow the item from Sadleir.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1872. [192

Ruth. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1872. [193

8vo, pp. [ii], 318.

1873

Cranford. Smith, Elder and Co. 1873. [194

Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1873. [195

8vo, pp. x, [2], 452. Front., vignette in t.-p., 6 illus. Forms vol. vii of The Life and Works of Charlotte Brontë and Her Sisters.

The Life | of | Charlotte Brontë, | Author of | "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," "The Professor," | etc. | By Mrs. Gaskell. | [Vignette of Roe Head] | Roe Head. | London: | Smith, Elder and Co., 15 Waterloo Place. | New York: Scribner, Welford and Co. | 1873. | [195.5

20 cm., pp. x, [2], 452. Front., port., vign. in t.-p. and 6 other illus.

Lizzie Leigh, and Other Tales. New Edition. Smith, Elder & Co. [196

Mary Barton. New Edition. Smith, Elder and Co. [197

My Lady Ludlow. New Edition. Smith, Elder and Co. [198

North and South. New Edition. Smith, Elder and Co. [199

Ruth, and Other Tales. New Edition. Smith, Elder and Co. [200

Sylvia's Lovers. New Edition. Smith, Elder and Co. [201

Wives and Daughters. New Edition. Smith, Elder and Co. [202

8vo, pp. [iv], 592. Front.

1875

[Mary Barton, Hungarian translation.] Mely Titok. | Beszély | Vita Gaskellné. | Angolból Forditotta | Csukássi József | A szerzönö eletrajzával. | Budapest, | Aigner Hajos. | [203

16 cm., pp. 91. Hungarian Repository, Maygar Könyvesház, Foly. 2.

1877

Cousin Phillis: A Tale. By Mrs. Gaskell . . . [New York. G. Munro. 1877.] [204

32.5 cm., pp. 19. Illus. Seaside Library, vol. vii, no. 128. Caption title.

[Life of Charlotte Brontë, French translation.] Vie de Charlotte Brontë (Currer Bell), par Mme. Gaskell. Traduit de l'Anglais par Mme. Ambroise Tardieu. Paris. Grassart. 1877. [205

18mo, pp. vi, 351.

. . . Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life. By Mrs. Gaskell . . . [New York. G. Munro. 1877.] [206

32.5 cm., pp. 46. Illus. Seaside Library, vol. vii, no. 125. Caption title.

Mary Barton | A Tale | of | Manchester Life | [Quotation from Carlyle] | New York: | Harper & Brothers, Publishers, | 329 & 331 Pearl Street, | Franklin Square. | 1877. | [207

23 cm., pp. 149. Double columns.

. . . My Lady Ludlow. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell . . . [New York. G. Munro. 1877.] [208

32.5 cm., pp. 22. Illus. Seaside Library, vol. vii, no. 127. Caption title.

North and South. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1877. [209

8vo, pp. vi, 432.

1878

. . . A Dark Night's Work. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell. . . [New York. G. Munro. 1878.] [210

32.5 cm., pp. 21. Illus. Seaside Library, vol. xii, no. 232.

1879

[Mary Barton, Spanish translation.] Mistress Elisabeth Eleglom [*sic*] Gaskell | María Barton, | Version Castellana | por Eduardo Quilez. | Madrid: | E. Vicente, Editor | Cuesta de Santo Domingo, Núm. 20.—Imprenta. | 1879. | [211

18 cm., pp. 376. Paper covers.

1881

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. [New York. G. Munro. 1881.] [212

32.5 cm., pp. 32. Seaside Library, vol. lv, no. 1113. 10 cents.

1882

Cranford, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1882. [213

8vo, pp. [vi], 488. Plates. Forms vol. iv of Novels and Tales by Mrs. Gaskell.

The Grey Woman, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. [New York. G. Munro. 1882.] [214

32.5 cm., pp. 22. Seaside Library 1281. Paper covers. 10 cents.

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. [New York. G. Munro. 1882.] [215

32.5 cm., pp. 24. Seaside Library 1308. Paper covers. 10 cents.

Lizzie Leigh, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. [New York. G. Munro. 1882.] [216

32.5 cm., pp. 29. Seaside Library 1372. Paper covers. 10 cents.

[Lizzie Leigh, French translation.] Trois | Histoires d'Amour | par | Deux Femmes | (Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Craik) | Traduction de | Mme Cornélis de Witt | née Guizot. | [Vignette] | Paris | Calmann Lévy, Éditeur | Ancienne Maison Michel Lèvy Frères | 3, Rue Auber, 3 | 1882 | Droits de Réproduction et de Traduction Réservés. | [217

18.5 cm., pp. iv, 329. Bibliothèque Contemporaine. Includes Lizzie Leigh (pp. 1–64) and two stories by Mrs. Craik.

Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life. By Mrs. Gaskell. People's Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1882. [218

Roy. 8vo, pp. [iv], 323. Front. 6d.

Wives and Daughters. By Mrs. Gaskell. In Two Parts. [New York. G. Munro. 1882.] [219

32.5 cm., Part 2, pp. 69. Seaside Library (Part 2 is no. 1413). Paper covers. Each part, 20 cents.

1883

Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1883. [220

30 cm., pp. 78. Harper's Franklin Square Library 308. Paper covers. 20 cents.

North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. [New York. G. Munro. 1883.] [221

32.5 cm. Seaside Library.

1884

[Cranford, Hungarian translation.] Cranford | Regény | Vita | Gaskellné | Angolból Fordította | Belényesi Gabor. | Budapest | Franklin-Társulat | Magyar Irod. Intézet és Könyvnyomda | 1884. [222

15 cm., pp. 302. Bound with several other works. Cover title reads: Olesó Konyvtár | Szerkesti Gyulai Pál. | Cranford | Regény | Vita | Gaskellné | 177. sz. 60 kr. | Franklin Társulat | Budapest |

Cranford, and Other Tales. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1884. [223

12mo. 2/6.

Lizzie Leigh, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. A New Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1884. [224

8vo, pp. vi, 492. 2/6. Contents: Lizzie Leigh. A Dark Night's Work. Round the Sofa. My Lady Ludlow. An Accursed Race. The Doom of the Griffiths. Half a Life-Time Ago. The Poor Clare. The Half-Brothers.

1887

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1887. [225

17.5 cm., pp. [5]–329. Harper's Handy Series 116. Cover title. Paper covers. 25 cents.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. [New York. G. Munro. 1887.] [226

12mo. Seaside Library, Pocket Edition 938. Paper covers. 20 cents.

Ruth | and Other Tales. | By Mrs. Gaskell. | A New Edition, | with Four Illustrations | London: | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. | 1887. | [227

19.3 cm., pp. [viii], 466. Novels and Tales by Mrs. Gaskell vi. Contents: Ruth. The Grey Woman. Morton Hall. Mr. Harrison's Confessions. Hand and Heart.

1889

Life of Charlotte Brontë. New York. F. A. Stokes. 1889. [228

16mo. 2 vols. Handy Volume Edition 52. $2. Also in half calf at $4 and in half levant at $4.50.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë . . . By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. 1889. [229

16mo, pp. 448. Front. (port.).

Lizzie Leigh | and Other Tales. | By Mrs. Gaskell. | A New Edition, with Four Illustrations. | London: | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. | 1889. | [230

19.3 cm., pp. [viii], 492. Novels and Tales by Mrs. Gaskell viii. Contents: Lizzie Leigh. A Dark Night's Work. Round the Sofa. My Lady Ludlow. An Accursed Race. The Doom of the Griffiths. Half a Life-Time Ago. The Poor Clare. The Half-Brothers.

My Lady Ludlow. By Mrs. Gaskell. [New York: G. Munro. 1889.] [231

32.5 cm. Seaside Library.

North and South. | By Mrs. Gaskell. | A New Edition, with Four Illustrations. | London: | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. | 1889. | [232

19.4 cm., pp. viii, 432. Novels and Tales by Mrs. Gaskell ii. 1/6.

Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. A New Edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. 1889. [233

18vo. 1/6.

Wives and Daughters. An Every-Day Story. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. 1889. [234

18vo. 1/6.

1890

[Cranford.] Novels and Tales | by | Mrs. Gaskell | In Seven Volumes. | Vol. IV. | Cranford and Other Tales. | London: | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. | 1890. | [235

19.4 cm., pp. [viii], 488. 1/6. Contents: Cranford. Company Manners. The Well of Pen-Morfa. The Heart of John Middleton. Traits and Stories of the Huguenots. Six Weeks at Heppenheim. The Squire's Story. Libbie Marsh's Three Eras. Curious, if True. The Moorland Cottage. The Sexton's Hero. Disappearances. Right at Last. The Manchester Marriage. Lois the Witch. The Crooked Branch.

A Dark Night's Work, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. A New Edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. 1890. [236-7

18vo. 1/6.

[Mary Barton.] Cassell's Red Library | Mary Barton. | By Mrs. Gaskell. | [Vignette] | Cassell & Company, Limited: | London, Paris & Melbourne. | 1890. | [238

18 cm., pp. 380. Boards.

[Mary Barton.] Warne's "Crown" Library. | Mary Barton | By | Mrs. Gaskell, | Author of "Cranford," "Wives and Daughters," etc. etc. | [Vignette] | London and New York: | Frederick Warne and Co. | 1890. | [239

18.8 cm., pp. x, 422. Crown Library 31. 2/–.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. A New Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. 1890. [240

18vo. 1/6.

My Lady Ludlow, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. A New Edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. 1890. [241

18vo. 1/6.

Ruth, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place, 1890. [242

18vo. 1/6.

1891

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Preface | by Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D. | Illustrated | Boston | Joseph Knight Company | Publishers. | [243

Cop. 1891. 20.7 x 16 cm., pp. xiv, 319. Col. front., 100 illus. by S. G., G. H. B., and others. $2.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With a Preface by | Anne Thackeray Ritchie | and Illustrations | by | Hugh Thomson | London | Macmillan and Co. | and New York | 1891 | [244

18.8 cm., pp. xxx, 297, [3]. Front., 110 illustrations, all black and white. 6/–. $2. Also in half calf or half morocco at $5 and in full morocco at $7. Reprinted 1892, 1894, 1895, 1898, 1902, 1903, 1911, 1921.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. Condensed from Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë, by T.M.C. New York. United States Book Company. [1891.] [245

19 cm., pp. [ii], 110.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Cassell & Co. 1891. The Red Library. [246

Mary Barton: | A Tale of Manchester Life. | By | Mrs. Gaskell. | [Quotation from Carlyle, as in the 1st edition] | With a Full Biographical Introduction by the Editor | Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co., | London, New York, and Melbourne. | 1891. | [247

19 cm., pp. xxiii, 422. The Minerva Library of Famous Books, Edited by G. T. Bettany, M.A., B.Sc. 2/–, 75 cents. Also in half calf at $1.75.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Milner & Co. 1891. [248

8vo, pp. 288.

Mary Barton | and Other Tales | By | Mrs. Gaskell | A New Edition, with Four Illustrations. | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1891 | [249

19.3 cm., pp. viii, 459. Novels and Tales by Mrs. Gaskell v. Contents: Mary Barton. Cousin Phillis. My French Master. The Old Nurse's Story. Bessy's Troubles at Home. Christmas Storms and Sunshine.

Sylvia's Lovers. | By | Mrs. Gaskell. | [Quotation from In Memoriam lvi. ll. 26–28] | A New Edition, with Four Illustrations. | London: | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. | 1891. | [250

19.4 cm., pp. [2], viii, [2], 440. Plates. Novels and Tales by Mrs. Gaskell iii.

1892

Cousin Phillis | A Story of English Love | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Chicago | A. C. McClurg and Company | 1892 | [251

16.8 cm., pp. [3]–222. $1. Tales from Foreign Lands, American Edition.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Preface | by | Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D. | Illustrated | Troy, N.Y. | Nims & Knight | 1892 | [252

20.7 x 16 cm., pp. xiv, 319. Col. front., 100 illus. by S. G., G. H. B., and others.

Cranford | By Mrs. Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell | Author of "The Moorland Cottage," "Lizzie Leigh," "Sylvia's Lovers," "A Dark Night's Work," "Cousin Phillis," etc. | [Emblem] | A. L. Burt Company | Publishers, New York | [253

[1892.] 17.4 cm., pp. iii-xxiv, [9]–278. Front., plates, in all 53 illus. Preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Putnam. 1892. [254

Knickerbocker Nuggets 37. $1.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell . . . New York. Hurst & Co. [1892?] [255

24to, pp. 330. 2 plates (incl. front.), illus. by Thomson.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Philadelphia. H. Altemus. 1892. [256

16mo, pp. 294.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. F. A. Stokes. 1892. [257

16mo. Handy Volume Edition. $1. Also in half calf at $2 and in half levant at $2.25.

Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. [1892]. [258

16 cm., pp. xxiv, 290. Front., illus. by Thomson. Handy Volume Classics. 50 cents. Same. 19.5 cm., pp. [2], xxiv, 290. Col. front., illus., added engr. t.-p.

Cranford. Cousin Phillis. New York. Crowell. [1892?] [259
12mo, pp. vi, 320.

Life of Charlotte Brontë. London: Smith, Elder & Co. [259.5

Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Richard E. King. 1892. [260
Post 8vo. 2/–.

Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life. By Mrs. Gaskell. Manchester. W. H. White. 1892. [261
8vo, pp. viii, 113. 3d.

The Moorland Cottage. London. Richard E. King. 1892. [262
8vo, pp. 191.

Wives and Daughters. | An Every-Day Story. | By | Mrs. Gaskell. | A New Edition, with Four Illustrations | London: | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. | 1892. | [263
19.3 cm. pp. [viii], 592. Novels and Tales by Mrs. Gaskell i.

1893

Mary Barton | By | Mrs. Gaskell | London | George Routledge and Sons, Limited | Broadway, Ludgate Hill | Manchester and New York | [264
19 cm., pp. 380. Hearth and Home Series. 1/–. Reissued 1894.

Mary Barton | A Tale of Manchester Life | By | Mrs. Gaskell | London | George Routledge and Sons, Limited | Broadway, Ludgate Hill | Manchester and New York | 1893. | [265
23 cm., pp. 155. Boards. Caxton Novels. 6d.

Mary Barton | A Tale of Manchester Life | By | Mrs. Gaskell | London: | Richard Edward King, | 88 Curtain Road, E. C. | [266
19 cm., pp. 422.

1894

[A Dark Night's Work, German translation.] Eine böse Nacht. Wien. A. Hartleben. 1894. [267
8vo, pp. 157. Collection Hartleben, 2. Jahrgang 23. 75 pfennigs.

The Moorland Cottage. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Richard Edward King. [268
Post 8vo. 2/–.

1895

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Putnam. 1895. [269
16mo. Full ooze calf. $2.25. Stories of the Ages.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New Edition. London: Richard Edward King. 1895. [270
Cr. 8vo. 2/–.

Ruth. By Mrs. Gaskell. New Edition. London: Richard Edward King. 1895. [271
Post 8vo. 2/–.

Ruth. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Walter Scott. [1895.] [272
Cr. 8vo, pp. 318. 2/–. Oxford Library.

1896

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Illustrated | by | T. H. Robinson | London: | Bliss Sands & Co. | MDCCC | XCVI | [273
20 cm., pp. 316. Illus. t.-p., 16 plates. 2/6. Book Lovers' Classics.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Hurst. 1896. [274
16mo. 35 cents. Cambridge Classics.

Cranford by Mrs. Gaskell and The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 1896. [275
12mo. 2 vols. Illus. Superb Series 4. 75 cents.

Lizzie Leigh. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated by Theodore Carreras. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896. [276
8vo, pp. 16. New Series of Penny Popular Stories 77.

1897

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Rev. Brooke Herford. London: Walter Scott. 1897. [277
8vo, pp. 336. Oxford Library. 2/–.

Cranford. In gekuerzter Fassung fuer den Schulgebrauch hrsg. von Immanuel Schmidt. 1.Teil. Einleitung und Text. II. Teil. Anmerkungen und Woerterverzeichniss. Leipzig. G. Freytag. 1897. [278

8vo, pp. ix, [1], 249. With 2 Abh. M.1.80. An Edition also for Maedchenschulen. Freytag's Sammlung frz. und engl. Schriftsteller. 2. Aufl. nach die neue Rechtschreibung, 1911. 3. Aufl., 1920. Both second and third printings have pp. vii, [1], 172.

Cranford. Extracts in The Warner Library of the World's Best Literature. *See* no. 612. [279

Mary Barton: a Tale of Manchester Factory Life Fifty Years Ago. By Mrs. Gaskell. Abridged. With Preface. London. 1897. [280

Stead's Penny Popular Novels 9.

Mary Barton | By | Mrs. Gaskell | [Vignette] | London: | Bliss Sands & Co. | MDCCCXCVII | [281

21.5 cm., pp. 337. 1/6. The Burleigh Library.

North and South | By | Mrs. Gaskell | A New Edition | London | George Newnes, | Limited | Southampton Street | Strand | 1897. | [282

19.5 cm., pp. viii, 441. 2/6. The New Library 5.

Ruth | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Author of | "Mary Barton," "The Moorland Cottage," etc. | London | Walter Scott, Limited | Paternoster Square | [283

19.4 cm., pp. 318.

Sketches Among the Poor. With a Prefatory Note by William E. A. Axon. In *The Temperance Star*, Dec. [284

1898

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With Sixteen Illustrations by | H. M. Brock | London | Service & Paton | 5 Henrietta Street | Covent | Garden | [285

20 cm., pp. 313. 16 plates. Published in February; new edition in November. 2/6.

Cranford | By Mrs. Gaskell | With Which is Included The | Moorland Cottage | With an Introduction by | W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. | London: Ward, Lock & Co. Limited | New York and Melbourne. MDCCCXCVIII | [286

19.5 cm., pp. xiv, 407. Front. Nineteenth Century Classics. 2/6.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Preface | by | Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D. | Illustrated | London | Walter Scott, Limited | Paternoster Square | [287

19 cm., pp. xvi, 319. Front. Oxford Library.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Newnes. 1898. [288

8vo, 2 parts, pp. 80; 81–144. Penny Library of Famous Books 136, 137.

North and South | By | Mrs. Gaskell | London | Walter Scott, Limited | Paternoster Square | [289

19. 4 cm., pp. iv, 344. 2/–. The Oxford Library.

Popular Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison. [1898?] [290

8vo, pp. 384. Contents: The Moorland Cottage. Ruth. Lizzie Leigh.

Ruth. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Richard E. King. 1898. [291

8vo, pp. ii, 318. A cheap reprint.

1899

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. New York. Boston. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1899. [292

19.5 cm., pp. [2], xxiv, 290. Col. front., illus., col. plates., added t.-p., illus. Copley Series. $1. Illus. by H. Thomson.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson. London: Bliss, Sands & Co. 1899. [293

20 cm., pp. 316. 1/6. Gauntlet Library.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With a Memoir of the Author | an Introduction and Notes | by E. V. Lucas | With a Frontispiece | London | Methuen & Co. | 36 Essex Street, W. C. | MDCCCXCIX | [294

15.5 cm., pp. xliv, 254. Front. (port. from the bronze medallion by Achille d'Orsi). 1/6 net. The Little Library. Published in New York by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Cranford, and Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated by Chris Hammond. With an Introduction by J. A. Nicklin. London: The Gresham Publishing Company. [1899.] [295

8vo, pp. xiii, [5], 409. Plates. Mary Barton occupies pp. [119]–409, with separate t.-p.

[Cranford, dramatized.] The Ladies of Cranford. A Sketch of English Village Life Fifty Years Ago; in Three Acts; by Mary Barnard Horne . . . Boston: W. H. Baker & Co. [1899.] [296

12mo, pp. 28. Baker's Edition of Plays. Dramatized for amateur presentation.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Downey. 1899. [297

17.5 cm., pp. 338. 6d.

Mary Barton | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Author of | "North and South," "Cranford," "Ruth," etc. | London | Walter Scott, Limited, | Paternoster Square | [298

19.4 cm., pp. 337. 2/–. The Oxford Library.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. New Edition. London: W. P. Nimmo. 1899. [299

19 cm., pp. 338. 2/6.

North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Ward & Lock. 1899. [300

19.7 cm., pp. iv, 344.

1900

Cranford | A Tale | By | Elizabeth | Cleghorn | Gaskell | MDCCCC. Published by J. M. Dent. | and Co. Aldine. House: London. W. C. | [301

15.5 cm., pp. vi, 272. Front. (port. after Richmond). Temple Classics. Edited by Israel and Emma Gollancz. 1/6. Published in New York by Macmillan in 1902 at 80 cents.

Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell. Chicago. W. B. Conkey Co. [1900.] [302

16 cm., pp. 280. Front., 3 plates. Title within ornamental borders.

Cranford. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. London: Nisbet. 1900. [303

19.4 cm., pp. 314. 2/–.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Richard E. King. 1900. [304

8vo, pp. ii, 289. A cheap reprint.

Cranford | and | Mary Barton | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Illustrated by Chris Hammond | With an Introduction by | J. A. Nicklin |

London | The Gresham Publishing Co. | 25 Farringdon Avenue, E.C. | [305

20.5 cm., pp. xxx, 409. Front., 10 plates.

[Cranford, adapted.] A Cranford Evening. By Luise M. Torrance. In *Munsey's Magazine*, August, 1900, xxiii. 627–634. [306

An entertainment in which the characters of the book act scenes from it.

The Haworth Edition | The Life of | Charlotte Brontë | By Mrs. Gaskell | With an Introduction and Notes | by | Clement K. Shorter | Illustrated | [Emblem] | New York and London | Harper & Publishers Publishers | 1900 | [307

21.4 cm., pp. [4], [vii]–xxxvi, [2], 670. Front. (port)., pls., ports., facsims. Forms vol. vii of the Haworth Edition of The Life and Works of the Sisters Brontë. Includes a reprod. of the t.-p. of the first edition. 6/–. Published in London by Smith, Elder & Co.

North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Richard E. King. 1900. [308

8vo, pp. iv, 344.

1901

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Illustrated by T. H. Robinson | London | Sands and Co | MDCCCCI | [309

21.5 cm., pp. 316. Front. 15 plates. 2/6. Reissued in New York by Stokes in 1914 at $1 net. Prize Series.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1901. [310

19.2 cm., pp. 256. 1/6. The New Standard Library.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Dodge Publishing Co. 1901. [311

16mo. $1.50. Paper covers. 25 cents. Green Book Series.

[Cranford, dramatized.] Cranford; Three Act Play. By Marguerite Merington. In *The Ladies' Home Journal*, February, 1901, vol. xviii, pp. 5,6 ff. [312

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. Reprinted from the First Edition and Edited with Introduction and Notes

by Temple Scott and B. W. Willett. With Portrait after Richmond. Thornton Edition. London: Downey & Co. 1901. [313
22 cm., pp. xvi, 526. 5/–. net.

Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1901. [314
19.7 cm., pp. 444. 1/6. The Standard Library.

1902

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Boston. H. M. Caldwell Co. 1902. [315
12mo. Illus. Sesame Classics. Limp oozed calf, boxed. $1.25.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Philadelphia. Henry T. Coates & Co. 1902. [316
12mo. 75 cents. New Alta Library 58.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Putnam. 1902. [317
32mo. Front. 75 cents. Ariel Booklets 33. Published in London in 1903 at 1/6 net.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Crowell. 1902. [318
Limp lizard edition, gilt, boxed, $1.50. Normandie Series, illus., gilt top, boxed, $1. Limp walrus, $2.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith. New York. Crowell. 1902. [319
2 vols. Front., illus., gilt top, boxed. $2. Marlboro Series.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Methuen. 1902. [320
8vo, pp. ii, 128. Sixpenny Library 18.

[Cranford dramatized.] Cranford: a Play from Mrs. Gaskell's Novel, by Anne Dashiell and Eleanor Ferris. [Lakewood, N. J. Privately Printed at the Press of the Lakewood *Times and Journal*. 1902.] [321
Oblong 8vo, 18 leaves. 200 copies printed. In 5 acts.

Carpet Plays. | Edited by Lucian Oldershaw. | Cranford at Home | A Play for Ladies. Adapted from | Mrs. Gaskell's Famous Novel. | R. Brinsley Johnson, | 8, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W. C. | 1902 | [322
13.6 cm., pp. 68.

Scenes from | Cranford | Arranged for Dramatic | Performance | by Beatrice Hatch | With a Preface by | Mr Edward Compton | London | Grant Richards | 1902. | [323

19 cm., pp. 133.

Scenes from | Cranford | Arranged for Dramatic Performance | by Beatrice Hatch | With a Preface by | Mr Edward Compton | London | Alexander Moring Ltd | The De La More Press | 32 George Street Hanover Square W | [324

18.7 cm., pp. 133.

Mary Barton, and Other Tales. By Mrs Gaskell. A New Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1902. [325

18.5 cm., pp. [vi], 459, [1]. Front. Contents: Mary Barton. Cousin Phillis. My French Master. The Old Nurse's Story. Bessy's Troubles at Home. Christmas Storms and Sunshine.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Methuen. 1902. [326

8vo, pp. 160. 6d. Sixpenny Library.

North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Methuen. 1902. [327

8vo. 6d. Sixpenny Library.

1903

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Nisbet. 1903. [328

17.5 cm., pp. 314. 1/– net. Leather, 2/– net. Standard Series.

Cranford. Von Elisabeth Gaskell. Aus dem Englischen uebersetzt von Hedwig Jahn. Leipzig. P. Reclam, Jun. 1903. [329

24to, pp. 223, [1]. Universal-Bibliothek 4441, 4442.

Mrs. Gaskell | Cranford | and | Mary Barton | Illustrated by Chris Hammond | London | Blackie and Son Limited | MCMIII | [330

20.5 cm., pp. x, 409. Front., 5 plates.

[The Crooked Branch.] The Ghost in the Garden Room. In Christmas Stories, from *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. [331

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Dent. New York. Macmillan. 1903. [332

15.5 cm. 2 vols. 50 cents each. Leather. 75 cents. Temple Classics.

1904

Cranford | By | Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell | With Twenty-five Coloured Illustrations | by C. E. Brock | 1904 | London. | J. M. Dent & Co. | New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. | [333

20 cm., pp. xv, 255. 46 col. plates. 5s. net; $2. Series of English Idylls.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Boston. H. M. Caldwell & Co. 1904. [334

16mo. Limp ooze calf, $1.25. Sesame Classics 9.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Chicago. W. B. Conkey Co. 1904. [335

Sq. 16mo. 50 cents. Rosalind Series for Girls.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Federal Book Co. 1904. [336

75 cents.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Hurst. 1904. [337

Flexible leather, 75 cents. Half leather, $1.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated. New York. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1904. [338

21.5 cm., pp. ix, [1], 409. 17 illus. includ. front., pls., ports., facsim. Gilt top, $1.50. Library of Illustrious Biographies.

1905

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Edited | by | Martin W. Sampson | Professor of English in Indiana University | New York | The Macmillan Company | London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. | 1905 | All Rights Reserved | [339

14.3 cm., pp. xviii, [2], 217. Front. (port.). Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics. 25 cents net.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Illustrated by A. A. Dixon | Blackie and Son Limited | London Glasgow Dublin Bombay | 1905. | [340

20 cm., pp. 224. 8 plates. 2/–. Standard Library.

Longman's English Classics. Elizabeth Gaskell's Cranford. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Franklin T. Baker . . . New York [etc.]. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905. [341

19 cm., pp. xxiv, 239. Longmans' English Classics. 40 cents net.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Dodge Publishing Co. 1905. [342

60 cents. Cheltenham Nuggets.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New Edition. London. Nisbet. 1905. [343

Cr. 8vo. 1/6.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Routledge. 1905. [344

15.6 cm., pp. 286. 1/6. 1/– net. New Universal Library. Published in New York by Dutton at 50 cents; lambskin, $1.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Grosset & Dunlap. [1905?] [345

8vo, pp. 279. Illus. after H. Thomson.

[Cranford dramatized.] Cranford, a Play. A Comedy in Three Acts Made from Mrs. Gaskell's Famous Story. By Marguerite Merington. New York. Fox, Duffield & Co. 1905. [346

8vo, pp. vi, [2], 99. 1 pl. $1.25.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Dutton. 1905. [347

15.6 cm., pp. 520. 50 cents. Lambskin, $1. New Universal Library. Published in London by Routledge at 1/– and 2/– respectively.

Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Routledge. New York. Dutton. 1905. [348

15.6 cm., pp. 450. 1/– net; 50 cents. Also in lambskin at 2/– net; $1.

Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Hutchinson & Co. 1905. 6d. [349

1906

Cousin Phillis | and Other Tales | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With Illustrations | London | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place | 1906 | [350

19.5 cm., pp. xl, 727. The Knutsford Edition vii. Introduction by Sir A. W. Ward. Front. (Mrs. Gaskell, 1864–5, from the portrait by Samuel Lawrence); pl. (Les Rochers, Madame de Sévigné's Chateau). 4/6 net. Contents: Cousin Phillis. Lois the Witch. The Crooked Branch. Curious, if True. Right at Last. The Grey Woman. Six Weeks at Heppenheim. A Dark Night's Work. The Shah's English Gardener. French Life. Crowley Castle. Two Fragments of Ghost Stories.

Cranford | and Other Tales | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With a Frontispiece | London | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place | 1906 | [351

19.5 cm., pp. xxxiii, [1], 549, [1]. The Knutsford Edition ii. Introduction by Sir A. W. Ward. Frontisp. (Knutsford, Cheshire, looking up King Street from the foot of Adam's Hill). 4/6 net.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Methuen & Co. | 36 Essex Street W. C. | London. | [352

1906. 18.8 cm., pp. xxviii, 138. 1/– net. Paper covers. 6d. Introduction by E. V. Lucas. Methuen's Standard Library.

Cranford | By | Elizabeth Stevenson Gaskell | Edited | with an Introduction and Annotations | by | William Edwards Simonds | Professor of English Literature in | Knox College | [Embossed design around "Standard English Classics"] | Ginn & Company | Boston. New York. Chicago. London | [353

1906. 17 cm., pp. xxiii, [1], 209. Front. (port.). 30 cents.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | T. Nelson & Sons | [354

London. 1906. 16 cm., pp. iv, [2], 246. Front. 6d.

Cranford. A Tale. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Dent. New York. Dutton. 1906. [355

17.5 cm., pp. xiv, 225. 1/– net; 50 cents. Leather, 2/– net; $1. Everyman's Library 83.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Sisley. 1906. [356

12mo. 6d. net. Cameo Classics.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Sisley. 1906. [357

16.5 cm., pp. 192. 2/– net. Leather, 2/6 net. Panel Books.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Crowell. 1906. [358

Heidelberg Classics. Three-fourths morocco, boxed, $1.75. Handy Volume Classics, Adelphi Edition, leather, boxed, $1.50. Caslon Classics, boxed, $1.50.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Philadelphia. Jacobs & Co. 1906. [359

Favorite Classics 4. 50 cents.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. The Century Co. 1906. [360

[Cranford dramatized.] Scenes from Cranford | Arranged from Mrs. Gaskell's Novel | for Acting by Girls | by | M. F. Hutchinson | London | Blackie & Son, Limited, 50 Old Bailey, E. C. | Glasgow and Dublin | 1906 | [361

15 cm., pp. 59. Paper covers.

Ghost Stories. Two fragments printed for the first time in Cousin Phillis and Other Tales, Knutsford Edition, pp. 721–7. [362

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. The Mershon Company. [1906?] [363

8vo, pp. ii, 399.

Mary Barton | and Other Tales | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With Illustrations | London | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place | 1906 | [364

19.5 cm., pp. lxxiv, 507, [1]. The Knutsford Edition i. Introduction by Sir A. W. Ward. Frontisp. (port. by Richmond); pl. (A Court in Hulme). 4/6 net. Contents: Mary Barton. Libbie Marsh's Three Eras. The Sexton's Hero. Clopton House (with prefatory note).

Mary | Barton | by | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction | by Clement K. Shorter | [Emblem] | Henry Frowde | Oxford University Press | London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne | [365

1906. Reprinted in 1911. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell i. World's Classics lxxxvi. 15.3 cm., pp. [2], xii, 464. Front. (port.). Has also an orn.t.-p.: Mary Barton | by | Elizabeth C. Gaskell |

[Mary Barton.] English Comédie Humaine. Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. The Century Company. 1906. [366

21 cm., pp. xi, [3], 381. Front., 2 pl. English Comédie Humaine, 2d Ser.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Routledge. 1906. [367

Cr. 8vo, pp. 380. 1/6. Empire Library.

My Lady Ludlow | and Other Tales | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With Illustrations | London | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place | 1906 | [368

19.5 cm., pp. xxv, [1], 522, [1]. The Knutsford Edition v. Introduction by Sir A. W. Ward. Front. (The Drawing Room, 84, Plymouth Grove, Manchester); pl. (Mrs. Lumb's House, on the Heath, Knutsford, 1832). 4/6 net. Contents: Round the Sofa. My Lady Ludlow. An Accursed Race. The Doom of the Griffiths. Half a Lifetime Ago. The Poor Clare. The Half-Brothers. Mr. Harrison's Confessions. The Manchester Marriage.

North and South | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With a Frontispiece | London | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place | 1906 | [369

19.5 cm., pp. xxix, [1], 520, [1]. The Knutsford Edition iv. Introduction by Sir A. W. Ward. Front. (The Rev. William Gaskell). 4/6 net.

Ruth | and Other Tales, &c. | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With Illustrations | London | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place | 1906 | [370

19.5 cm., pp. xxxi, [1], 556, [1]. The Knutsford Edition iii. Introduction by Sir A. W. Ward. Front. (The "Abermouth" Sands); pl. (The Vale of Ffestiniog). 4/6 net. Contents: Ruth. Cumberland Sheep-Shearers. Modern Greek Songs. Company Manners. Bessy's Troubles at Home. Hand and Heart.

Ruth | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction | by Clement Shorter | [Emblem] | Henry Frowde | Oxford University Press | London, New York and Toronto | [371

1906. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell ii. World's Classics lxxxviii. 15.3 cm., pp. [2], xii, 458. Front. (port.). Has also an orn. t.-p.: Ruth | by | Elizabeth C. Gaskell |

Sylvia's Lovers | etc. | By | Mrs. Gaskell | [Quotation from Tennyson, In Memoriam] | With Illustrations | London | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place | 1906 | [372

19.5 cm., pp. xxxi, [3], 539, [1]. The Knutsford Edition vi. Introduction by Sir A. W. Ward. Front. (Mrs. Gaskell, 1829, from the bust by D. Dunbar); pl. (View of Whitby). 4/6 net. Contents: Sylvia's Lovers. An Italian Institution.

Sylvia's Lovers | By | Mrs. Gaskell | London | George Bell & Sons | 1906 | [373

16.5 cm., pp. viii, 542. Illus. t.-p. 2/- net. Leather, 3/- net. The York Library.

Wives and Daughters | An Every-Day Story | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With Illustrations | London | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place | 1906 | [374

19.5 cm., pp. xxx, 761. The Knutsford Edition, viii. Introduction by Sir A. W. Ward. Frontisp. (The Lawn, Holybourne); facsim. of one of the last pages of the ms. 4/6 net.

1907

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With Introduction by R. Brinsley Johnson. London. Chatto & Windus. 1907. [375

16 cm., pp. xx, [2], 334, [2]. Front. (port.). Added series title, engr., and second half-title page. 1/6 net. King's Classics.

Cranford | The Cage at Cranford | The Moorland Cottage | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction | by Clement Shorter | [Emblem] | Humphrey Milford | Oxford University Press | London Edinburgh Glasgow | New York Toronto Melbourne Bombay | [376

1907. Reprinted in 1909. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell iii. World's Classics cx. 15.3 cm., pp. xvi, 331. 1/6 net. Reissued in 1916.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Edited by Charles Elbert Rhodes. . . . New York, Cincinnati [etc.]. American Book Company. [1907.] [377

16.5 cm., pp. 312. Front. (port.). 40 cents. Gateway Series of English Texts.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. New Edition. London. Macmillan. 1907. [378

19.7 cm., pp. 328. 5/- net.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated by A. A. Dixon. London. Collins. 1907. [379

8vo, pp. 312. 1/- net. Leather, 2/- net. Paper covers, 6d. Illustrated Pocket Novels.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. New York. Macmillan. 1907. [380

12mo, pp. xxx, 298. Gilt top, $2. Cranford Series.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With Frontispiece by A. E. Jackson and Embellishments by Edgar Wilson. London. Sisley's, Ltd. New York. Paul Elder & Co. 1907. [381

8vo, pp. 192. The Panel Books 10. Lambskin, $1.25. Persian leather, $1.40.

North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Collins. 1907. [382

12mo, pp. 572. 1/– net. Leather, 2/– net. Pocket Classics.

North and South. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. John Murray. 1907. [383

1908

Cousin Phillis | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With a Preface | by | Thomas Secombe | Illustrations | by | M. V. Wheelhouse | George Bell | & | Sons | London 1908 | [384

18 cm., pp. xxxii, 157. Col. front., illus. t.-p., 14 col. pl. 2/6 net; $1. Published in New York by Macmillan.

Cranford. Von Mrs. Gaskell. Im Auszuge mit Anmerkungen zum Schulgebrauch hrsg. von Gustav Opitz, Professor am Dorotheenstädtischen Realgymnasium in Berlin. Leipzig, Bielefeld. Velhagen und Klasing. 1908. [385

8vo, pp. vi, 130, 23. English Authors, Ed. B 118. 1 mark. Reprinted 1914, 1921.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Dent. New York. Dutton. 1908. [386

17.5 cm., pp. xiv, 255. 35 cents. Leather, 70 cents. Everyman's Library.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Cassell and Company, Ltd. | London, Paris, New York, | Toronto & Melbourne | MCMVIII | [387

19 cm., pp. 263, [1]. Title within ornamental border. 8d. net. Leather, 1/6 net. The People's Library.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Sisley's, Ltd. 1908. [388

12mo, pp. 192, 1/– net. Sisley Books.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Dutton. 1908. [389

16mo, pp. xiv, 256. Leather, $1 net. Best Books Series.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908. [390

32mo, pp. vi, 317. Ariel Booklets 33.

The Life of | Charlotte | Brontë By | E. C. Gaskell | London: Published | by J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. | and in New York | by E. P. Dutton & Co | [1908.] [391

17.5 cm., pp. xiii, [1], 411. Title within orn. border. Illus. end-papers. Introduction by May Sinclair. Everyman's Library 318. 35 cents net. Leather, 70 cents net. Reprinted 1910, 1913.

The Moorland Cottage. Von Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell. Mit biographischer Einleitung und Anmerkungen hrsg. von A. Cummins und J. Hengesbach. Berlin. Weidmann. 1908. [392

8vo, pp. xii, 148. Geb., M.1.60. Schulbibliothek frz. und engl. Prosaschriften aus der neueren Zeit, II. Abth., Engl. Schriften, 51. Bdchen. Wörterbuch bearb. von E. Busch. 1909. 8vo, pp. 31. 30 pfennigs.

North and South | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction | by Clement Shorter | [Emblem] | Henry Frowde | Oxford University Press | London, New York and Toronto | [393

1908. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell iv. World's Classics cliv. 15.3 cm., pp. [2], xii, 528. Front. (port.). Has also an orn. t.-p.: North and South | by | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | 1/– net.

1909

Cousin Phillis. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Sturgis & Walton. 1909. [394

Familiar Friends Series.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With Introduction and Notes by Margaret A. Eaton. Boston, New York [etc.]. Educational Publishing Company. [1909.] [395

19.5 cm., pp. 248. 40 cents net.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Siegle, Hill & Co. 1909. [396

17.8 cm., pp. 298. 4/6 net. Sesame Classics.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Bell. New York. Macmillan. 1909. [397

18 cm., pp. 238. 8 pl. in color by Miss M. V. Wheelhouse. 2/6 net; $1. Queen's Treasury Series.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Dodge Publishing Company. 1909. [398

16mo, pp. 300. 50 cents. Acorn Series 7.

Sylvia's Lovers | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | [Quotation from Tennyson, In Memoriam] | [Emblem] | Henry Frowde | Oxford University Press | London, New York, Toronto, Melbourne | [399

1909. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell v. World's Classics clvi. 15.3 cm., pp. xiv, [2], 535. Introduction by Clement K. Shorter.

1910

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With Twenty Four | Illustrations in Colour | by Evelyn Paul | [Vignette] | London | Chapman & Hall Ltd. | [400

1910. 20 cm., pp. viii, 247. 48 pl. 3/6 net. The Burlington Library. Published in Boston in 1911 by Little, Brown & Co. at $1.25.

Cranford | Mrs Gaskell. | H. M. Caldwell Co. | New York & Boston | [401

1910. 16.5 cm., pp. xliv, 254. Plate (bust of Mrs. G. from the death mask at Knutsford). Illus. by Hugh Thomson.

The Lake English Classics | Revised Edition with Helps to Study | Cranford | By | Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell | Edited for School Use | by | Albert Elmer Hancock | Professor of English, Haverford College | Scott, Foresman & Company | Chicago | New York | [402

1910. 17.5 cm., pp. [vi], 9–278. 35 cents. Revised edition, 1921. 17 cm., pp. [vi], 9–289.

The Scribner English Classics. Cranford. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Katherine E. Forster. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1910. [403

16.5 cm., pp. xxvi, 207. Front. (port.). Scribner English Classics. 25 cents.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Suggestive Questions by H[arry] E. [van] Coblentz. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1910. [404

16.7 cm., pp. xxviii, 279. Front. (port.). Paper, 30 cents. Linen, 40 cents. Riverside Literature Series 192.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Ward, Lock & Co. 1910. [405

12mo, pp. 264. 1/– net. World Library.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Harrap. 1910. [406

16mo, pp. 288. Boards. 1/– net. Choice Books.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1910. [407

12mo, pp. 247. Front. (port.). Boards. $1.10 net. Holiday Edition, half leather. Reissued in 1914 in a Pocket Edition, flexible leather, at $1.25 net.

Sylvia's Lovers | By Mrs. Gaskell | With a Preface by | Thomas Seccombe | & | Illustrations by | M. V. Wheelhouse | London | G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. | 1910. | [408

19.5 cm., pp. xlvii, 542. 8 col. plates. Illus. t.-p. 3/6 net; $1.50. Published in New York by Macmillan.

Wives and Daughters | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction | by Clement Shorter | [Emblem] | Henry Frowde | Oxford University Press | London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne | [409

1910. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell vi. World's Classics clvii. 15.3 cm., pp. [2], xvi, 755. Front. (port.). Has also an orn. t.-p.: Wives | and Daughters | by | Elizabeth C. Gaskell |

1911

[Selections.] Mrs. Gaskell. Selections Edited by Esther Alice Chadwick. London. Herbert & Daniel. 1911. [410

17.8 cm., pp. xxxiv, 386. Port. 2/6 net. Regent Library. Published in Chicago in 1913 by F. G. Browne & Co. at 90 cents net.

Cousin Phillis | and Other Tales | etc. | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction by | Clement Shorter | [Emblem] |

Henry Frowde | Oxford University Press | London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne | [411

1911. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell vii. World's Classics clxviii. 15.3 cm., pp. [2], xx, [2], 352. Front. (port.). Has also an orn. t.-p.: Cousin Phillis | and Other Tales | etc. | by | Elizabeth C. Gaskell. |

Contents: Cousin Phillis. Mr. Harrison's Confessions. The Sexton's Hero. Clopton House. Company Manners. French Life. Modern Greek Songs. An Italian Institution.

The Life | of | Charlotte Brontë | By E. C. Gaskell | Introduction and Notes by | Temple Scott and B. W. Willett | Illustrated | Edinburgh: John Grant | 31 George IV. Bridge | 1911 | [412

21.2 cm., pp. xviii, 526, [1]. Front. (port.), pls., ports. Thornton Edition.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Ward, Lock & Co. 1911. [413

12mo, pp. 444. 1/– net. The World Library.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Collins. 1911. [414

12mo, pp. 490. 1/– net. Leather, 2/– net. Illustrated Pocket Classics.

Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1911. [415

17.5 cm., pp. xvi, 430. Title within ornamental border. Introduction by Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. Everyman's Library 524. 1/– net; 35 cents. Leather, 2/– net; 70 cents.

1912

[Selections.] Mrs. Gaskell und Mrs. Craik: Ausgewählte Erzählungen. Für den Schulgebrauch hrsg. von A. Madert. Leipzig. G. Freytag. 1912. [416

8vo, pp. 104. Geb., M.1.20. Freytag's Sammlung frz. und engl. Schriftsteller. Reissued in 1920. Lwbd., M.5.

Cousin Phillis, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. [1912.] [417

17.5 cm., pp. xiii, [1], 325. Title within ornamental border. 1/– net; 35 cents. Leather, 2/– net; 70 cents. Everyman's Library 615. Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. Contents: Cousin Phillis. My Lady Ludlow. Half a Life-Time Ago. Right at Last. The Sexton's Hero.

[Cousin Phillis, German translation.] Phillis. Aus dem Englischen der Mrs. Gaskell von Julie Kahle-Häser. Kevelaer. M. van den Wyenbergh. 1912. [418

Sm. 8vo. Aus Heimat und Fremde 11. 35 pfennings.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1912. [419

Morocco. $1.25. Coniston Classics.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. New Edition. London. Seeley. 1912. [420

20.3 cm., pp. 308. 3/6, 5/–.

[How the First Floor Went to Crowley Castle, German translation.] Eine Schloss-Geschichte (A Tale from Crowley Castle). Englische Bearbeitung und Übertragung ins Deutsche von Hans Lebede. Berlin. A. Scherl. 1912. [421

Sm. 8vo, pp. 109. Sprachenpflege, System August Scherl, Englisch und Deutsch, xxviii. 60 pfennigs.

Mary Barton. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1912. [422

17.5 cm., pp. xiv, 372. Title within ornamental border. Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. Everyman's Library 598. 1/– net; 35 cents. Leather, 2/– net; 70 cents.

Wives and Daughters | An Every-Day Story | By Mrs. Gaskell | With a Preface by Thomas Seccombe | & | Illustrations by M. V. Wheelhouse | Herbert & Daniel, 95 New Bond St. | London, W. | 1912. | [423

19.5 cm., pp. xxiv, 646. 8 col. plates. 5/– net. Preface by Thomas Seccombe.

1913

Cousin Phillis, and Other Stories. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1913. [424

17.5 cm. Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. 1/– net; 35 cents. Leather, 2/– net; 70 cents. Everyman's Library 615.

Cranford | By Mrs. Gaskell | With Illustrations in Colour | by H. M. Brock, R.I. | London | Seeley, Service & Co. Limited | 38 Great Russell Street | 1913 | [425

21 cm., pp. xii, 308. 12 col. illus. Reissued in 1916.

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Paisley. A. Gardner. 1913. [426

21 cm., pp. 316. 2/6. Prize Stories.

[Cranford, dramatized.] A Cranford Tea Party. | A Dramatic Sketch Based on | Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." | Arranged by | Lucy C. Lowe. | Oxford: | Parker and Son. | 27 Broad-Street. | 1913. 14 cm., pp. 23, [1]. Boards. 6d. net. [427

Lizzie Leigh | The Grey Woman | and Other Tales | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction by | Clement Shorter | [Emblem] | Henry Frowde | Oxford University Press | London, Edinburgh, Glasgow | New York, Toronto, Melbourne & Bombay | [428

1913. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell viii. World's Classics clxxv. 15.3 cm., pp. [2], xvi, 478. Front. (port.). Has also an orn. t.-p.: Lizzie Leigh | The Grey Woman | and Other Tales | by | Elizabeth C. Gaskell |

Contents: Lizzie Leigh. The Well of Pen-Morfa. The Heart of John Middleton. The Old Nurse's Story. Traits and Stories of the Huguenots. Morton Hall. My French Master. The Squire's Story. The Grey Woman. Curious if True. Six Weeks at Heppenheim. Libbie Marsh's Three Eras. Christmas Storms and Sunshine. Hand and Heart. Bessy's Troubles at Home. Disappearances.

Round the Sofa | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction by | Clement Shorter | [Emblem] | Humphrey Milford | Oxford University Press | London Edinburgh Glasgow | New York Toronto Melbourne Bombay | [429

1913. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell ix. World's Classics cxc. 15.3 cm., pp. [2], xvi, 424. Front. (port.). Has also an orn. t.-p.: Round the Sofa | by | Elizabeth C. Gaskell |

Contents: Round the Sofa. My Lady Ludlow. An Accursed Race. The Doom of the Griffiths. Half a Life-Time Ago. The Poor Clare. The Half-Brothers.

Sylvia's Lovers | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | T. Nelson & Sons | [430

1913. 16 cm., pp. 573. Front. Illus. t.-p. Nelson Classics. 6d. net.

Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. London. Bell. 1913. [431
19.7 cm., pp. 590. 3/6. Bohn's Library.

Wives and Daughters. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1913. [432
16mo. Illus. $1.60 net.

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Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Helen Elizabeth Davis . . . New York. Charles E. Merrill Co. [1914.] [433
17 cm., pp. 302. Front. (port.). 40 cents. Merrill's English Texts.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | With an Introduction | by E. V. Lucas, and | Illustrations by | E. H. New | Methuen & Co. Ltd. | 36 Essex Street, W. C. | London | [434
17.5 cm., pp. lii, 265. Additions by the Rev. George A. Payne. 3/6 net.

Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | Containing Eight Full-Page | Illustrations in Colour by | Miss Sybil Tawse | London | Adam and Charles Black | 1914 | [435
20.5 cm., pp. x, 289. 8 col. pl. 3/6. Published in New York by Macmillan at $1 net.

North and South. By Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell. London. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. [1914.] [436
17.5 cm., pp. xx, 424. Title within ornamental border. Introduction by Mrs. Esther A. Chadwick. Everyman's Library 680. 1/– net; 35 cents. Leather, 2/– net; 70 cents.

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Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Edinburgh. Chambers. 1915. [437
17.8 cm., pp. 216. 1/–. Chambers's Supplementary Readers.

[Lois the Witch, German translation.] Lois die Hexe: Erzählung. Ein Bild aus dem Religions- und Familienleben des 17. Jahrhunderts. Uebertragung von Julie Kahle-Häser. Wien. Winterthur Buchdruckerei Konkordia. 1915. [438
Sm. 8vo, pp. 101. 35 pfennigs. Aus Heimat und Fremde 47.

Mary Barton | By | Mrs. Gaskell | [Quotation, 4 lines of verse] | London | Charles H. Kelly | [439

1915. 18 cm., pp. 337. Illus. double t.-p. 10d. net. Books for Every Age.

Right at Last | and Other Tales | etc. | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction by | Clement Shorter | [Emblem] | Humphrey Milford | Oxford University Press | London Edinburgh Glasgow | New York Toronto Melbourne Bombay | [440

1915. The Novels and Tales of Mrs. Gaskell x. World's Classics cciii. 15.3 cm., pp. xvi, 527.

Contents: Right at Last. The Manchester Marriage. Lois the Witch. The Crooked Branch. A Dark Night's Work. The Schah's English Gardener. Cumberland Sheep-Shearers. Sketches Among the Poor. Bran. The Scholar's Story. A Christmas Carol. Preface to Mabel Vaughan. Preface to Garibaldi at Caprera. How the First Floor Went to Crowley Castle. Two Fragments of Ghost Stories.

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Cranford. The Cage at Cranford. The Moorland Cottage. By Mrs. Gaskell. With an Introduction by Clement Shorter and Notes to Cranford by E. Limowzin. New York. Oxford University Press. 1916. [441

8vo, pp. xvi, 368. 70 cents net.

Letters | on | Charlotte | Brontë | By | Mrs. Gaskell. | [London. Privately Printed. 1916.] [442

23 cm., pp. 12. Taken from The Brontës: Life and Letters. 25 copies printed by Clement K. Shorter.

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Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1917. [443

Riverside Holiday Series. 60 cents net.

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Cranford | By | Mrs. Gaskell | T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. | [444

London. 1919. 16.5 cm., pp. vi, 246.

The Life of | Charlotte Brontë | By | Elizabeth C. Gaskell | With an Introduction | by Clement Shorter | [Emblem] | Hum-

phrey Milford | Oxford University Press | London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne | [445

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The Gray Woman. The Squire's Story. By Mrs. Gaskell. Wien. Rhombusverlag. 1920. [448

16mo, pp. 108. Rhombus Edition 3.

1921

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie and Illustrations by Hugh Thompson. London. Macmillan. 1921. [448.5

17.3 cm., pp. 330. 6/– net.

Cranford | By | Elizabeth | Cleghorn | Gaskell | Edited by | Norman Hepple | M.A. M.Litt. | J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. London & Toronto | [449

15.5 cm., pp. 288. Illus. t.-p. 1/9 net; 70 cents. King's Treasuries of Literature. Later issued in grey calf at 6/– net and in brown yapp at 4/6 net.

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Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated by Victor Prout. London. Collins. 1922. [452

16 cm., pp. 474. 2/– net. Pocket Classics.

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Cranford. By Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell. London & Toronto. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1923. [453

16 cm., pp. ix, [1], 245, [1]. Front. (port.). Bedside Series. 3/6; $1.

"My Diary" | The Early Years of | My Daughter Marianne | By | Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell | London | Privately Printed by Clement Shorter | [454

26.2 cm., pp. [ii], 40. Fifty copies were privately printed by Mr. Shorter by permission of Brian Holland, Esq., and his sister, the owners of the copyright, May 29. Paper covers. The diary extends from March 10, 1835 to October 8, 1838.

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